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MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF THE

PURITAN TIMES.

MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF THE

PURITAN TIMES.

BY THE

REV. JAMES ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADIES OF THE REFORMATION," "LADIES OF THE COVENANT,' &C.

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WOMEN

OF

THE PURITAN TIMES.

MARY CROMWELL,

WIFE OF THOMAS BELASYSE, EARL OF FAUCONBERG.

MARY CROMWELL, the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, by his wife Elizabeth Bourchier, was born in the beginning of the year 1636–7, and was baptized February 9. Of her early life nothing is known. Like her other sisters, she received a liberal education, and grew up an accomplished woman.

In person and countenance she is said to have greatly resembled her father. Dean Swift, on being introduced to her on one occasion, when she was far advanced in years, noted this resemblance. In recording his introduction to her in his Journal to Stella, he says: "London, November 13, 1710. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and Lady Falconbridge[1] was one of the god-mothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen."[2] The busts and portraits of her still in existence bear a striking likeness to those of her father which are accounted

[1] The name is often spelled "Falconbridge."

[2] Swift's Works, Edin. edit. 1824, vol. ii. p. 82.

the most faithful.[1] Yet she was reputed handsome and beautiful.

Mary was a woman of high virtue, and of sincere, though unostentatious piety. To this she added strong sympathies and warm affections. Only a few of her letters have been preserved, but in all of them these qualities of mind are eminently conspicuous.

One of them, the earliest now extant, or known to be extant, refers to some rumours, perhaps unfounded, which had reached her, bringing into suspicion the conjugal fidelity of her brother Henry. These rumours were to the effect that, to the great grief of his excellent wife, her beloved and much-respected sister-in-law,[2] who was worthy of, as she was entitled to his undivided affection, he was too much under the influence of a certain woman, whom she does not choose to name. Having heard this, she cannot enjoy peace in her mind until she has written to him on this matter, which, if true, would bring shame and remorse on himself, and fill the hearts of all the rest of the family with sorrow.

"December 7, 1655.

"Dear Brother,—I cannot be any longer, without begging an excuse for my so long silence. You cannot but hear of my sister's illness, which, indeed, has been the only cause of it. You might justly take it ill otherwise, and think there was want of that affection I owe unto you. Indeed, dear brother, it was a great deal of trouble to me, to think I should give you any occasion to think amiss of me; for I can truly say it, you are very dear to me, and it is a great trouble to me to think of the distance we are from one another, and would be more if I did not think you are doing the

[1] Granger refers to an engraving of her, from a medal, G. King, sc., in Peck's *Life of Cromwell*, and to a likeness of her drawn and engraved by W. Bond, from a three-quarter portrait in the possession of Oliver Cromwell, Esq.—*Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 79. A copy of this last may be seen in Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*.

[2] See notice of Henry's wife in Appendix, No. I.

Lord's service; and truly that ought to satisfy us, for while we are here, we cannot expect but that we must be separated. Dear brother, the Lord direct you in his ways, and keep your heart close unto himself! and I am sure therein you will have true comfort, and that will last when all this world shall pass away. I cannot but give you some item of one that is with you, which is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonour to you and my dear sister, if you have not a great care; for it is reported here that she rules much in your family; and truly it is feared she is a discountenancer of the godly people. Therefore, dear brother, take it not ill that I give you an item of her; for truly, if I did not dearly love you both and your honour, I would not give you notice of her. Therefore, I hope you will not take it ill that I have dealt thus plainly with you. I suppose you know who it is I mean: therefore I desire to be excused for not naming of her. I desire not to be seen in it, and therefore desire you that you would not take the least notice of my writing to you about it, because I was desired not to speak of it; nor should I, but that I know you will not take it amiss from your poor sister that loves you. Dear brother, I take leave to rest, your sister and servant,

"MARY CROMWELL.

"Her highness desires to have her love to you and my sister, and my sister Franke her respects to you both."[1]

This letter, the reader will perceive, is very faithful, and yet remarkable for the delicacy with which the writer enforces on her brother a respect to the morals and decencies of life. The unction of kindness is on her lips. Every word is full of sisterly tenderness; for she wished to persuade, not to offend him, to draw him from sin or from the verge of sin to duty, not by upbraiding language, but by the cords of love. The letter is indeed a model of what Christian re-

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. iv. p. 293.

monstrance ought to be, but what, from the want of Christian wisdom and genuine Christian fraternal affection, it often is not. "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted."

The next notice which we have of Mary is in a letter from her brother-in-law Fleetwood, to her brother Henry, dated "Wallingford House, January 18, 1655–6." In this letter she is presented as soliciting her brother to patronize a person whom she recommends. "Dear brother," says Fleetwood, "I am, by my sister the Lady Mary Cromwell, desired that you would please to take this gentleman, Mr. Robert Turbridge, into your favour, that he may have some convenient fitting employment in a civil capacity; he being, as I am informed, a very deserving person, your kindness and respect to him is the suit of your most affectionate brother and humble servant."[1]

From her superiority of understanding and warm affections, Mary seems to have been looked up to by the rest of the family with particular respect and confidence, and she seems to have been their counsellor and referee in their occasional domestic misunderstandings and perplexities. Her youngest sister Frances, a gay and amiable girl of seventeen years of age, had been courted by Robert Rich, eldest son of Lord Rich, and grandson of Robert, Earl of Warwick, and her affections were engaged. But Frances's father obstructed their intentions of marriage. His difficulties and objections arose partly from the question of inadequate pecuniary settlement, and partly from the reports he had heard reflecting on the character of young Rich. He would not be so wanting to himself and his family as to overlook the first of these considerations, and fatherly affection ever rising superior in his mind even to worldly or political interests, he revolted at the thought of sacrificing the happiness of his daughter

[1] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 121.

by wedding her to a man of profligate unprincipled character, whatever might be his wealth or his elevated standing in society. Than this last there was no feeling that he more steadily and constantly manifested. Mary sympathized with the difficulties and objections of her father, believing that nothing could justify or palliate so rash a step, so glaring an error as the union of her sister to a man of loose character, whatever might be his wealth or rank. But the reports prejudicial to the character of Rich appearing to be unfounded, she seconded the wishes of her sister, and entreated her father to gratify Frances in an affair of the heart, and not subject her to the torture of disappointed and hopeless passion. In a letter to her brother Henry, who had requested her to inform him in reference to the proposed marriage between his sister Frances and Mr. Rich, she explains to him the particulars.

"Dear Brother,—Your kind letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have for you, which truly I think you may justly claim from all that know you. I must confess myself in a great fault in omitting to write to you and your dear wife so long a time; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause, which is this business of my sister Frances and Mr. Rich. I can truly say it, for these three months I think our family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble that ever poor family can be in. The Lord tell us his [mind] in it, and settle us, and make us what he would have us to be.

"I suppose you heard of the breaking off of the business; and according to your desire in your last letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it, which is this:—After a quarter of a year's admittance, my father and my Lord Warwick began to treat about the estate, and it seems my lord did not offer that that my father expected. I need

not name particulars, for I suppose you may have had it from better hands; but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate, as some private reasons, that my father discovered to none but my sister Frances and his own family, which was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play, and such like things; which office was done by some that had a mind to break off the match. My sister hearing these things was resolved to know the truth of them, and truly did find all the reports to be false that were raised of him; and to tell you the truth they were so much engaged in affection before this that she could not think of breaking it off; so that my sister engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my father, which we did, but could not be heard to any purpose; only this my father promised, that if he were satisfied as to the report the estate should not break it off, which she was satisfied with.

"But after this there was a second treaty, and my Lord Warwick desired my father to name what it was he demanded more, and to his utmost he would satisfy him. So my father upon this made new propositions, which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can. But it seems there is £500 a year in my Lord Rich's hands, which he has power to sell, and there are some people that persuade his highness that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude it without these £500 a year be settled upon Mr. Rich after his father's death; and my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not so bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my father it would be a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms—it would show that he was made a fool of by my Lord Rich, which the truth is; how it should be I cannot understand, nor very few else. And truly I must tell you privately that they are so far engaged as the match cannot be broke off.

She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution when she did it. Dear brother, this is, as far as I can tell, the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do! . . . . Let me beg my excuses to my sister for not writing my best respects to her. Pardon this trouble, and believe me that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear brother, your affectionate sister and servant,

MARY CROMWELL."[1]

"June 23, 1656.

In 1654 Mary had addresses paid to her by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Bart. (afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury), who was her senior by fifteen or sixteen years. Cooper had been one of the council of state to her father previously to his becoming Protector, and was made one of his privy council under the protectorate. He represented Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, in the parliament called by the Protector, which sat down at Westminster, September 3 that year, and he was now ambitious of becoming the son-in-law of the greatest man in the state. His addresses, however, appear not to have been favoured by Mary herself, and it is certain that they were frowned upon by her father, who disdained a family alliance with a man of his vacillating, unprincipled, and turbulent character, from which he could anticipate neither domestic happiness to his daughter nor advantage to himself. Indignant at this repulsion, Cooper went over to the opposition, and for this he was dismissed from the council; which, inflaming his indignation still more, drove him to make court to all the malcontents against the Protector.[2]

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. v. p. 146.

[2] Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* Cooper afterwards promoted the restoration of Charles II., and took an active part in the political transactions of that reign till his death, which happened at Amsterdam, July 21, 1684-5. Dryden, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, has thus drawn Cooper's character:- -

"For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
Restless, unfixt in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state."

Another of Mary's suitors was Sir Edward Mansfield. Fleetwood, in a letter to her brother Henry, without date, but inscribed on the back "London, 1656," says, "Sir Edward Mansfield of Wales is to address himself this week to his highness that he may have leave to make known his affection to my Lady Mary. I wish he may be worthy of so deserving a lady."[1] But the Protector, it would appear, gave Mansfield no encouragement, as we hear nothing more of the matter.

A more advantageous candidate for the hand of Mary appeared in the person of Thomas Belasyse, second Viscount Fauconberg, who had lost his wife, Mildred, only daughter of Nicholas Sanderson, Viscount Castleton, after a short and childless union.[2] Fauconberg was descended from an ancient family of Norman origin, which had settled in the north of England. He had a large estate in Yorkshire, to which, as well as to his title, he had succeeded, in 1652, when twenty-four years of age, upon the death of his grandfather Thomas, first Viscount Fauconberg.[3] He was a nobleman of amiable manners, great parts, excellent character, and enterprising genius.[4] His relations were eminent for their loyalty to Charles I., whom they had supported in opposition to the parliament; but the monarchy being now overthrown, with little or no prospect of its restoration, and inspired by ambition, which is said to have been his ruling passion, he embraced the interest of Cromwell, which meanwhile presented the surest prospect of advancement to place and power in the state. The death of his first wife seemed to open up the path for the realization of the brilliant visions which his imagination pictured. There was the golden opportunity of now becoming the son-in-law of the first magistrate in the kingdom, and if he succeeded in this aspiration, what a golden

[1] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 126.
[2] Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iv. p. 19.
[3] Collins's *Peerage*.
[4] Both Clarendon and Warwick describe him so.

harvest might he not reap? to what elevation might he not rise?

In the beginning of the year 1656–7, when about to return from his travels on the Continent, where he had passed some years for his improvement after the death of his grandfather, he endeavoured to ingratiate himself into the favour of Cromwell, and professed the strongest attachment to his person and government, which was the more surprising because, not only his family, but most of his own order, were hostile to the government of such a man as the Protector, who was without the prestige of hereditary rank, and a usurper, and were only waiting till adverse circumstances should surround him, when they might safely combine with effect to overthrow his power and authority. Cromwell ordered Lockhart, his ambassador at Paris, to enter into personal communication with young Fauconberg, for the purpose of ascertaining his character, talents, and inclinations towards the present government, and the result was a highly favourable report, as we learn from Lockhart's correspondence with Thurloe, Cromwell's secretary of state. Writing from Paris, March $\frac{2}{12}$, 1656–7, to Thurloe, Lockhart says: "May it please your highness, since my last I have had the opportunity of seeing my Lord Falconbridge, who in my humble opinion is a person of extraordinary parts, and hath (appearingly) all those qualities, in a high measure, that can fit one for his highness's and country's service, for both which he owns a particular zeal. He seemed to be much troubled for a report he heard, that the enemies gave him out to be a Catholic, and did purge himself from having any inclination that way. He desires his highness may cause make exact inquiry after his carriage in England, and hopes by that means his innocency will be vindicated, and the malice of his accusers discovered."[1]

Upon his return to England Fauconberg was introduced

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 104, 125, 134.

to the court of the Protector and received with great favour. He met with Mary, and her own worth, her admirable qualities of mind and person, engaged his affections, and made him earnest to marry her, independently of the magnificent prospect of honours and preferments which he contemplated as flowing in the train of the union. He soon explained his intentions to Cromwell, and solicited for them a favourable consideration. He was encouraged. His fine person, his cultivated manners, improved by education and travels, his winning dispositions, might be supposed to tell most powerfully upon the lady; but his rank, his numerous family connections, his acknowledged abilities, and his fortune, which amounted to £5000 *per annum*, were advantages which produced their full effect upon the mind of the Protector, who, having formed the project of restoring the monarchy under a new line of princes, was desirous of conciliating the goodwill of the nobility, and of establishing with them family relationships, which might abate their prejudices against him, and would add lustre to his house. The union of his daughter with Lord Fauconberg, promised equally domestic happiness and dignity to her, and political strength to himself—two things upon which he steadily kept his eye in forming matrimonial alliances for his children. The proposed marriage and all its recommendations were laid before Mary by her parents. Her heart was soon gained. Before the year in which Fauconberg returned to England had expired, he was united to her in happy wedlock.

Mary's nuptials with Fauconberg were celebrated at Hampton Court[1] on Thursday, November 19, 1657, with great pomp and magnificence, in the presence of her parents and many noble personages. Her parents had come from Whitehall to Hampton Court on the afternoon of the preceding day, to be present on the joyful occasion.[2] The ceremony was performed

[1] Clarendon incorrectly says at Whitehall.

[2] *Mercurius Politicus*, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 169.

in public by one of her father's chaplains, according to the simple ritual of the Puritans then in use; but on the same day it was performed in private by Dr. Hewett, a minister of the Church of England, according to the form prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. The marriage ceremony was thus repeated at the earnest and prudent desire of Mary, perhaps because she shared in the traditionary value attached to the old established form, or because she suspected that otherwise the marriage might be illegal. It was done, however, according to Clarendon, with the privity and consent of Cromwell, "who," says this writer, "pretended to yield to it, in compliance with the importunity and folly of his daughter." It was probably done not only with his consent but with his entire approbation. He was eminently a practical and far-seeing man. His own power might be short-lived. Though there were small hopes at present for the royalist party, he did not know what the future would produce. Should the royalists again acquire the supreme power, he was certain of one thing—namely, that the English Liturgy, including the prescribed form of the solemnization of marriage, would not only be restored, but would be declared to have been in force under the late usurping powers, and in that event what would be the position of his daughter? Her marriage would be illegal. The law would not recognize her as a wife. She would not only forfeit the honours of the peerage, to which she had now been elevated, but would occupy in the eye of the law the degraded position of a mistress. Her husband, then, in the fallen fortunes of her house, might be as eager to cast her off for some new object of attraction, as he was now eager, from ambition to raise himself in the state as well as from affection, to take her to wife. "Perhaps," says Granger, "Oliver was of the same opinion as Marshall, an independent minister, who gave for the reason of his marrying his daughter with the ring and Common Prayer Book, that the 'statute for establishing the

liturgy was not yet repealed, and he was loath to have his daughter whored, and turned back upon him for want of a legal marriage.' "[1]

On Friday, the 20th of November, the day after the wedding, Lady Fauconberg with her husband accompanied her parents to Whitehall.[2]

In commemoration of this auspicious union, the poet Andrew Marvel composed two pastoral eclogues, the first entitled, "Chorus, Endymion, Luna;" and the second, "Hobbinol, Phillis, Tomalin." The second thus begins:—

HOBBINOL.

PHILLIS, TOMALIN, away:
Never such a merry day;
For the northern shepherd's son
Has MENALCAS' daughter won.

PHILLIS.

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' ty'd
In a garland for the bride.

TOMALIN.

If thou would'st a garland bring,
PHILLIS, you may wait the spring
They ha' chosen such an hour
When she is the only flow'r.

The concluding lines are:—

HOBBINOL.

Come, let's in some carol new
Pay to love and them their due.

ALL.

Joy to that happy pair,
Whose hopes united banish our despair.
What shepherd could for love pretend,
Whilst all the nymphs on Damon's choice attend?
What shepherdess could hope to wed
Before MARINA'S turn were sped?
Now lesser beauties may take place,
And meaner virtues come in play;
While they,
Looking from high,
Shall grace

[1] *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 79, 80.
[2] *Mercurius Politicus*, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 169.

Our flocks and us with a propitious eye.
But what is most, the gentle swain
No more shall need of love complain;
But virtue shall be beauty's hire,
And those be equal that have equal fire.
MARINA yields. Who dares be coy?
Or who despair, now DAMON does enjoy?
Joy to that happy pair
Whose hopes united banish our despair.[1]

Five days after the conjugal knot had been tied, Fauconberg wrote from Whitehall a letter to Mary's brother Henry, whose character and talents he highly appreciated, assuring him of the sense he had of the honour conferred upon him by the near relationship into which he had been brought with the family of the Lord-protector of England.

Mary herself wrote a letter to Henry, communicating to him various particulars as to the marriage.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I am in such a condition at present that I know not what to say for myself, in that I have neglected making you acquainted with my great concern, which truly, dear brother, was not for want of that due sense I have of your kindness to me, but the hurry I have been in as you must needs imagine, being so suddenly concluded as this business hath, has put me into so great a confusion, as that truly I could not tell how nor what to write to any friend; and give me leave to assure you, if you are the person that I value above any of my friends, so also you are the first that I have written to since this affair of mine was made known to me. You have a great deal of reason I must confess, to think I did not put that esteem upon you which I ought, if the suddenness of my marriage did not speak for me, and therefore I shall be silent, knowing you cannot but pardon me, who, I am sure, hath as great a respect for you as any of your relations; and give me leave to tell you that my lord has as great an estimate [of you], and I will assure you, . . . you will find

[1] Marvel's Works, vol. iii. p. 257–262.
[2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 95.

him as much your friend and servant as I am, who, you cannot but be assured, am truly yours.

"Dear brother, as you have a kindness for me, let my concern for my lord beg also the same for him, whom, I am assured, if you knew, you are a person of that understanding and worth you needed not my witness for it; and I hope that which gives us an assurance of all things, will let you see how much he accounts the kindness of all my relations, and in particular yourself, whom, I can assure you, he hath a particular kindness for. I hope that God, that hath by his providence brought him and I into this dear relation, will bless us, and lead us in his own fear, that we shall not err, but walk in the way that he shall teach us. Dear brother, the great thing that I now beg of you is your prayers for us, that God will bless us, teach us our duty to each other, so that we may live in love and serve him with one heart. I cannot but hope God hath given me this as a blessing, although he has been pleased to dispose of my heart, so as that I have been obliged to my parents. In earnest, dear brother, he is a sober person, and one that desires after the best things, and God hath given him a large portion in the knowledge of them. The Lord make him sensible of the improvement that he is to make of so great a talent, which I cannot but hope that he will. I shall beg your pardon for the trouble which I have given you, and believe that there is none more your affectionate sister and servant, than M. Fauconbridge.

"Dear Brother,—Beg my pardon of my sister for not writing to her this post, and be pleased to let her know that I intend next week, if possibly I can, to give her a particular account of my business. I was married on Thursday next come fortnight, and truly, dear brother, to a person that hath a greater kindness to me than ever I could have expected. The Lord continue it.

"Whitehall, December the 1 [16]57."[1]

[1] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 93.

Henry, in his reply, dated Dublin, December 9, 1657, to Lord Fauconberg's letter, acknowledges the compliment paid to him by his lordship, congratulates himself on a union which promised much domestic happiness to his sister, and much comfort to all her friends, and expresses an earnest desire that the bonds of friendship between him and his lordship might be drawn closer by more intimate personal intercourse, which their distance from each other rendered in the meantime impossible.[1]

But from the engrossment of Irish affairs he did not for some time send an answer to Mary's letter, congratulating her upon her marriage, and expressing his hearty good wishes for her connubial happiness. He perhaps thought that his answer to Fauconberg's letter was sufficient. But she had expected, and wished to receive from him a special answer to hers, and not receiving it she did not like this apparent neglect. She thought it not brotherly; so small a token of attention would surely have cost him very little trouble; and she complained of the omission to her sister-in-law, Henry's wife. At last to please her, he took up the pen and wrote her a letter, the spontaneous flow of cordial good feeling, begging her to be assured of his fraternal affection, and to attribute his silence to anything rather than to the want of that. This grateful epistle set him all right in her estimation, and she sent him the following hasty note in reply:—

"Dear Brother,—Having so good an opportunity I could not but express the good satisfaction I had in receiving yours, which you may imagine was an inexpressible joy to me, although there was something in it which made me to reflect upon myself; and when I had considered of my foolishness, in that you took notice of my taking ill your not writing, and some other little impertinent things I said in my last to my sister, I was extremely concerned that I should give you cause to expose [explain] that which [I] was

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 665.

before assured of; . . . that so dear a brother as yourself should take the trouble of satisfying me. I can say no more but this, it being so late, that I am, dear brother, your ever affectionate sister and servant,

"M. Fauconberg.[1]

"March 9, [16]57."[2]

Early in the year 1657–8 an affliction befell the Cromwell family which was severely felt by all its members, the death of young Frances's husband, Mr. Rich, after a union of about three months. Lady Fauconberg mingled her tears with those of her sister, who was thus so soon reduced to widowhood.

At that time she was in delicate health, and this aggravated the sorrow caused her by that visitation. This we learn from the correspondence between her brother Henry and Lord Fauconberg. His lordship wrote a letter to Henry to that effect. Henry in his reply, dated February 20, 1657–8, thus writes:—"I desire your lordship on my behalf, to condole with my poor sister. Your lordship is able to say whatever is material upon this occasion: wherefore, for me to venture upon any particulars, were to put your lordship upon a kind of penance, in observing my impertinencies, and to endanger the end of comforting myself, which cannot miscarry upon your lordship's single management. I hope your lordship's being called to succour my dear sister, your lady, tends but to repair our family of the late loss it hath sustained; and I hope that the sad apprehensions occasioned by this late stroke, will not frustrate our hopes therein."[3] From Fauconberg's reply, dated Whitehall, February 26, 1657–8, six days after the date of the preceding letter, it appears that Mary's illness still continued, and that her condition caused him much anxiety. "My lord," says he, "this

[1] In the preceding letter she spells "Fauconbridge;" here, "Fauconberg."

[2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 94.

[3] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 822.

place is at present distract with the death of my brother Rich, especially my dame, whose present condition makes it more dangerous to her than the rest;" and he abruptly concludes with these words: "My lord, I am just now called to my poor wife's succour, therefore I must humbly entreat your lordship's leave to subscribe myself sooner than I intended, my lord, your lordship's most faithful humble servant,

"FAUCONBERG."[1]

In the same year Lord Fauconberg left her for a time, having been despatched by her father to the French monarch, Louis XIV., who was then in the camp before Dunkirk, to congratulate him upon the joint triumph of the French and English over the Spaniards near Dunkirk, and the surrender of that place to the English. His lordship was again in England in June, and united with others of the court in the honourable attentions paid to the Duke of Crequi, and Monsieur Mancini (nephew to Cardinal Mazarine, prime-minister of France), who had been sent by the French monarch to congratulate Cromwell on the success of their combined arms; and to assure his highness that his majesty appreciated in no common degree the friendship of his highness, and was earnestly desirous to maintain the amity happily established between the two kingdoms.[2]

Previously to their leaving England, the French ambassadors paid their respectful homage to Lady Fauconberg, her mother the Protectress, and her sister Frances, as is recorded in the court journal of the day. "On Monday, the 21st instant [1658], his excellency the Duke of Crequi, and Monsieur Mancini, departed towards Calais. One circumstance was omitted in our last,—being the day before they took leave of his highness, they came hither to express their great respects to her highness, and were admitted to her pre-

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 827.
[2] Ibid. vol. vii. p. 192, 218. *Cromwelliana*, p. 173.

sence; in like manner they made addresses to the most illustrious ladies, the Lady Mary and the Lady Frances."[1]

On the 20th of June, Lord and Lady Fauconberg intended to make a journey to the north of England; but in consequence of his indisposition, caused by his attendance on the French ambassadors, their journey was in the meantime delayed.[2] As soon as he had got better they set out, and in their progress they were everywhere received with very gratifying demonstrations of popular favour, doubtless chiefly as being the daughter and the son-in-law of the first magistrate in the kingdom, though partly also from the respect entertained for their private worth. Their return to Hampton Court is thus announced in the court journal:—"Hampton Court, July 30. This evening here arrived the most noble lord, the Lord Fauconbridge, with his most illustrious lady, the Lady Mary, being safe returned out of the north; where in all places of their journey, and particularly at York, the people of those parts made so large expressions of their duty, in the honours done to the person and virtues of this most religious lady, and of their extraordinary affections toward this meritorious lord, as abundantly manifested what a high esteem his noble qualities have purchased him in his own, as well as other countries."[3]

A succession of calamities was now impending over Lady Fauconberg's family. Within less than a year after her marriage she lost her sister, Lady Claypole, who sank into an early grave, after a painful and lingering illness. Hardly had her tears been dried up for the loss of her sister, when they flowed anew over the corpse of her father, whose death gave her a shock so severe, that it almost overwhelmed her. She felt the blow, it is probable, the more heavily, from a dread of the calamities that might, in consequence, descend

[1] *Mercurius Politicus*, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 173.
[2] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 192.
[3] *Mercurius Politicus*, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 174.

upon herself and her house; for although everything promised well for a time as to the peaceable succession of her brother Richard to the dignity of Lord-protector, yet her knowledge of the state of parties created in her mind anxiety and dread lest this calm might be ominous, the presage of convulsions and changes, in which she and her whole family might be involved in ruin.

Her husband, in a letter to her brother Henry, Lord-deputy of Ireland, dated Whitehall, September 7, 1658 (N.S.), not many days after the death of her father, thus describes the pungency of her grief:—"My poor wife, I know not what in the earth to do with her; when seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into passion, that tears her very heart in pieces; nor can I blame her, considering what she has lost."[1]

"Husht, poor weeping Mary!" interjects Carlyle. "There is a life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not

> 'The storm is changed into a calm
> At his command and will;
> So that the waves which raged before
> Now quiet are and still!
>
> Then are they glad—because at rest,
> And quiet now they be:
> So to the haven he them brings
> Which they desired to see.'

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. 'Amen, saith the spirit.' Amen. 'They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.' Their works follow them. As I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done, and are still doing."[2]

In another letter to Henry, of a later date (October 12, 1658), when it might have been supposed that Lady Fauconberg's agony of grief would have been somewhat abated, but which appeared to be as great as ever, his lordship says, "My lord, your sister is weeping so extremely by me, that I

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 375.
[2] Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 668.

can scarce tell you in plain English, that I am going eighty miles out of town to-morrow, for some days."[1]

After the deposition of her brother Richard from the Protectorate, Lady Fauconberg busily exerted herself for the restoration of Charles II. Inclination, it is said, and policy, it is certain, made her contribute her influence to accomplish this object now when the sovereignty had been taken from her family.[2] Richard she well knew was destitute of the talents requisite for wielding the sovereign power in circumstances so perplexing. She saw that the tide had now turned and was setting in strongly in favour of the restoration of the exiled prince; that the fallen fortunes of her brother could not be retrieved without involving the kingdom in all the horrors of civil war; that even were such desperate means had recourse to, the issue might be unsuccessful; and that if unsuccessful, he and the whole of his family might expect the severest vengeance of the triumphant prince. "Such being the state of affairs," we may suppose her to have reasoned with herself, "it will be best for the safety and happiness of Richard, and of us all, for him to abandon his pretensions which are deemed illegal, and quietly to retire to a private station, leaving things to return to their old channel. The position which my father with all his great abilities found so difficult and perilous, so uneasy and thorny, more unenviable than that of the meanest subject, which made his life a life of incessant toil and anxiety, of labours, perils, and sorrows so manifold as to cause all of us constant anxiety and alarm, as to extort from himself the acknowledgment that he would in preference 'gladly live under any woodside, and keep a flock of sheep,' and as wore out before the time his robust, iron frame—such a position, exalted though it is, ought not, from its difficulties and dangers, to be an object of envy to my brother, and is not worth the

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 437.

[2] Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 79, 80. Noble.

sacrifices which would require to be made in order to maintain it." In all this Richard, who was without ambition and enterprise, quite agreed with his sister. When pressed to take strong measures to preserve the Protectorate, he answered, "I have never done any body any harm, and I never will; I will not have a drop of blood spilt for the preservation of my greatness, which is a burden to me."[1]

Yet as Lady Fauconberg was of greater capacity, spirit, and courage than her brother Richard, it has been maintained by some that had she been in his situation she would not have relinquished it without a vigorous effort to maintain it. "She was a wise and worthy woman," says Bishop Burnet, who was personally acquainted with her, "more likely to have maintained the post [of Protector] than either of her brothers; according to a saying that went of her 'that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better, but if those in petticoats had been in breeches they would have held faster.'"[2]

In favouring and supporting the restoration of Charles II., she was probably also influenced by Lord Fauconberg, who early co-operated or concurred with those who had contemplated and were conspiring to accomplish that consummation. So much was he suspected of being in the secret, that he was committed prisoner to the Tower by the committee of safety; and that he was in the secret may be regarded as undoubted from General Monk's conferring on him Sir Arthur Hazelrig's regiment, April 25, 1659, the first day of the meeting of the parliament by which the king was restored.

Among her other qualities Lady Fauconberg was gifted with no inconsiderable powers of sarcasm. But this talent she never exercised save in castigation of ungenerous meanness and insults so insolent that all honourable minds would pronounce the wrong-doer to have well deserved to be held

[1] Budgell's *Memoirs of the Family of the Boyles*, p. 76.
[2] Burnet's *Hist. of his Own Time*, Oxford edit. 1823, vol. i. p. 142.

up to contempt. A cavalier nobleman, one of those little minds that find pleasure in trampling upon the fallen, happening to meet her, some say in St. James's Park, others in the palace, in presence of the king, could not forego the opportunity of gratifying his malignant temper by insulting Lady Fauconberg. Cromwell's corpse having been taken up and ignominiously exposed upon a gibbet at Tyburn by the royalists after the Restoration—a pusillanimous act, and a poor triumph over the bones of a man who had so often vanquished them in battle—this nobleman had the rudeness and inhumanity to attempt by a gross allusion to that indignity to wound her feelings. "Madam," said he, "I saw your father yesterday." "What then, sir?" she asked. "He stank most abominably," was his answer. "I suppose he was dead then?" she again asked. "Yes," he replied. "I thought so," she retorted, "or else I believe he would have made you stink worse." His majesty, it is said, laughed heartily at the spirit and effective reprisals of Cromwell's daughter; and the cavalier, who had mistaken the powers of the lady whom he had assailed, was mortified at seeing the laugh fairly turned against himself.[1]

During the civil war, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, theatrical representations had been interdicted.[2] But immediately after the Restoration this interdict was taken off; and, as if long abstinence had sharpened the appetites of the people for this species of amusement, the London theatres, of which there were two, the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, and the Duke of Yorke's Theatre in Dorset Garden, were crowded. Lady Fauconberg having been brought up strictly a Puritan, had been taught to regard the theatre

[1] Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England.*

[2] On September 2, 1642, was issued an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for their suppression throughout the kingdom "during these calamitous times." Another ordinance for their suppression was passed February 9, and promulgated February 11, 1647–8.—Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. ii. p. 104.

as injurious both to religion and morality. But forgetting the puritan principles in which she had been nurtured, she was carried away like others by the prevailing passion for the exhibitions of the stage. Pepys, in recording a visit he paid to the Royal Theatre, June 12, 1663, says—"Saw 'The Committee,'[1] a merry but indifferent play. . . . Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge and his lady, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad; but when the house began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play, which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face."[2]

Lord and Lady Fauconberg were respected and honoured by the restored monarch. Neither of them suffered that reverse of fortune which they might have dreaded from their near relationship to the man who had been a chief instrument in the death of the late king, and who had kept so long, and who, had it been in his power, would have kept for ever the son from the possession of his regal inheritance. By Charles II. his lordship was constituted lord-lieutenant of the bishopric of Durham, July 27, 1660; and in the same year he was made lord-lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of the North Riding of Yorkshire, offices which he held till 1687, when he was deprived for not complying with the measures of James II. He was also by this monarch sent ambassador to the state of Venice, and other courts of Italy. On April 21, 1679, he was sworn one of his majesty's new privy council, consisting of thirty members, by whose counsel his majesty declared he was to be guided in all public affairs of importance, but which was in reality intended as a barrier against the power of the House of Commons.[3]

After the Restoration, Lady Fauconberg, who was a most affectionate daughter, frequently went to Norborough in Lincolnshire, the house of her brother-in-law, Claypole, to

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard. [2] Pepys' *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 6.
[3] Collins's *Peerage of England*, vol. vi. p. 37.

visit her dear and honoured mother, who, after the downfall of her son Richard, found there an asylum. She did not know how short might be the time that her mother, who was now descending fast into the vale of years and bowed down by the infirmities of age, might be spared; it was a comfort to her in the meantime often to see her, and it would be a consolatory reflection to her afterwards, when a parent so worthy of her affection was taken away, that she had not been wanting in the duties which she owed to her as a daughter. These considerations often drew her to Norborough. On occasion of one of her last visits, when her mother was very ill and to all appearance would soon cease to exist on the earth, she wrote a short but touching letter in reference to her mother's illness to her brother Henry, who was then residing at his estate of Spinney Abbey, near Soham in Cambridgeshire, where, after he had retired from the government of Ireland upon the Restoration, he took up his abode and continued to dwell, occupying himself in the humble occupation of husbandry. The letter has no date of time or place, but it was written from Norborough, and perhaps not long before her mother's decease, which, as we have seen before, took place about fourteen years after her father's death. It is addressed "To my dear brother Henry Cromwell at Speny," and is as follows:—

"Dear Brother,—I have sent this bearer on purpose to see you and my sister, fearing I shall not see you before I go from hence. My poor mother is so affecting a spectacle as I scarce know how to write, she continuing much the same as she was when you were here. The Lord knows best what is fit for us to suffer, and therefore I desire we may willingly submit to his will; but the condition she is in is very sad: the Lord help her and us to bear it! I am now able to say no more, my heart being so oppressed, but that I am your dear wife's and your most affectionate sister,

"M. Fauconberg."

"My stay here, unless something extraordinary happen, will be till Monday next."[1]

Henry, to whom this letter was addressed, was her favourite brother, and she had special pleasure in corresponding with him. His amiable and generous character, and his eminent abilities, of which he gave ample proof in bringing Ireland under his administration into such a flourishing condition as extorted the praises even of uncompromising royalists, bound her to him by strong and endearing ties. But death, which is constantly breaking in upon human relationships, and laying in the dust the dearest objects of human affection, dried up this source of her earthly happiness. Henry died March 23, 1673–4, in the middle of life, being only forty-seven years of age, at his estate of Spinney Abbey, where, in devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, unembittered by the turmoils of ambition, he probably experienced greater happiness than when invested with the dignity and grandeur, but at the same time harassed with the cares of governing a kingdom.

From their opposition to the arbitrary measures of James II. Lord and Lady Fauconberg lost the favour of that monarch, and they hailed the revolution as a signal deliverance of the nation from slavery and tyranny. Upon the accession of William and Mary, whose interests they zealously supported, they were received into the royal favour, and rewarded with honours and preferment. His lordship was sworn one of the members of the first privy council of the new sovereigns; on March 28, 1689, he was constituted lord-lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, a post of which, as already observed, he had been deprived by James II., and on April 9, same year, he was created Earl of Fauconberg.

Lady Fauconberg was universally praised as a warm-hearted woman. To those in distress she was very charitable.

[1] Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, p. 546.

She liberally assisted such of her relatives as were in pecuniary difficulties, and many others shared in her benefactions. Never having had any child of her own, she took the deeper interest in the welfare of the children of the other members of her family.[1] After the death of her beloved brother Henry she continued to maintain an affectionate intercourse with his children, and promoted their temporal interests by all the means in her power. One of her letters still in existence, dated January 29, the year not mentioned, was written to his eldest surviving son, Henry Cromwell, at Spinney Abbey, on the occasion of his wife's[2] recovery from a lying-in and of the death of the child. Having expressed her sympathy, and tendered some words of comfort, she adds—"My lord as well as self return thanks [for a present], and [he] charges me to assure you both of his humble service. Your most affectionate aunt and servant,—M. Fauconberg."

In another letter to this nephew, dated April 10, and inscribed on the back "1689," written in answer to a request he had made that Lord Fauconberg would use his influence with King William, to procure for him military promotion, she says:—"Dear Nephew,—I received yours which this comes in answer to; my lord was one Thursday at Hampton court, when he spoke to the king again as for your concern and your cousins; but all the answer he could get was that he wanted money, and at present did not think of raising any more men, which for your sakes I am concerned for." Then follows some public news from Ireland.

Her interest and that of Lord Fauconberg were, however, afterwards successfully employed in procuring for this nephew the patronage of William, who in February, 1693-4, granted him a captain's commission in the Earl of Denbigh's regi-

[1] Granger. Noble.

[2] His wife was Hannah, eldest daughter of Benjamin Hewling, a Turkey merchant. By her he had numerous children. A sketch of this lady is afterwards given.

ment of cavalry. Through her influence he obtained from Queen Anne, in the first year of her reign, a captain's commission in Lord Mohun's regiment of infantry, and in the seventh year of her reign a major's commission in Colonel Kilner Brasier's regiment of infantry. He was sent to Spain with the British forces under the command of Lord Galway for the prosecution of the war against the Spaniards, and he died in that kingdom in 1711.[1]

"Before her death," says Noble, "Lady Fauconberg, it appears, lost much of her reverence for her father's memory, regarding him probably as a usurper and a hypocrite, as well as a tyrant." The proof of this allegation he rests on a story to the effect that Lady Fauconberg, having visited her niece, Mrs. Bendish, who was ill of a fever, had in her niece's sick room where several persons were present, seemed to assent to some things spoken in conversation reflecting on the memory of her father, for which Mrs. Bendish, who was a great admirer of the Protector her grandfather, whom she regarded not only as the greatest statesman, but as the greatest saint who ever lived, reproved her with great spirit. Noble, we think, has made too much of this story, and has put an interpretation upon it, which as told by the historians of Mrs. Bendish's life it does not warrant.[2] In the first place, the precise words which are said to have reflected on Cromwell's memory are not reported: in the second place, it is not asserted that they were of such a character as to afford a foundation for the conclusion, that Lady Fauconberg probably regarded him in the close of her life as a usurper, a hypocrite, and a tyrant. That he was not perfect she would doubtless admit, and she might acquiesce in the judgment that he was not free from ambition, that his administration might in some things be liable to the imputation of severity, and that he sometimes dissembled,

[1] Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, p. 546, 547.

[2] See Life of Mrs. Bendish, the concluding life in this volume.

without calling in question his patriotism or the moderation of his government, save where necessity required a different policy, or the sincerity of his religious character. In the third place, such admissions as these would rouse the spirit of Mrs. Bendish, who viewing her grandfather as a perfect or all but perfect man, instantly took fire the moment his memory was impeached, and was prepared to do battle against whoever should dare to assail or call in question his immaculate perfection.

Lady Fauconberg became a widow in 1700, Lord Fauconberg having died on the 31st of December that year. He was interred at Cockswold in the county of York, and over his last resting-place a monument was erected, with a lengthened Latin inscription to his memory. Lady Fauconberg, says Lord Dartmouth, "desired Sir Harry Sheers to write an inscription for the monument, and would have it inserted that in such a year Fauconberg married his highness the then Lord-protector of England's daughter; which Sir Harry told her he feared might give offence. She answered that nobody could dispute matters of fact; therefore insisted it should be inserted. . . . . Sir Harry told me the story with some encomiums upon the spirit of the lady."[1] The inscription, though it does not note the year of her marriage, records her father's name, but without his designation as Lord-protector of England, simply designating her "Cromwelliorum stirpe, Patre, Olivero, Progenitæ."[2] Lord Dartmouth farther observes that it was "by her prudent management (as was generally thought) that Fauconberg was a privy councillor to Oliver, Richard, King Charles II., King James II., and King William III."

She outlived Lord Fauconberg more than twelve years. Her life was prolonged to nearly the utmost limits of human existence, and she seems, till far advanced in years, to have

[1] Note in Burnet's *Hist. of his Own Time*, Oxford edit. 1823, vol. i. p. 142.
[2] Collins's *Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 37.

enjoyed upon the whole good health. J. Macky, in a *Journey through England*, in speaking of Sutton Court in Chiswick, the seat of the then Earl of Faucenberg, where she resided,[1] says, "I saw here a great and curious piece of antiquity, the eldest [this is a mistake, she was the third] daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who was then fresh and gay, though of great age."[2] He does not state the year in which he saw her. She died March 14, 1712–13, a few months before her brother Richard's death, aged about seventy-six, and was buried at Chiswick, March 24, as appears from the register of that parish.[3]

By her last will she was very liberal to her own relatives, who had shared her beneficence so largely during her life. She has indeed been blamed for carrying her partiality in this respect to an undue excess, leaving "everything in her power away from her husband's relations, and among other things, the London residence of the family, Fauconberg House, in Soho Square.[4] Some interesting relics, however, descended to the last heir of the Fauconbergs, among which was the sword worn by the Protector at the battle of Naseby."[5]

The period over which the life of Lady Fauconberg extended was one of the most remarkable in the history of our country; it was crowded with political changes and great events. Her infancy and childhood witnessed the conflict between the king and the parliament—the bloodshed, the

[1] In 1708 she was rated in the parish books of Chiswick for Sutton Court. Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. ii. p. 211.

[2] Ibid. vol. v. p. 125. Granger, after stating, on the authority of a person who knew her well in the decline of life, that she was "pale and sickly,' adds, "Since this note was printed I had the honour to be informed by the Earl of Ilchester, who remembers her well, and to whom she was godmother, that she must have been far gone in the decline of life when she was pale and sickly, as she was not naturally of such a complexion."

[3] Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. ii. p. 211.

[4] "At the back of the east side of Soho Square are still retained (1839) the names of Fauconberg Street, Fauconberg Mews, &c., and denote that Fauconberg House must have been in the immediate vicinity."

[5] Jesse's *Court of England*, vol. iii. p. 203.

violent animosities, the factions it created—the nation fevered and tortured by a burning hatred of tyranny and oppression —the infatuated monarch heaving on the surges his own abuse of power and faithlessness had raised, and at last perishing under the axe of the executioner to the utter bewilderment of the whole kingdom and of all Europe. As she was approaching or had reached womanhood, she saw the monarchy supplanted by a commonwealth, and her father, who alone of all the great men of his time, and they were many, seemed able to control the fermenting elements of convulsion which were scattered through the kingdom, elevated to the supreme power under the title of Lord-protector. Again she beheld the monarchy restored, Charles II. elevated to the throne, and terminating by death a career of misrule and profligacy. She next beheld James II. succeeding his brother, and after a brief period expelled from his throne by his subjects whom he had outraged by his tyranny, to which he was impelled by his love of arbitrary power, combined with a frantic superstition and fanaticism, which made him to be pointed at in his exile as the fool that had sacrificed three kingdoms for a mass. She was still living to hail the Revolution of 1688, the most important of all the public events which have taken place in Britain since the Reformation; and she saw both William and Mary, the hero and heroine of the Revolution, laid prostrate in the grave. It was not till near the close of the reign of Queen Anne that her own course on earth was finished. During this long period, so full of vicissitude, she had to do with persons of all complexions of mind, natural, political, and religious; but such was her amiable and conciliatory spirit, that she appears to have passed through it, respected and honoured by all parties.

FRANCES CROMWELL,

WIFE FIRST OF ROBERT RICH, AFTERWARDS OF SIR JOHN RUSSELL.

FRANCES CROMWELL, the fourth and youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, by his wife Elizabeth Bourchier, was baptized at St. Mary's Church in Ely, December 6, 1638. Her parents were still residing at St. Ives, and the reason why Frances was not, like the other children born at that place, taken to Huntingdon for baptism probably was because some accident or illness intervened to make the journey at that time impracticable or unadvisable.

Less is known of Frances than of Cromwell's other children. Oldmixon represents her as "a lady of great beauty and virtue."[1] "She was certainly," says Noble, "an amiable and accomplished lady"

Frances had more numerous and more splendid offers of marriage than any of her sisters, embracing candidates of every condition.

The first in rank was no less a personage than Charles II. This was a humiliating step for Charles to take, not so much from the comparatively humble pedigree of the lady, as from

[1] *Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 425. Her portrait, in the life of her father by his descendant Oliver Cromwell, confirms the accounts given of her as a handsome and beautiful woman. It is a copy of a likeness which was drawn and engraved by W. Bond, from a three-quarter portrait, and which was in the possession of the author of that work. "Mr. Hollis," observes Noble (vol. i. p. 201), "as appears by 'his Life,' was in possession of a portrait of the Lady Frances, Walker pinxit, circa ann. 1656, representing her sitting with pigeons upon a table.

the hard necessity which, from the apparently hopeless state of his affairs, compelled him to have recourse to the expedient of repairing his fortunes by negotiating a marriage with the daughter of one of the most active instruments in his father's death. But so it was. Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, who appears to have been equally friendly to Cromwell and to Charles, was probably the originator of this scheme, which promised to procure the restoration of Charles without injury to Cromwell. Having occasionally opportunities of secret correspondence with persons about Charles in his exile, his lordship had by this means discovered that the young king's inclinations were not unfavourable to the proposition of a marriage between him and Cromwell's daughter Frances. Charles went so far as to give permission to Broghill to make the proposal to Cromwell. His lordship made the communication first to the Protectress and her daughter, both of whom, it appears, gave their consent. To obtain the approbation of the Protector would, there was reason to believe, be more difficult, and the affair being a delicate one to introduce, he prepared the way by getting a rumour that such a marriage was contemplated put into circulation, and then going one day to the palace he broke the proposition to Cromwell. The Protector, who was in his closet, cordially received him, and beginning to walk up and down the room, inquired where he had been. "In the city," answered Broghill. "What news there?" asked Cromwell. "Very strange news," replied Broghill. "What is it?" Cromwell earnestly inquired. His lordship affecting mystery repeated hesitatingly with a smile that it was strange news indeed, and observing his highness's curiosity excited, added, "But perhaps you will be offended to hear it?" "I will not," replied Cromwell, "be it what it will." Then Broghill in a jocular tone and manner said, "The city is full of the talk that you are going to restore the king, and to give him Lady Frances in marriage." "And what do the

fools say of it?" asked Cromwell laughing. "They like it," answered Broghill, "and think it is the wisest thing you can do, if you can accomplish it." The Protector, who had been traversing the room, suddenly stopped, and looking steadfastly into Broghill's face, asked, "And do you believe so too?" His lordship observing him a little moved replied, "I believe it is the best thing you can do to secure yourself." Cromwell, after walking for some time thoughtfully up and down the room with his hands behind his back, turned to Broghill, and inquired his reasons for being of that opinion. "My conviction," said his lordship, is, "that you can but little trust even your own party, who are constantly finding fault, and that it is unlikely that you can continue long in your present grandeur, the very persons who have contributed to your elevation having become the most anxious for your downfall. On the other hand, the king in his extremity will be abundantly ready to listen to any proposition rather than live in exile, so that you may easily make your own terms with him and his party, and be commander-in-chief of the army during life. If your daughter have children to the king (which is likely enough), you will thereby be endeared to him and to the country, and with his majesty for your son-in-law, the heir-apparent to the crown for your grandson, and the whole power of the nation in your own hands, your greatness will by all this be for ever established. But if you neglect to avail yourself of such a favourable opening as this you cannot expect to transmit your greatness to your children, and perhaps will hardly be able to preserve it during your own life." Cromwell gave great attention to these reasons, and continued pacing the apartment full of thought. "No," he said abruptly, "the king will never forgive me the death of his father." "Sir," replied his lordship, "you were one of many who were concerned in it, but you will be alone in the merit of restoring him. Employ somebody to sound him upon the matter, and see how he will take it. I will

undertake the business if you think fit." "No," he repeated, "he will never forgive me his father's death; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." Upon this his lordship left the Protector, or gave the conversation a different turn, not venturing to press the delicate subject farther, or to inform him that he had already had communications with the king upon it. This was at the period of Cromwell's first parliament (assembled September 3, 1654), after he had been made Lord-protector. Broghill was a member of that parliament.

Shortly after, meeting with Lady Frances and her mother, Broghill acquainted them with the unsuccessful issue of his interview with the Protector, but, not yet hopeless of being able to effect his purpose, he desired them to use their best endeavours to alter the Protector's decision. This they promised to do. The mother especially more than once pressed him to reconsider his resolution, but he continued firm in his opposition to the project. The only answer she could get from him was that Charles Stuart would never be such a fool as to forgive him the death of his father.[1] This was the great gulf, the mighty barrier to reconciliation with Charles, over which Cromwell had sagacity enough to foresee that he could never pass. It cost him therefore very little expenditure of thought to decide upon the imprudence and danger of embracing a proposal which would probably have bewitched and turned the head of a less clear-sighted man, and by the potency of its spell have lured him to his ruin.

Frances is reported to have been much disappointed at her father's rejection of this brilliant offer. To her and her mother, who were less sagacious than the father, there would be a kind of enchantment about this proposed alliance

[1] *Memoirs of Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery*, by his chaplain, Thomas Morrice, p. 21, 22. Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 84, 85. Noble's *Memoirs*, &c., vol. i. p. 189, 190. Oldmixon's *Hist. of England*, folio, p. 413. Burnet (*Hist. of his Own Time*, vol. i. p. 119) states that he had the anecdote from Broghill's own lips.

with royalty. Neither of them saw looming in the future, as he did, the misery—the disasters which it would bring in its train; and if his answer to the Protectress awakened a dread that the flattering elevation would only place them on a precipice whence to be hurled down into destruction, this would surely check in both the mother and the daughter the rising impulses of ambition, and satisfy Frances that she would be a far happier woman by becoming the wife of a subject, than by occupying the more coveted position of Queen of England.

In the beginning of the year 1654 a report became current, especially in Paris, that Frances or her sister Mary was to be given by her father in marriage to the Duke of Enghien, only son of the Prince of Condé, then in disgrace at the French court. In a letter of intelligence, without signature, dated Paris, January 10, 1653–4 (N.S.), it is said, "There is a rumour, but I cannot believe it, that the Prince of Condé hath proposed an alliance to your Protector between their families."[1] In another letter, signed "J. B.," dated Paris, January 14, 1653-4 (N.S.), it is said "I have been told this day, that it is reported, that the Duke d'Enghien, the Prince of Condé's only son, is to marry your Protector's daughter [either Frances or Mary, his only daughters then unmarried], and that succours are to be sent from thence to that prince."[2] The story also went, that the Netherlands were to be invaded, and part of them conquered, to be formed into a principality or kingdom for the young duke and his wife. This caused great alarm to the courts of France and Spain, both of which dreaded the Protector's power, and even his very name. How these reports originated, and what amount of truth they contained, is not known. The idea of marrying any of his daughters to the Duke of Enghien, was probably never seriously entertained by Cromwell, and if he encouraged a

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 3.
[2] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 5.
[3] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 12.

report to that effect, it would only be to serve a political purpose, by inspiring with terror the French and Spanish courts.

The Duke of Buckingham, who had much intercourse with Cromwell's family, from which he had ever received the utmost civility and kindness, made overtures to Cromwell to marry one of his daughters, namely Frances. His object was to recover the vast estates to which he was born. Cromwell at once rejected the offer. He wisely judged that such an alliance with a nobleman of the duke's fickle, unprincipled, and dissipated character, could only entail misery on his daughter, without bringing any political advantage to himself.[1] In resentment of the slight the duke associated himself with the enemies of Cromwell's government, with whom he was perpetually plotting insurrections and assassinations.[2]

Another of Frances' suitors was Jeremiah White, usually called Jerry, one of her father's chaplains. He was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, noted for his factiousness, and a man of very handsome person and engaging address. Whether the lively young Frances merely amused herself by a little flirtation with Jerry, or whether he had actually inspired her with the tender passion, has been doubted. Cromwell, at any rate, was suspicious that there was some love affair between them, as is evident from his causing them to be watched. The person employed to observe them hurried one day into the Protector's presence, with the information that the Lady Frances and the chaplain were together in her private apartment. Thither Cromwell immediately hastened, and lo! as he entered, Jerry was on his knees kissing Frances' hand. "What is the meaning of that posture before my daughter Frances?" demanded

[1] Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 171. Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iv. p. 413.

[2] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. v. p. 511; and vol. vi. p. 363.

Cromwell in an angry tone. "May it please your highness," said Jerry, with great presence of mind, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector turning to the waiting maid, demanded, "What's the meaning of this, hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." Glad to avail herself of the opening prospect of improving her condition, she answered with a curtsey, "If Mr. White intends me that honour I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Goodwin. This business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Jerry had gone too far to recede. The clergyman came, and the parties were immediately married in presence of the Protector, who presented the bride with £500 for a dowry, which, with her previous savings, placed White in easy outward circumstances. It is said, but it is to be hoped without foundation, that they never loved each other, though they lived together nearly fifty years. "I knew them both," says Oldmixon, by whom this anecdote is recorded, "and heard this story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but owned there was something in it."[1]

Frances' father had come under an engagement, though, it would appear, by no formal contract, to bestow her in marriage upon William Dutton. The uncle of this youth, John Dutton of Sherborne, in Gloucestershire, one of the richest men in England, with whom the engagement had been entered into, had particularly set his heart upon this match. By his will, dated January 14, 1655, and proved June 30, 1657, he appointed Cromwell the guardian of his nephew, to whom he bequeathed a large estate, and expressed it as his dying wish and request that Cromwell, according to the

[1] Oldmixon's *Hist. of England*, p. 426.

agreement between them, should give Frances in marriage to his nephew upon his reaching maturity. "I humbly request and desire," says he in this document, "that his highness, the Lord-protector, will be pleased to take upon him the guardianship and disposing of my nephew William Dutton, and of that estate I, by deed of settlement, have left him; and that his highness will be pleased, in order to my former desires, and according to the discourse that hath passed betwixt us thereupon, that when he shall come to ripeness of age, a marriage may be had and solemnized betwixt my said nephew William Dutton and the Lady Frances Cromwell, his highness's youngest daughter, which I much desire, and (if it take effect) shall account it a blessing from God."[1]

This arrangement, Cromwell, it would appear, intended to carry into effect. It was, however, defeated by Frances' falling in love with another and more successful suitor, the Honourable Robert Rich, son of Robert, Lord Rich, and grandson and heir-apparent of Robert, Earl of Warwick, a noted Puritan, and lord high-admiral of England, in the time of the Long Parliament. Here, says Carlyle, we come to "affairs of the heart, romances of reality, such as have to go on in all times, under all dialects and fashions of dress-caps, puritan, protectoral, and other." Frances and Rich had kept up a secret intercourse and correspondence, and she had given her consent to become his wife, without consulting or informing her parents or any of her friends. Their intimacy was well known in the palace, in the spring of the year 1657. Her brother Richard, in a letter dated Whitehall, March 7, 1656–7, communicates this information to his brother Henry. "I hear," says he, "that the house hath made themselves the commons, by voting another house; they are afraid of tithes; the feather in the cap is allowed to none but such gallants that wait upon ladies. R. Rich, my Lady Frances' gallant, flies with his plumes in Whitehall."[2]

[1] Granger, vol. iv. p. 84–86. [2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 59.

Frances' father, on learning the matrimonial intentions between her and Rich, offered resistance. He had no objection to the Warwick family, which was rich and noble. The grandfather, the old earl, was his particular and steadfast friend, who assisted at his second inauguration as Protector in 1657, by carrying the sword of state before his highness at the ceremony,[1] and who was one of the few old nobility who sat in his House of Peers. One reason of his opposition was his having engaged to unite Frances in marriage to William Dutton. Another was the smallness of the provision proffered to be made by the Warwicks for his daughter, by which he thought too little value was set upon the alliance. But the principal reason—a reason which he disclosed to none save Frances and his own family—was his fears that young Rich was addicted to libertinism, certain reports to that effect having been brought to him by some officious person or persons not named, who sought to frustrate this decidedly advantageous match. This not only made him hesitate about agreeing to the marriage, but made him resolve to break it off altogether. He would never consent that any of his daughters brought up in piety and virtue should be wedded to a titled coxcomb and rake, devoted to the pleasures of wine, or to the gaming table, or to debauchery. Such a folly as this, which would be destructive to their happiness, and would not likely turn out to his political advantage, they should never perpetrate with his sanction. He reasoned with Frances: should he surrender her to her own unadvised guidance, and should she be united to one whose habits were profligate, however high his rank and great his opulence, what could she expect but wretchedness, and how would he, her father, be able to look upon her future misery, her failing health, her premature death, from the profligacy, neglect, or ill treatment of such a husband? If he consented to such a marriage, he would for ever blame himself as the destroyer of her happi-

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 166.

ness, and the author of her woes. But reasoning in such cases is often thrown away.

Bent on wedding Rich, Frances was in great distress at her father's opposition; and her parents, pained equally at the thought of thwarting and at the thought of yielding to her passionate inclinations, from their doubts as to the character of Rich, were in great perplexity. Sir Francis Russell, in a letter to his son-in-law, Henry Cromwell, dated Whitehall, April 27, 1657, says:—"Here hath been some trouble about the business of Mr. Rich and my Lady Frances. This seems to me yet to continue, and to trouble the minds both of your father and mother, more than anything else. I do not love to make any inquiry about it, so I can write you no particulars."[1]

Frances unbosomed herself to her sister Mary, and engaged her to interpose with her father in her behalf. Mary did so in a touching appeal.[2] All he would promise was that he would not in the meantime put a final negative upon the match. He would leave the character of Rich a subject open for inquiry, and should the result be favourable, he would withdraw his opposition.

In these circumstances, as no step could be taken in this affair until these rumours were shown to be groundless, and Rich's good character established, Frances, as was quite proper, essayed to come to the bottom of the stories told to his prejudice. She traced them to their source, and, to her great joy, found that they had no foundation in truth, or were so coloured as to amount to falsehood, and that they had originated in the malice of some that had a mind to break off the match.

Satisfied that the reports detrimental to Rich's character were altogether untrue or greatly exaggerated, Cromwell at last gave his daughter Frances to understand that he would

[1] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 419.
[2] See *Sketch of Mary*, p. 5.

now cease to throw any obstacle in the way of her union with Rich.

In the summer of the year 1657, negotiations between Cromwell and the family of Warwick were going on as to the contemplated marriage. Sir Frances Russell, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, dated Whitehall, June 20, 1657, thus writes:—"'Tis verily thought that the match between your sister and Mr. Rich is upon the point concluded on. Yesterday Mr. William Perepoint and Sir Gilbert Gerard were with his highness, I do believe in order to that business, and this day my lord of Warwick and the Earl of Manchester, a great stranger at Whitehall."[1] That Sir Francis was correct in this statement is confirmed by the letter on the same subject, written by Mary Cromwell to her brother Henry, only three days after the date of the preceding.

The Protector gave his daughter £15,000 as a portion. By the marriage settlement Rich and Frances were to receive £2000 yearly during the joint lives of his grandfather the Earl of Warwick and his father Lord Rich; £2500 yearly from the death of the earl, provided he should die before Lord Rich; and £3050 yearly from the death of Lord Rich, in case he should die before the earl. In the event of Frances surviving Rich, she was to receive as her jointure £2000 annually, and in addition to this Warwick House, after the death of the present Earl and Countess of Warwick.[2]

The banns, as required by a late act of parliament, having been duly proclaimed in the parish church of Martin's-in-the-Fields, in the county of Middlesex, upon three successive Sabbaths, at the close of the morning exercise,[3] Frances was married to Rich at Whitehall, November 11, 1657. This was a short time after the prorogation of the parliament, and a few days before her sister Mary was married to Lord

[1] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 414.
[2] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 573.
[3] Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii. no. xiii. p. 500.

Fauconberg. On the joyful occasion there were present the bride's father and mother, the bridegroom's father, Lord Rich, his grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, his maternal grandmother, the Countess-dowager of Devonshire,[1] with many other noble and honourable personages. The solemnities of the nuptials were conducted and ended with much pomp and splendour.[2]

A ludicrous scene is said by some writers to have occurred at the marriage-feast, illustrating Frances' father's characteristic taste for buffoonery. "At the marriage," says Dr. Hutton, "the Protector, whose mind at the moment was far from being at ease, amused himself by throwing about the sack-posset among the ladies to spoil their clothes, which they took as a favour, as also wet sweetmeats; and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wet sweetmeats; and put off Rich's wig, and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet he sat upon it." Fond though Cromwell was of coarse merriment, we yet have some doubts as to the truth of this story, particularly of the sack-posset and sweatmeats portion. But supposing it to be what actually took place, it involved nothing very serious. It was different with other attempts at the comic for the amusement of the guests on that occasion, which, it would appear, were on the point of ending in the tragic. "An old formal courtier," adds the same writer, "that was gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia, was entertained among them, and he danced before them with his cloak and sword, and one of the four of the Protector's buffoons made his lip black like a beard, whereat the knight drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow."[3]

[1] This was Christian, only daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce of Kinloss in Scotland, and relict of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire. She was a zealous royalist, and died January 16, 1674. Her life was written by Pomfret. Her only daughter, Anne Cavendish, the mother of young Rich, had died when he was a child.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 169.

[3] Forster's *Life of Cromwell*, i. 186.

Rich's strong affection for Frances tended to elevate his character, and to exalt and purify his sentiments as to the great objects of human life. In prospect of his marriage, and after its celebration, he purposed, renouncing the vanities and follies of youth, to apply his mind assiduously to the intellectual and moral culture of himself, and to devote his abilities, whatever they were, his time and opportunities, for the honour of God and the good of others. "A little before, and soon after he had completed what he imagined to be his chiefest worldly happiness," says Dr. John Gauden, formerly his tutor, at this time minister of Bocking in Essex, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, "when I visited him he did of himself desire me once and again that I would advise him what I conceived the best method of living to the improvement of his mind and time both for God and man; what books were most proper for his reading and study both in piety and prudence."

Her union with a youth thus well-disposed encouraged the hope of much domestic felicity to Frances. But everything on earth is uncertain, and held by a slender tenure. Frances, who thought she could not live had her father persisted in refusing his consent to this marriage, was doomed to early widowhood.

In December Rich was seized with a dangerous and mortal illness.[1] Even in the vigour of youth he seems to have had a secret presage of an early death; for he was often heard to say that he should not live beyond the age of his mother, who died before she had completed her twenty-seventh year.

Under his illness Frances' solicitude about him, and attention to him, were such as might have been expected from the warm and strong affection of a young loving heart. To

[1] Samuel Hartlib, a Lithuanian refugee, in a letter to Dr. John Pell, dated December 31, 1657, says, "Mr. Rich, who lately married one of my Lord-protector's daughters, is said to be very sick."—Vaughan's *Protectorate of Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 434.

him her whole time and thoughts were devoted, and all other cares were forgotten in a deep and engrossing anxiety about him. On her part nothing was wanting that a yearning and ever-watchful affection could suggest or do for his relief. "If parentage and descent," says Dr. Gauden, in paying a just tribute to the conjugal tenderness she displayed on this occasion, "if nobility and honour, if youth and bravery, if courtly splendours and grandeurs, if an ample fortune and revenue, if human friendships and highest favours, if nearest alliance to a person he thought most deserving of his love and most capable to make him happy in the highest point of human felicity, if experience of virtuous love, conjugal respect, extraordinary tenderness, and passionate prudence, which he had to comfort him in his long and killing infirmity, immediately succeeding his so desired nuptials—if any one or all of these endearments and decoys of life had signified anything to the preserving of it, ... this young and noble gentleman had not now been the subject of my discourse and your attention, of all our sorrows and tears."

Frances sat constantly at his bedside, and his mind being deeply anxious about the salvation of his soul, she read to him passages from the Scriptures, as well as her tears and bursting heart would permit. He listened with deep attention, and when she read particular verses which especially arrested his thoughts, referring to the grace of God, salvation through Christ, he requested her to read them over again, and would then desire her to pause, while he pondered them in his mind. Sometimes after meditation and conference with Frances and others, he broke forth into such humble and grateful ejaculations as the following:—"O how infinite is the mercy of our heavenly Father that gives us poor sinners such gracious promises to lay hold on!"

His closing scene is thus described by Dr. Gauden, who attended him during his last illness, and to whom we are indebted for the particulars now given:—"Afterwards I was

sent for to him, and went betimes that morning before he departed, which was at four afternoon. His weakness then was great and urgent; yet his calmness to speak and hear was better than I had found before. Then he deplored the vain hopes of living which he had had, and that it was so late. There was now no delay to be made. . . . . I craved therefore his patience, privacy, and leave to do my duty as a minister of Christ, in order to his soul's present good. Then I did, according to the wisdom that God gave me, demand many things of him, in the clearest, exactest, and shortest method which I could, whereby to receive from him such a confession of his sins, and of his serious repentance, of his deep sense of the want of Christ as a Saviour, of owning the excellent worth that is in Christ, of the full and free grace of God offered by Christ, of his humble desires and hopes of it, also his patience and preparedness to die if God would have it so; and in general, of his firm persuasion that these things were true which he had been taught by me and other ministers of the Church of England out of God's Word. To all—the whole series of my questions and discourse he severally answered with such prayers and tears, such deep sighs, such fervent amens, and such pathetic expressions, as I could expect in his weak condition. To my last query concerning his belief of the truths of God in his Word, he replied with a vehemency of voice and spirit, 'Do I believe them? Yes, sir, I thank God I do believe them, as most gracious and glorious truths, and I hope my heavenly Father will make them good to my soul.' This last expression, 'My heavenly Father,' he oft used, as alone, so to me and others, a sweet name and title, used oft in the private devotions which his pious and noble mother had wrote with her own hand, as the effusions of her devout soul. After this my private discourse with him about a quarter of an hour, his noble friends joined with me in prayer to God for him, to which he was composedly intent and fervent. In the afternoon, soon after

he had again spoken in his dying agonies some like passionate pious and humble words to me, as best befits the mouth of a dying Christian, he calmly and suddenly expired without any great contest with death."

Rich died at Whitehall,[1] February 16, 1657–8. The event was thus announced in the court journal:—"February 16. This day died the most noble gentleman Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick,[2] and husband of the most illustrious lady the Lady Frances, youngest daughter of his highness; a young nobleman of great hopes and virtues, answerable to the nobleness of his extraction."[3] He was in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Thus early did Heaven's visitations fall upon poor young Frances. The third month of her marriage had been little more than completed, and she had passed only a little beyond the nineteenth year of her age, when she was thus suddenly made a desolate widow, and a gloom was cast over the prospects that had opened upon her so bright. Under this loss she mourned with the pungent sorrow of first love, and of early life, when the feelings are most tender and susceptible. Her father and mother and other friends sincerely condoled with her, and her disconsolate and bruised heart was much relieved by their seasonable sympathy and comforting words. It was a hard task, but we know that she tried to bring her mind to resignation to the providence of God, and to derive from this affliction the lessons of instruction which it was fitted to teach.

Rich's funeral took place on the 5th of March, and it was celebrated with much pomp. His remains were conducted

[1] Vaughan's *Protectorate of Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 444.

[2] When the tidings of Rich's death were brought to his grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, the good old earl said mournfully, "You had better keep the grave open for a short time, and then you might bury him and me together." His words seemed as if prophetic, for he survived his grandson little more than two short months, having died suddenly on the 19th of April following.—Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 85.

[3] *Mercurius Politicus*, Feb. 11 to 18, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 170.

to Felsted in Essex, where they were deposited in the family vault. Before their interment, a sermon was preached by Dr. Gauden, from Eccles. vii. 1: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart."

In the sermon, Gauden vindicated at length Rich's character from the aspersions which had been cast upon it. In the close he thus introduced this part of the subject: "Thus I have done with the text, and am now to give you, right honourable and beloved, some little model of this house of mourning, to which you are come this day, which is greater in many degrees than you are wonted to go to. This sad occasion, if rightly understood, will make its own way to your hearts, when I have given you some account of those special regards, for which it doth deserve not only a more than ordinary mourning, emphatic sympathies from you, but to make deeper impressions upon your spirits. And this I shall do briefly, not as an hired orator and venal preacher—no; I thank God I am above any such snares and servitudes of soul, as well for fear or favour to flatter either the dead or the living. What I shall speak of the dead shall be words of soberness and truth, as in the presence of God, and of you his people, as a lover of truth and virtue, as an assertor of such honest and ingenuous freedom in speaking, as dares to oppose and confute, if need be, vulgar errors and false surmises."

Frances, thinking that Gauden's sermon might be useful to others, and desirous to have it in her possession, as a memorial of her departed husband, earnestly requested him to publish it, which, in compliance with her wishes, he did. This we learn from a letter which he sent to her brother Henry,[1] dated London, May 24, 1658, along with a presen-

[1] Gauden was connected by marriage with Henry, his wife being Mary Lewknor, relict of Horatio, first Viscount Townshend, and daughter of Edward Lewknor, Esq. of Denham in Suffolk, by his wife Elizabeth Rus-

tation copy of the printed sermon. After observing that he was a person "condemned to obscurity, never to be relieved, except by such a barren way of industry as is sometimes given me by such sad occasions as that of my nephew William Russell's[1] and Mr. Robert Rich's death," he adds, "To the urn of this last I have been invited by your lordship's sister the Lady Frances, to consecrate a little monument, which possibly may, as marble, be durable, though it be fruitless, unless it be productive of your lordship's favour and acceptance, beyond that degree which it expects in England."[2]

Gauden dedicated the sermon to Frances in a lengthened epistle. He wished her name to remain inscribed on this monument, to the memory of a relative so near and dear to her, as long as it should last. The dedication is dated March 15, 1657–8.

"Madam," says he, "though I am justly tender of exasperating so vehement and unfeigned a grief as your ladyship hath constantly expressed to the noble Mr. Rich (both living and languishing, dying and dead), by my applying any such balsam as may seem to renew your wound and pain; yet, knowing that your ladyship's greatest comforts, next to those of divine infusion, arise from those proportions which your just sorrows bear to your generous affections, which are now become the occasion and measure of your affliction, I thought it would neither be offensive to your honour, nor unbeseeming

sell, eldest sister of Sir Francis Russell, the father-in-law of Henry Cromwell. Mrs. Gauden was thus cousin-german to Henry's wife. In 1643 Gauden published a protestation against the trial and execution of Charles I. (*Harleian Miscel.* vol. v. App. p. 101), and he was the author of the well-known *Icon Basilike*, which has often been maintained to be the work of Charles I.—Lady Theresa Lewis's *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord-chancellor Clarendon*, vol. iii. p. 102–116.

[1] The son of Gauden's wife's brother, Gerard Russell of Fordham in Suffolk. He died abroad.

[2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 822, no. 187. The sermon was published enlarged, with the title, "Funerals made Cordials," p. 124.

my respects, if I justified your exceeding grief by representing to the world how deservedly you have loved, and how worthily you have mourned, for that gentleman, of whose honour and happiness, even from his infancy, I was most seriously ambitious.

"Hence it is that I have adventured to dedicate to your name this funeral cordial, which was first devoted to adorn the Christian interment, and revive the honoured name of your dear husband; that since you lived not long together in your marriage, yet you might at least be inseparable in this monument, which aims not to add any further secular pomp to his dust, much less to gratify the impertinent curiosity of this or after ages touching his life, sickness, disease, or death, but rather to advance the glory of God in his unsearchable ways; also to summon such as yet survive him to consider their latter end, that they may betimes, even in youth, remember their Creator, and apply their hearts to true saving and eternal wisdom.

"To these great and good ends I presume your ladyship's passionate piety will permit me to improve so sad a dispensation of Providence, whose aspect not only looks to your ladyship, but to all that stand within the view, reach, and terror of so sharp a stroke, which deserves to be so far laid to heart by all spectators, until they find their hearts mollified and mended through that gracious virtue, which may, by fear of death and grief for sin, make way for faith in Christ and love of God."

About four months after her loss, Frances, in a letter to her brother Henry—the only letter of hers which we have discovered—touchingly dwells on the affliction which had befallen her, but she gives vent to no passionate expressions of grief. Her tone is subdued, that of mingled sadness and submission. A distinct and grateful sense she had of the many mercies in her lot, which were not in the lot of many of the dearest of God's people; but still her heart was

smarting under the shock of the wrench which had broken the links that had bound her and Rich together in wedlock, and she felt as if nothing earthly could fill up the blank that had been made by the stroke of death.

"June the 19th [1658].

"Dear Brother,—Though I know myself to be very guilty of neglect to you, yet give me leave to hope this paper will beg your pardon for my so long silence. I can with confidence declare, and without compliment, that none would be more rejoiced, if in anything I could express the love and dear affection I have for you, than myself.

"Dear brother, I could fill this paper with giving you an account of the afflictions I have met with; but I shall not give you that trouble now. Only let me tell you I have lost a dear husband. The Lord help me to make a sanctified use of it, and all his dispensations to me! 'Tis true I have great mercies left me in my relations, that many of God's precious ones want, though I think that nothing in the world can repair my loss, and indeed do not desire anything in it below Christ. I hope it is my earnest desire to get him for my husband that will never die. Pardon these poor, broken, imperfect lines, and believe they come from her that desires to approve herself to be your dear sister and servant, Frances Riche.

"I beg of you to present my services to my dear sister,[1] and tell her that I should have troubled her with my rude lines, but that my sister Elizabeth's going into the country to-morrow I had no time. She hath been very ill, but, blessed be God! we hope she is in the mending hand.

"Pray burn it."[2]

Frances had no issue by Rich. Had he lived some time longer she would have been elevated to the rank of countess,

[1] Henry's wife. [2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 401.

in consequence of the death of his grandfather and father.[1] Had she born him a son, the child would have been heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Warwick.

She did not remain long a widow. She married secondly, John Russell, a brother of the wife of her brother Henry, being the eldest son and heir of Sir Francis Russell, Baronet, of Chippenham. He was nearly two years her junior, as may be inferred from his having been baptized at Chippenham, October 6, 1640. This union was of longer duration than the first; but about the year 1670 she had the affliction to mourn over a second conjugal bereavement in the death of Sir John, when she was only about thirty-two years of age. After his death she had a posthumous child. She had to him three sons and two daughters. Her sons were:—1. William, his father's heir and successor. 2. Rich (so named from Lord Rich), captain in King William's guard; and 3. John, born October 14, 1670, governor of Fort William, Bengal. Her daughters were:—1. Christian, buried at Chippenham, August 28, 1669; and 2. Elizabeth, married to Sir Thomas Frankland, Baronet, of Thirkelby, in the county of York.[2]

She was left with means sufficient to have maintained herself and her family in independence and affluence; but whether these were managed with frugality and discretion has been questioned.

She now remained a widow to the close of life, that is, for a period of fifty years. But after this, her name and history remain almost unnoticed. "It is extraordinary," says Noble, "that we know so little of this lady after she became a wife, as during so many years many peculiar circumstances must have arisen, well worth noticing, in the daughter of Cromwell, and one to whom a mighty monarch paid his addresses." After the restoration of Charles II.

[1] Rich's father, Robert, Earl of Warwick, died at London, May 30, 1659.

[2] Kimber's *Baronetage*, vol. i. p. 344. Burke's *Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies*.

she became, of course, a stranger to court life; and it was her desire, as it was the desire of the rest of her family, to live in obscurity. Now passing her years in privacy, she adorned the private circle, respected and honoured by all her friends and acquaintances. Bishop Burnet, who knew her when advanced in life, describes her as a "very worthy person."[1] Her eldest son William warmly supported the Revolution, and having spent the remainder of a considerable fortune in raising troops at that period, he sold his estate at Chippenham, and died in September, 1707, when he was succeeded by his eldest son of the same name.[2] She died Jan. 27, 1720–1, at the venerable age of eighty-four, having survived all her brothers and sisters.[3] Where she died, or where her remains were deposited, has not been discovered.

We now close our sketches of Cromwell's daughters. All that we know of their history redounds to their credit, exhibiting them as maintaining throughout life in an exalted and in an humbler condition the reputation of virtuous, intelligent, accomplished, amiable, and pious women. The continuator of Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, speaking of them, says, "These ladies are so virtuous, they deserve a better father." "Lady Frances," says Oldmixon, "and her elder sister, Lady Falconbridge (indeed all Cromwell's daughters) were beloved, admired and esteemed for their beauty, virtue, and good sense."[4] Cromwell's other children, too, were amiable, benevolent, and pious. This was also true of his descendants, in so far as we can trace them, as if they had inherited from the stock a goodness of nature, and the great majority of them took their places in the ranks of nonconformity. The moral and religious worth of his children,

[1] Burnet's *Own Time*, vol. i. p. 103.
[2] Burke's *Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies.*
[3] Noble's *Memoirs*, &c. vol. i. p. 200, 201.
[4] *Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 426.

though, of course, insufficient to establish his religious sincerity—a point which, long contested, is now generally admitted upon grounds considered sufficient to justify such a conclusion—certainly reflects credit on him and his wife for having trained them up virtuously and religiously, and it lends a degree of weight to the grounds upon which a favourable view of his religious character rests. Constantly observing him in his most private moments, when restraint was thrown off, and when he appeared without disguise, his children had better means of knowing him than others. Had he then been a mere pretender to piety, they would very likely have found it out, and in that case his lessons of religious instruction could hardly be expected to produce in their minds that deep sense of religion which they evidently had, or to lead them to that exemplary deportment which in circumstances of great temptation they exhibited.

LUCY APSLEY,

WIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER DESCRIPTION OF CROMWELL'S ADMINISTRATION AND COURT.

THE history of the wives of two of the regicides, that of the wife of Oliver Cromwell, and that of Henry Ireton's, has already engaged our attention. The subject of the present sketch was the wife of another of the regicides, a woman, who from her superior cultivation of mind, exalted genius, and noble character, would have adorned any situation, however elevated. "England," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "should be proud, we think, of having given birth to Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband; and chiefly because their characters are truly and peculiarly English, according to the standard of those times in which national characters were most distinguishable. Not exempt, certainly, from errors and defects, they yet seem to us to hold out a lofty example of substantial dignity and virtue, and to possess most of those talents and principles by which public life is made honourable, and privacy delightful. Bigotry must at all times debase, and civil dissension embitter our existence; but in the ordinary course of events, we may safely venture to assert, that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."[1]

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiii. p. 24.

Lucy Apsley was born January 29, 1619–20, in the Tower of London. She was the eldest daughter and fourth child of Sir Allan Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower, by his third wife, Lucy, youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregoz, in Wiltshire, by his second wife.

Her father was descended from a younger branch of the Apsleys of Apsley, a town where the family of that name had their seat before the Conquest, and he was the youngest of seven sons. His father possessed an estate in Sussex, yielding an income of about £700 or £800 a year, and he left the whole to the eldest son, reserving for the younger only small annuities; but in the course of time, by deaths and otherwise, nearly the whole fell into the hands of this the youngest son. Upon his father's death, though then at school, being impatient to push his fortune in the world, he obtained through a relative at court a place in Queen Elizabeth's household, where by his excellent deportment he gained the esteem and love of many of the court. Returning from a voyage to Calais with the fleet of the Earl of Essex, in which he had earned distinction by his skill and courage, he was honoured by government with a dignified and lucrative situation in Ireland. While there he married a rich widow who had to him no children, and upon her death, after a brief union, he distributed her estate among her numerous children by her first marriage. Soon after the accession of James I. to the English throne, the distinction of knighthood was conferred upon him by that monarch. He married for his second wife a daughter of Sir Peter Carew, a young widow, upon which, resigning his situation in Ireland, he was appointed victualler of the navy, a post of great trust and emolument. About the year 1615, he married for his third wife Lucy, daughter of Sir John St. John, she being then not above sixteen years of age, while he was forty-eight.

Lucy St. John, the mother of the subject of this memoir, was the most beautiful daughter of a family of daughters

celebrated for their beauty. Having lost her father and mother when she was not above five years of age, she was brought up in the house of Lord Grandison, her father's younger brother, and upon the marriage of her brother Sir John St. John with the daughter of Sir Thomas Laten, governor of the Isle of Guernsey, she and her sisters went to reside with him. At the persuasion of her brother Sir John's wife, who treated her with all the tenderness of a mother, she accompanied her to the Isle of Guernsey, and to acquire the French language, she boarded in the town in the house of a French minister who, driven by persecution from his native country, had come thither for shelter. With this devout man and his wife she contracted an intimate friendship, and from intercourse with them she became indoctrinated in the Genevese ecclesiastical discipline, for the simplicity of which she ever after retained a decided preference. She had to Sir Allan ten children, five sons and five daughters.

The birth of Lucy, from her sex, gave great joy to her mother, who having previously had three sons in succession was very desirous that her fourth child should be a daughter. On being informed by her attendant at the time that the child was a daughter, she embraced it with much joy. At her birth Lucy had more complexion and favour than infants usually have at that period. From this the nurses imagined that she would not live, and her mother, under this apprehension, became the more attached to her, and nursed her with the greater care and tenderness. The child however continued to thrive. As soon as weaned she was intrusted to a French woman as her dry-nurse, and was taught to speak French and English at the same time.

Her parents thinking that she was more than ordinarily beautiful, and perceiving the early indications she gave of uncommon mental powers, resolved to spare no pains or expense in the cultivation of her mind. A circumstance to which little or no importance would now be attached incited

them to the more scrupulous fidelity in the performance of this duty. The mother, previously to Lucy's birth, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with her husband, and that a star came down into her hand, which Sir Allan told her signified that she was about to give birth to a daughter, who should become illustrious. From the superstitious importance then attached to dreams, this augury, by prompting the parents to make her education the object of their peculiar solicitude, "like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment," as she herself expresses it.

Almost as soon as she was able to speak, her parents began to instruct her, and by the time that she was four years of age, she was able perfectly to read English. When about seven years old she had at one time not less than eight tutors in different branches of education, as languages, music, dancing, and needle-work. For some of these branches, as music and dancing, she had no inclination, and she never practised her lute or harpsichord but when under the eye of her masters. She therefore made little progress in these accomplishments. To her needle she had the strongest aversion. Her taste lay chiefly in reading books, and so eagerly was it bent in this direction, that her mother, thinking that her health was thereby injured, endeavoured to restrain her ardour by locking up her books. Yet this rather inflamed than diminished the intellectual appetite, and every moment she could steal from her play she employed in reading any book upon which she could put her hands. After dinner and supper, when she had an hour allowed her for play, she would retire into some quiet corner to indulge in this her favourite occupation. The relish for reading thus early acquired she retained through life.

Her father was desirous that she should learn Latin, and her capacity and progress were such that she outstripped her brothers, boys of excellent talents, who were at school, although her tutor, who was her father's chaplain, had no

great knowledge of the Latin tongue. Her progress excited the emulation and envy of her brothers, to the high gratification of her father, whose favourite she seems to have been; but her mother would have been better pleased had she not so entirely addicted herself to the study of that language as to neglect other accomplishments, in her estimation more suitable for a lady.

At this period her gravity and intelligence were beyond her years. Play among children of her own age she despised, and those of them who came to visit her she tired with instructions graver than the lessons of a mother or grandmother; she plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept them in such awe that they were glad when she left them to themselves, and betook herself to the society of her seniors, to whom from her staidness and the precocity of her understanding she was very acceptable. Her parents were noted for their hospitality, and their house was the resort of many persons, both ladies and gentlemen, of superior minds and of sincere piety. At her father's table and in her mother's drawing-room she had thus frequent opportunities of listening to the conversation of persons of this description in which she greatly delighted, and remembering their intelligent and serious discourse, seasoned and blended occasionally with jocularity and shrewd remarks upon men and things, she would repeat it with great fluency and effect to the gratification of her parents and their visitants, who were struck with the strength of her memory, and the excellence of her understanding.

From childhood she enjoyed the invaluable advantages of a religious education. Her father, to his benevolence, charity, and other virtues, added genuine piety, which he carefully inculcated on all the members of his family. Her mother, even when a girl, was seriously disposed, and had then, as we have seen, imbibed the puritan sentiments. She was diligent in reading the Scriptures, and conscientious in her

secret devotions. She sedulously instructed her children in the truths of religion, and trained them up in the practice of secret prayer, and in a strict observance of the Sabbath. She was very friendly to all good ministers, who were frequent visitants at her house, and she constantly attended the week-day lectures. From her mother's instructions, and from the week-day lectures, as well as from the Sabbath-day services to which her mother took her, young Lucy became early the subject of serious impressions; and under their influence she earnestly practised solitary prayer, adhered undeviatingly to truth in her speech, and was wont on the Sabbath to exhort her mother's servants, and to turn their discourse from worldly and frivolous topics to the most solemn and important of all. These religious advantages by which she was thus early formed to that decorum of manners and to that devotional character by which she was distinguished throughout life, she records in her autobiography with feelings of gratitude to God and to her parents. "The next blessing I have to consider in my nativity," says she, "is my parents, both of them pious and virtuous in their own conversation, and careful instructors of my youth, not only by precept but example. Which if I had leisure and ability, I should have transmitted to my posterity, both to give them the honour due from me in such a grateful memorial, and to increase my children's improvement of the patterns they set them; but since I shall detract from those I would celebrate, by my imperfect commemorations, I shall content myself to sum up some few things for my own use, and let the rest alone, which I either knew not, or have forgotten, or cannot worthily express. . . . . The privilege of being born of and educated by such excellent parents, I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy, and humiliation that I did not more improve it."

With all her gravity of disposition and religious seriousness, Lucy when a girl had a liking for humorous and amor-

ous songs, which, at a later period of her life, when she became more deeply tinctured with the spirit and doctrines of Puritanism, she regarded as savouring too much of levity. These songs she easily learned and sung well. By this means she greatly recommended herself to her mother's maids, and became their confidant in their love affairs, some of which, as all of them had many admirers, were always secretly going on.[1]

As she grew up to womanhood, few women of her day could match with Lucy Apsley in personal attractions.[2] Tall of stature, handsome, beautiful, commanding in appearance, adorned with all the accomplishments which the best education and society could bestow, endowed with eminent talents, and famed for the excellence of her compositions both in prose and poetry, and being withal of sedate, retiring, though dignified manners, which, from the charms of her person and the character of her mind, lent her additional attraction, she united in herself, in no common degree, the ingredients which draw forth admiration and love towards the form of woman. As might have been anticipated, she received many good offers of marriage, and her mother and friends were desirous that she should marry; but she displeased them by refusing many offers which they thought sufficiently advantageous. She had indeed the reputation of being difficult to please. "She is the nicest creature in the world in suffering her perfections to be known," said one of her admirers; "she shuns the converse of men as the plague; she lives only in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex."

[1] Most of the preceding facts are derived from a fragment of memoirs of her own life, prefixed to her *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*. This fragment consists of twenty-eight pages; and what is wanting appears to have been destroyed by her own hand. The subsequent events in her life are derived chiefly from her memoirs of her husband, which are interspersed with many passages relating to her own history.

[2] This is confirmed by her portrait prefixed to her *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*.

The man who gained her heart, and to whom she was afterwards happily united in marriage, was John Hutchinson of Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham, the eldest surviving son—an elder brother having died when a child—of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, by his first wife, Lady Margaret, one of the daughters of Sir John Biron of Newsted, in the same county, both of them persons of exemplary virtue and piety. This excellent youth, who afterwards signalized himself in the civil and military affairs of his country, studied at Cambridge; and having returned from the university when about twenty years of age to his father's house at Nottingham, after a short stay he went to London, and was admitted into Lincoln's Inn, where, however, he studied law only for a brief period, this branch of knowledge being unsuited to his taste. Removing to Richmond he was boarded with a skilful composer of music, in whose house a younger sister of Lucy Apsley's happened to be placed; Lucy herself having gone into Wiltshire with her mother.

Hutchinson had heard much of Lucy's personal attractions, talents, and good qualities, before he had seen her, and the report had interested and touched his heart. The first time he saw her was on the evening of her return from Wiltshire. On that evening he and her younger sister were at a social party in the neighbourhood. At supper a messenger came to inform the sister that her mother and Lucy had arrived; and after supper Hutchinson accompanied her to her mother's house, when he obtained the first sight of his future wife. Lucy, as she tells us, was not then in the most favourable circumstances to be seen, being in a careless riding habit, her countenance wearing an air of melancholy, and her manner betraying negligence as to her personal appearance, as if she neither affected to please others nor took notice of anything around her. Yet the sight to Hutchinson's fancy did not belie the picture of her he had previously formed. And what, as she assures us, was unusual with her in meeting with the other

sex, she felt on the first sight of Hutchinson, something like a melting tenderness of heart. His slender but well-proportioned form, which however was only of the middle stature, his fair complexion, his light brown hair, thickly set, softer than the finest silk, and curling into loose large rings at the end, his lively gray eyes, his teeth even set, and white as the purest ivory, his amiable countenance, in which magnanimity and majesty were mingled with sweetness, the gracefulness of his mien, his frank, intelligent, and polished conversation, the neatness of his attire, to which he always showed particular attention—all these, on which she expatiates with great minuteness and delight, betokened, she thought, when she first met with him, no ordinary person.

With regard to the courtship, Lucy says:—"I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which, if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; for these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy [of] mention among the greater transactions of his life." The reader is therefore left to imagine those scenes of endearing interchange of thought and affection which she has not chosen to relate.

The marriage was fixed upon, and all preparations were made for the joyful occasion; but on the appointed day, when friends on both sides were assembled for the solemnization of the nuptials, Lucy fell ill of the small-pox. This was a great affliction to Hutchinson; it seemed to cast gloom and disappointment over his bright prospects of connubial happiness; for his bride was in great danger. She however escaped with her life; but the disease despoiled her of her beauty for the present, and for a considerable time after her recovery. To this severe trial the affection and constancy of lovers were often subjected in those days when the small-pox was so generally prevalent. But to his honour, Hutchinson, nothing moved by the havoc made on Lucy's fair

countenance, performed his plighted vow by marrying her as soon as she was able to quit her chamber, when the minister and all that saw her were affrighted to look upon her. With the full consent of all friends on both sides, the wedding was celebrated on the 3d of July, 1638, at St. Andrew's Church in Holborne, she being little more than eighteen years of age, while he was about four years her senior. In writing memoirs of his life, after his death, "the lofty Cornelia-like spirit of the aged matron seems to melt into a long-forgotten softness when she relates the faithfulness of her beloved colonel in marrying her in such circumstances."[1] "But God," she adds, with a not ungraceful vanity, "recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her as well as before."

After the nuptials, they lived for some time in the neighbourhood of her mother, and then, for the sake of Lucy's health, removed to a house they took in Enfield Chase, called the Blue House, ten miles out of the city of London. Here they remained about two years.

Hutchinson was desirous to remove to his own house at Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, eight miles south-east from Nottingham, in the north of England; but to go to dwell in the north was then a formidable idea to the London ladies, and Lucy's attachment was naturally strong to the place where she had been born and educated, and where her best beloved relatives resided. He did not therefore for some time press upon her a removal; and in the meantime he occupied himself in the study of theology, the result of which was, as Mrs. Hutchinson, who was herself a strict Calvinist, records with evident satisfaction, that, whereas before he was in judgment Arminian on the doctrine of predestination, he now, from a diligent examination of both the Arminian and the Calvinistic sides of the question, and by comparing them with the Scriptures, became convinced of the truth of the Calvinistic side. But, adds she, "this was so

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxviii. p. 128.

far from producing a carelessness of life in him, a thing generally objected against this faith, that, on the contrary, it excited him to a more strict and holy walking in thankfulness to God, who had been pleased to choose him out of the corrupted mass of lost mankind, to fix his love upon him, and give him the knowledge of himself by his ever-blessed Son." She also notes it as a merciful providence in his life, that during these two years he had enjoyed leisure and inclination to employ himself in this manner before he became involved in the turmoil of civil war.

With an increasing family she found that it would be necessary for them either to obtain a larger income, or to retire to some part of the country where they could live cheaper. To endeavour to obtain an increased income appeared to her to be much more desirable than to remove from her mother and the rest of her beloved relatives. She therefore proposed to Hutchinson that he should try to purchase a government situation, a proposition to which, though disinclined, he consented, to please her and her mother. His attempts failing of success, she regarded this failure as an intimation of the will of Providence that she ought to surrender her inclination and follow him, whither the Lord should seem to call him. She went along with him about October, 1641, to his house at Owthorpe. They had been there only a few months living peaceful and happy, when the flames of civil war between the parliament and the sovereign, which had long been kindling, burst forth.

In this struggle Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson took the deepest interest from the commencement. They read with avidity all the public papers between the king and the parliament that were printed, besides many treatises relating to the question in dispute, by private parties. By this means they became convinced that right and justice lay on the side of the parliament. They did not, however, regard the efforts of the court to restore Popery, and to subvert the Protestant

religion as forming so clear a ground of war against the king as his invasion upon the civil liberties of the kingdom; a view of the case which clearly demonstrates that they did not suffer their zeal for religion to run into fanaticism. Yet, as he was a young man, Hutchinson, with becoming modesty, did not consider himself called upon, in the meantime, to appear prominently upon the stage, or to accept the offers made to him of offices of trust. His father Sir Thomas continued steadfast to the parliament, but extremely desirous that the differences should rather be composed by accommodation than settled by the sword, he did not improve his interest to engage others in the quarrel. He left his two sons, John and George, to act as they chose in this great contest; and they were the foremost, both in point of time and in respect of condition of life, who owned the parliamentary cause in the county of Nottingham.

It was at Nottingham that the king with Princes Rupert and Maurice, the Duke of Richmond, and other courtiers and cavaliers, and a numerous body of horse and foot, set up his standard, the open signal that he had drawn the sword against the parliament. It was set up on the highest point in the castle yard. This was followed by outrage and pillage, committed by the royalist soldiers on all who were supposed to be friendly to the parliament.[1]

Hutchinson's affection to the parliament being known, he was insulted, reviled as a roundhead, and even threatened with personal violence by the royalist troops.

Informed that a party of cavaliers had received orders to seize his person, he fled to Leicestershire, whither Mrs. Hutchinson, with the children, soon after followed him. He afterwards returned with her and the children to Owthorpe. This was about the latter part of the year 1642, when the battle of Edgehill was fought between Charles I. and the Earl of Essex.

[1] Bailey's *Annals of Nottingham*, vol. ii. p. 663-667.

When he now went to Nottingham, Hutchinson found that the most of those who had been plundered as Puritans, and compelled to flee to escape the violence of the king's army, had returned and were consulting about raising some recruits for the Earl of Essex. Two troops were raised, the one consisting of volunteers from the country about Nottingham, of which he was made captain, and the other consisting of volunteers out of the town, the command of which was intrusted to his brother George.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hutchinson continued to reside at Owthorpe; but the Earl of Chesterfield, who had raised some horse for the king, having plundered some houses in the neighbourhood, Hutchinson sent a troop of horse during night—for they were not strong enough to march in the daytime—and brought her and the children to Nottingham.

The preservation of that town was of great importance to the parliament. Had it fallen into the hands of the king's forces, this would have cut off the parliament from all communication between the north and south, especially in winter when the river Trent was not fordable, and only to be crossed by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, or higher up at a place called Wilden Ferry, where the royalists had a garrison. Not less important was it to have the castle of Nottingham, which was built upon a rock at the end of the town, garrisoned under an intrepid and skilful governor. From its elevated position it commanded the chief streets of the town, and strongly fortified by nature, it could be rendered almost impregnable by art.

Hutchinson being judged the best qualified for this post, he was appointed in June, 1643, governor of the castle by the committee of Nottingham. The situation was one of great difficulty, and to accept it required no common courage, as well as evinced no common devotion to the interests of his country. More than half the town of Nottingham were disaffected to the parliamentary cause. In the country

around the royalists were numerous and powerful. The place was far distant from the parliament and their armies,[1] and could not therefore receive the same assistance or timely relief in cases of emergency, as if it had been nearer. Then as to the castle, it was never in a condition to resist a vigorous siege. It was ill fortified, the only work about it being a little breastwork before the outermost gate. It was badly provided with ammunition and provisions. The buildings were in a ruinous condition, and uninhabitable, affording neither room for soldiers nor provisions. But with the knowledge of all this, Hutchinson, braving the dangers by which he was environed, undertook the defence of the town and castle. Under his direction the castle was soon made capable of receiving 400 men commodiously, and he displayed, in maintaining and defending it and the town against a siege of the royalists, great military talents and the utmost bravery.

During the siege Mrs. Hutchinson, on some occasions, acted the part of a physician and surgeon to the sick and the wounded. She had probably acquired some knowledge of the healing art from her mother, who by her skill had made herself very serviceable to many of the poor who were unable to pay for physicians. She records that at one time when no surgeon was to be had in the castle, five of the colonel's men who had been wounded in an encounter with the cavaliers, were brought to her, and having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, she with the assistance of a gentleman, who had some skill in surgery, dressed their wounds, which were all shot wounds, and some of them dangerous, so successfully, that all of them continued to do well, and ultimately recovered.

But her humanity was not confined to her own party; it extended itself also to the soldiers of the enemy, many of whom were at that time taken prisoners. A large room

[1] Nottingham is 108 miles N.N.W. from London.

which formed the chapel in the castle was filled with them, and also a prison or rather dungeon, called the Lion's Den. Immediately after she had dressed the wounds of the five of the colonel's men already referred to, while standing in her chamber door she observed three of the prisoners, who were severely cut, passing to the Lion's Den. She instantly desired the marshal to bring them to her, which he did, and she bound up and dressed their wounds. One loves to dwell upon such instances of humanity occurring in the heat of civil conflict, which usually engenders a peculiarly savage, unrelenting spirit, though it must be observed, to the honour of England, that in all history there is not an example of a civil war having been conducted with so little of the ferocious as that between the king and the parliament.

Some time after this, Mrs. Hutchinson embraced the sentiments of the Baptists as to the unlawfulness and invalidity of infant baptism. When the colonel, at the instigation of the Presbyterian ministers, interdicted the private religious meetings which the canoniers, who had adopted the Baptist principles, held in their chamber in the castle, and put these sectaries into prison for separating from the public worship, and for holding these conventicles,[1] some notes were found in their chamber written in opposition to pædobaptism. These notes having been brought into the colonel's lodgings, Mrs. Hutchinson, who had more leisure than he had to read, perused them attentively; and comparing them with the Scriptures, she began to doubt, what before she had regarded as incontrovertible, or had not considered at all, the warrantableness of infant baptism. The arguments adduced for confutation of this doctrine made a strong impression upon her understanding, and she

[1] "It was with some reluctance," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that he had committed them, for the men, though of different judgments in matters of worship, were otherwise honest, peaceable, and very zealous and faithful to the cause." When he afterwards set them at liberty, "there was," she observes, "a great outcry against him as a favourer of separatists."

was disposed to think that the truth on the subject was, that baptism ought to be administered only to adults professing their faith in Christ. Yet being young, and distrusting her own judgment, she did not feel herself justified in obtruding her sentiments on this question upon the attention of others, or in deviating from the common practice. "Being then young and modest," says she, "I thought it a kind of virtue to submit to the judgment and practice of most churches, rather than to defend a singular opinion of my own, I not being then enlightened in that great mistake of the national churches. But," adds she, "in this year, being with child, I communicated my doubts to my husband, and desired him to endeavour my satisfaction; which while I did, he himself became as unsatisfied, or rather satisfied against pædobaptism. First, therefore, he diligently searched the Scriptures alone, and could find in them no ground at all for that practice; then he bought and read all the eminent treatises on both sides, which at that time came thick from the presses, and still was cleared in the error of the pædobaptists. After this, I being brought to bed, that he might, if possible, give the religious party no offence, he invited all the ministers to dinner, and propounded his doubt and the ground thereof to them. None of them could defend their practice with any satisfactory reason, but the tradition of the church, from the primitive times, and their main buckler of federal holiness, which Tombs and Denne have excellently overthrown. He and I then, professing ourselves unsatisfied in the practice, desired their opinions, what we ought to do. Most answered, to conform to the general practice of other Christians, how dark soever it were to us; but Mr. Foxcraft, one of the assembly, said that except Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson were convinced of the warrant of that practice from the Word, they sinned in doing it, whereupon that infant was not baptized."

This of course is not the place to debate the question of

infant baptism, as to which Christians are still divided in sentiment. The question was then, as it has been often since, warmly agitated both from the pulpit and from the press. To our view the arguments in support of infant baptism are completely conclusive; but to the understandings of Mrs. Hutchinson and the colonel, only the arguments on the other side appeared to have any weight or cogency. In refusing, therefore, to accept of baptism for their child they acted according to what they believed to be the will of Christ. With their convictions they could not have acted otherwise without doing violence to their judgments and consciences. Their friends, therefore, who were of different sentiments, ought to have so far respected their conscientious scruples, and the rights of private judgment, as to treat them with a candid and forbearing spirit. These, however, were not times which peculiarly excelled in the cultivation and exercise of such a spirit. Great religious earnestness then prevailed, but it wanted the governance of Christian charity and forbearance; and many good people then, as still, but with some of the Christian graces very imperfectly developed, mistaking irritation of temper for Christian zeal in behalf of the truth of God, were betrayed into the indulgence of rancorous feelings and of evil speaking against their brethren, from whom they differed on some point or points of minor importance, although agreed on all the essential doctrines of salvation. "And now the governor and I," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "notwithstanding that we forsook not their assemblies, nor retracted our benevolences and civilities from them, were yet reviled by them, called fanatics and Anabaptists, and often glanced at in their public sermons. And not only the ministers, but all their zealous sectaries, conceived implacable malice against us upon this account; which was carried on with a spirit of envy and persecution to the last, though he, on his side, might well have said to them, as his master to the old Pharisees: 'Many good works have I done among you, for which of these

do you hate me?' Yet," adds she, "the generality even of that people had a secret conviction upon them, that he had been faithful to them, and deserved their love; and in spite of their own bitter zeal, could not but have a reverent esteem for him, whom they often railed at, for not thinking and speaking according to their opinions."

Mrs. Hutchinson regarded with no friendly feeling the Presbyterians, who then embraced a large proportion of the rank, wealth, and influence of the state. She disliked, she alleges, their intolerance towards such as differed from them in sentiment. Her opposition to them was strengthened from the disposition they evinced, after the struggle of the parliament with the king had been carried on for some time, to enter into terms of accommodation with the king without adequate security being obtained for the preservation of the liberties of the kingdom. To her view—and future events demonstrated the soundness of her judgment—this policy of the Presbyterians threatened the entire destruction of the cause for which so many sacrifices had been made, and so much blood had been shed; a cause which she describes as "the most glorious that ever was contended for."

Colonel Hutchinson was one of the judges who sat in the high court of justice by which Charles I. was tried; and he signed the sentence condemning him to die on the scaffold.

In the proceedings of this formidable tribunal against the king Mrs. Hutchinson cordially concurred. She could not see how he could be restored to power, with safety to the cause of liberty. She contemplated with dismay his restoration, with or without conditions; for so faithless was he that he could be bound by no engagements. Should he be restored after having been vanquished and made a captive, she believed that, impelled by exasperation and revenge, he would become a greater tyrant than ever, and that he would especially employ his power in executing vengeance on such as had been most zealous and active in resisting his tyranny and

oppression. She therefore regarded his execution as imperatively demanded by the public welfare, as necessary to secure the national liberties, for which so many lives and so much treasure had been sacrificed, and to prevent greater calamities from befalling the country—as the vindication and avengement of injured rights, and as the just punishment of the crimes he had committed against the state, and of the blood he had shed, of which he thought so little. Her account of his trial and execution is written in no spirit of triumph, but at the same time, without any attempt to conceal her sentiments of approbation of these tragic doings, or to conceal her sympathy with the actors, who, regardless of all consequences to themselves, had the fearless hearts, in the fever of excitement and of political frenzy, as some thought and said, but of calm judicial retribution, as she believed, to enact scenes which produced indescribable sensations of horror, not only throughout England, but through the whole of Europe.

"Among the judges," says she, "Colonel Hutchinson was one, who very much against his own will, was put in, but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God [the solemn league and covenant which he had sworn], and the public trust of his country reposed in him; although he was not ignorant of the danger he ran as the condition of things then was. In January, 1648–9, the court sat, the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying their public trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the Commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three several days persisting in contempt thereof, he was sentenced to suffer death. One thing was remarked in him by many of the court, that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with

disdainful smiles, and looks and gestures, which rather expressed sorrow that all the party opposite to him was not cut off than that any were: and he stuck not to declare in words that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one man's, meaning the Earl of Strafford. The gentlemen that were appointed his judges, and divers others, saw in him a disposition so bent on the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the consciences of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape, when God had brought him into their hands. Although the malice of the malignant party and their apostate brethren seemed to threaten them, yet they thought they ought to cast themselves upon God, while they acted with a good conscience for him and their country. Some of them after, to excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and overpersuaded by Cromwell, and the like; but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled." . . . .

"As for Mr. Hutchinson," she adds, "although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here, being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions, He would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that He would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right-enlightened conscience; and finding no check but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then be-

lieve but it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies, and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalize his favour afterwards to him."

After the execution of the king, the House of Commons having dissolved the House of Lords, and the government being changed from a monarchy to a republic, Colonel Hutchinson was chosen a member of the first council of state, for the management of public affairs. This council was to be elected annually, and the first two councils embraced almost the whole period of the republic. Hutchinson was a member of them both, but he went out at the formation of the third council. From his services to the state he neither sought nor derived any pecuniary advantage.

Mrs. Hutchinson became the avowed adversary of Cromwell. This was owing in part to Cromwell's having obstructed the advancement of the colonel upon finding that he was a man of too honest and independent a spirit to become his tool. It was also attributable to his desertion of his political principles by his aspiring to the supreme power, to the destruction of her favourite republic, from the triumph of which she had anticipated so much. Her suspicions that such was the object he aimed at, were excited and strengthened before he succeeded in acquiring it, from various circumstances, as from his filling the chief places in the army and in the forts or garrisons, as well as the more subordinate posts, with such as he had reason to believe he could make subservient to his purposes. Close as he was in concealing his intentions, Mrs. Hutchinson being an observant onlooker, seems perfectly to have seen the whole game that he was

playing, and considering his great talents, which she readily admits, to have looked with dismay upon his grasping ambition, extending like the vulture its wings, as it appeared to her, over the length and breadth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to the destruction of the liberties and prosperity of her country.

Some things which really reflect honour upon Cromwell she puts down to his discredit. His generosity, for example, in pardoning on some occasions the authors of plots against his life, which she seems disposed to attribute entirely to motives of policy, as it contributed to increase his power, may have been, and we believe actually was dictated, in part at least, by humanity—which, certainly, despite the Tredah and Wexford tragedies, was an element in his character—if not by a truly Christian, forgiving spirit.

But making due allowance for her evident prejudices against Cromwell, there is, we admit, much truth as well as ingenuity in her description of the rise of his views of ambition, and of his progress in its path, as favourable events removed obstructions and opened up before him brilliant prospects. How, even at the time when Fairfax was general of the army, while he was only lieutenant-general, he had acquired such influence that "Fairfax stood an empty name," and was silently and imperceptibly moulding the army to his own mind—how his conquest of Ireland and his appointment to be commander-in-chief upon Fairfax's resignation, at the time that the Scots had declared war against the parliament of England, enlarged his field of vision and fanned the flame of ambition in his breast—how his conquest of Scotland and his subsequent complete victory over the forces of Charles II. at Worcester, "his crowning mercy," as he called it, after he had seemed to give his antagonist a fatal advantage by allowing him to pass with his army into England, and how his increasing popularity, the result of his great achievements, stimulated still more his aspirations after power—how he

now filled every post of command in the army and garrisons only with his devoted adherents and ready instruments—how the death of his son-in-law Ireton, who from his great influence over him, would, it was supposed, have prevented him from pushing on his schemes of ambition, removed out of the way every obstacle arising from this source[1]—and how, on perceiving that the parliament, jealous of his power and intentions, and resolved to keep him in subordination, purposed to reduce the land forces, and to adopt measures for giving to the people a fair and full representation in the highest council of the nation, he forcibly dissolved it, and took into his own hands the supreme authority:—these stages in his history, which formed the gradual ascent by which he reached the pinnacle at which he aimed, she graphically and upon the whole truthfully delineates. Her narration of this last consummating step—his dissolution of the parliament—is written in a spirit of strong antipathy to Cromwell, and of strong sympathy for the parliament, under which the republic was established, and under which, as she represents, the country greatly advanced in prosperity.

After Cromwell had cashiered the parliament and usurped the supreme power, Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson retired to their house at Owthorpe and lived in privacy, devoting themselves to the education of their children and the improvement of their estate. During the whole of the usurpation they lived in this manner, and their house was much resorted to by persons of distinction of all parties, who were attracted by their kindness and hospitality, their cultivated manners, and their intelligent, instructive conversation.

Mrs. Hutchinson's description of Cromwell's administration, family, and court, is brief, but extremely contemptuous, which is easily accounted for from her strong antipathy

[1] Mrs. Hutchinson probably ascribes too much to Ireton's influence over Cromwell, whose iron will, when once he had formed a great purpose, was not, we suspect, to be bent by Ireton or by anybody else.

against him, as the demolisher of the republic and the usurper of absolute power. As a whole, we recognize in it rather a caricature than a true likeness. She uses only one colour—black, blazoning the dark and omitting the commendable features, with the single exception of admitting that he was eminent for his personal courage and magnanimity, and that "he had much natural greatness." But the picture is notwithstanding curious and interesting, as being drawn by a contemporary and a republican female. "Cromwell and his army," says she, "grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his own pocket, himself naming a sort of godly men for every county, who, meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, gave up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after he makes up several sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely for his turn, turned them off again. He soon quitted himself of his triumvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then took away Lambert's commission, and would have been king but for fear of quitting his generalship. He weeded in a few months' time above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the army, with whom many of the religious soldiers went off, and in their room abundance of the king's dissolute soldiers were entertained, and the army was almost changed from that godly religious army, whose valour God had crowned with triumph, into the dissolute army they had beaten, bearing yet a better name." Then, after some disparaging remarks on his wife and children, already quoted (vol. i. p. 365), she adds, "His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson

and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor spirited gentry. . . . At last he took upon him to make lords and knights, and wanted not many fools, both of the army and gentry, to accept of and strut in his mock titles. Then the Earl of Warwick's grandchild and the Lord Falconbridge married his two daughters; such pitiful slaves were the nobles of those days." . . .

Adverting to the conspiracies formed by the cavaliers against his life, she says: "To speak truth, Cromwell's personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents. His own army disliked him, and once when seven score officers had combined to cross him in something he was pursuing, and engaged one to another, Lambert being the chief, with solemn promises and invocations to God, the Protector hearing of it overawed them all, and told them 'it was not they who upheld him, but he them,' and rated them, and made them understand what pitiful fellows they were; whereupon they all, like rated dogs, clapped their tails between their legs, and begged his pardon, and left Lambert to fall alone, none daring to own him publicly, though many in their hearts wished him the sovereignty."

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II. TO THE CLOSE OF HER LIFE.

Mrs. Hutchinson regarded the restoration of Charles II. with no friendly feeling. Her republican principles made her hostile to all monarchy, whether limited or absolute. But when Charles was put in possession of the throne uncon-

trolled by such limitations or conditions as were necessary to secure the liberties of the kingdom, this created in her mind a stronger detestation of that political step than her mere republican predilections would have produced. It was, as she judged, and rightly judged, the re-inauguration of the old system of tyranny and oppression; and she was surprised at the changed disposition of the nation—to see persons of all ranks abandoning themselves to the most extravagant rejoicing upon that event, as if a new era of prosperity and glory, and happiness to England had commenced; nor did she fail to mark with disapprobation and contempt, the inconstancy of many, who now, when the tide of public feeling was flowing strongly in favour of the restoration of the monarch, were as forward in abandoning the cause of the parliament, as they had hitherto been forward in supporting it. Yet her account of the restoration of Charles, and of his reception upon his arrival in London, is written in a subdued tone, though in every sentence her sentiments and feelings are perfectly transparent. After referring to the vote of parliament to send commissioners to him at Breda, she says, "Almost all the gentry of all parties went, some to fetch him over, some to meet him at the sea-side, some to fetch him into London, into which he entered on the 29th of May, with an universal joy and triumph, even to his own amazement; who, when he saw all the nobility and gentry of the land flowing in to him, asked where were his enemies. For he saw nothing but prostrates, expressing all the love that could make a prince happy. Indeed it was a wonder in that day to see the mutability of some, and the hypocrisy of others, and the servile flattery of all. Monk, like his better genius, conducted him, and was adored like one that had brought all the glory and felicity of mankind home with this prince. The officers of the army had made themselves as fine as the courtiers, and every one hoped in this change to change his condition, and disowned all things he before had

advised. Every ballad singer sung up and down the streets ribald rhymes, made in reproach of the late Commonwealth, and all those worthies that therein endeavoured the people's freedom and happiness."

Charles being now restored, Mrs. Hutchinson foreboded personal danger to the colonel, as he had been one of the judges of the late king, and had signed the warrant for his execution. What increased her anxiety and apprehension was that a numerous party in the House of Commons consisted of Presbyterians, who, though the originators of the late civil war, had not been implicated in the late king's death, and who, being warm friends of the royal family, were forward in demanding the trial and punishment of the regicides. To tranquillize her mind, the colonel, who, if sensible of his danger, yet appeared calm and self-possessed, endeavoured to persuade her that a general amnesty would be extended to all who in the late troubles had taken the side opposed to royalty. By this means he succeeded in some degree in stilling, if not in dissipating her fears.

In the proceedings of the parliament, by which the safety of the colonel was so deeply affected, Mrs. Hutchinson took the profoundest interest. When the question as to the trial of the regicides was discussed, she appears to have been present, and the speeches delivered on that occasion awakened in her varied feelings according to the parts enacted by the respective speakers. The result was the suspension of the colonel and others similarly circumstanced from sitting as members in the house.

By this decision Mrs. Hutchinson's alarms were excited anew. This, she dreaded, was just the first step taken to bring the colonel to trial as a regicide, in which event the forfeiture of his life and the confiscation of his estates were almost certain. Perceiving that the colonel, though not reckless of consequences, was willing to be made a sacrifice, should the public safety or tranquillity require, she with

ceaseless sighs and prayers, besought him in the meantime to conceal himself. "I cannot live to see you a prisoner," said she. "If you have any affection for me"—and she knew that he loved her almost to idolatry—"you should lose no time in betaking yourself to some friendly roof for shelter." "The danger," he gently replied, "is not so great as you imagine. You are giving way to needless apprehensions." But she was not to be convinced; she believed him to be on the brink of a precipice, and moved by her unabating importunities, he left their lodgings and went to the house of a friend, where he intended to remain until he should make his escape to a greater distance, and to a place of greater security, should it be necessary. After he had departed, her utmost endeavours were put forth to secure in his behalf the interest of her friends who had power in the state.

Meanwhile, it was resolved by the House of Commons that while exemplary punishment should be inflicted on some who had been the late king's judges, clemency should be extended to others. The number of the former was not to exceed seven, who were named, and among that number the colonel was not included. This was so far an auspicious circumstance. But a proclamation was issued commanding all the late king's judges to yield themselves prisoners, otherwise they should be excluded from the royal pardon. The colonel was advised by all his friends to surrender himself if he would not risk the forfeiture of his estate, and even of his life; and this counsel he himself was very desirous to follow.

To his taking this course Mrs. Hutchinson was altogether opposed. She had doubts of the really friendly feelings of a house which consisted chiefly of Presbyterians and royalists, towards the colonel, who was an Independent, and a republican in principle, and who had been one of the chief actors against the king in the late civil commotions. She had also slender confidence in the merciful disposition of Charles II., and little hope especially that he would ever forgive the authors of the

death of his late father. Notwithstanding, therefore, the urgent entreaties of the colonel's friends, she persisted in refusing to consent to his surrendering himself, and she besought him by all the arguments a woman's wit could invent, not to take a step so rash and perilous. He engaged not to do so without first acquainting her and obtaining her consent.

At length she adopted a plan by which to try the temper of the House of Commons. She wrote with her own hand an apologetic and supplicatory letter in the colonel's name addressed to the speaker. The letter urged whatever might be said in favour or palliation of the colonel, as the difficulties and temptations of the times, and his youth and inexperience, which at least disqualified him for acting the part of a leader, and from which it might be fairly concluded that he was only an unreflecting instrument in the hands of others. It besought the house to relieve him from the necessity of surrendering himself, which for various reasons it was inconvenient for him to do. It at the same time promised that he should be ready to appear when called, and it concluded with a prayer that the house, provided it was their intention to extend towards him their mercy, would permit him to remain at liberty upon his parole, till they should come to a final determination of his case. Should the prayer of this petition be granted, the object which Mrs. Hutchinson had in view would be gained. Should it be denied, she would be still more confirmed in her purpose not to allow the colonel to put himself into the hands of the government. After having written this letter, she was visited by a friend from the House of Commons, who informed her that a very favourable feeling towards her husband was prevalent on that day in the house, and that were his case to be brought under their consideration, the result would probably be a lenient and benignant decision. Upon this she appended the colonel's name to the letter, and ventured to send it in to the house.

The letter was very graciously received. Her brother, Sir Allan Apsley, did his utmost to support its prayer. All parties in the house, even some of the principal cavaliers, evinced a disposition to befriend the colonel, and spoke of him with much respect and esteem, eulogizing his integrity, though his principles might be different from theirs, "not even one of the most violent hunters of blood opposing favour" being shown him. Not only what she had desired in the letter was granted, but it was voted that the colonel should enjoy his liberty without any engagement to appear; that his estate should be exempted from all fines and confiscation; and that the only punishment to be inflicted upon him was, that he should be discharged from the present parliament, and declared incapable of henceforth holding any office, whether military or civil, in the state.

This propitious issue under circumstances in which Mrs. Hutchinson was trembling for the colonel's life, filled her heart with joy. While grateful to the parliament she did not forget that her chief debt of gratitude was due to Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and can turn them as the rivers of water, whithersoever he pleaseth. "Yet though he very well deserved it," says she, "I cannot so much attribute that universal concurrence that was in the whole house to express esteem of him, and desire to save him, to their justice and gratitude, as to an overruling power of Him that orders all men's hearts, who was then pleased to reserve his servant, even by the good and true testimony of some that afterwards hated him and sought his ruin, for the perseverance in that goodness, which then forced them to be his advocates; for even the worst and basest men have a secret conviction of worth and virtue, which they never dare to persecute in its own name."

But the hopes with which she was thus inspired, that the life and liberty of the colonel would be secure, were dissipated, and her former distressing fears were awakened and aggra-

vated by the proceedings perfidiously instituted against those of the late king's judges, to whom hopes of pardon had by a proclamation of the parliament been held out, upon condition of their delivering up themselves. Mrs. Hutchinson draws an appalling picture of the horribly cruel treatment of those who were thus lured into a surrender of themselves; a picture which completely overthrows the assertion of some historians, that all the regicides, with the seven excepted from the royal pardon, were treated with great lenity. "The gentlemen," says she, "that were the late king's judges, and decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the house's proclamation, after that they had voted only seven to suffer, were now given up to a trial, both for their lives and estates, and put into close prison, where they were miserably kept, brought shortly after to trial, condemned, all their estates confiscated and taken away, themselves kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman bloody jailer, the lieutenant of the Tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air." And after describing his cruel exactions from them, though he was paid three pounds a week out of the exchequer for every one of them, she adds, "At last when this would not kill them fast enough, and when some alms were privately stolen in to them, they were sent away to remote and dismal islands, where relief could not reach them, nor any of their relations take care of them; in this a thousand times more miserable than those that died, who were thereby prevented from the eternal infamy and remorse, which hope of life and estate made these poor men bring upon themselves, by base and false recantations of their own judgment, against their consciences; which they wounded for no advantage, but lived ever after in misery themselves, augmented by seeing the misery of their wretched families, and in the daily apprehension of death, which without any more formality, they are to expect whenever the tyrant gives the word. And these are the '*tender* MERCIES *of the wicked!*'"

Although therefore the colonel's life and estate were secured by an act of the House of Commons, yet from the treacherous rigour with which others of the king's judges were treated, he and Mrs. Hutchinson had too good reason to be apprehensive that both his person and estate were in danger, the more especially as he had "not answered the court's expectations in public recantations and dissembled repentance, and applause of their cruelty to his fellows." His not answering these expectations mightily exasperated the chancellor—Hyde, Earl of Clarendon—and great efforts were made to exclude him from the benefit of the act of oblivion. The perfidy practised, and the cruelties perpetrated against the other regicides, which Mrs. Hutchinson describes with such indignation and horror, might at any time befall the colonel, and but for the merciful providence of God would have befallen him.

To procure him protection against the hostile plots of his enemies, she was unrelaxing in her exertions, which, happily, were crowned with success. The countess of Rochester[1] wrote a letter to the Earl of Manchester, earnestly beseeching his friendly offices for the colonel, which she would regard as a personal favour, and the letter was read in the House of Commons. Many of the colonel's relatives and acquaintances from gratitude for all his acts of kindness—for in the course of his life he had more or less obliged them all—were very zealous in their endeavours to shield him from threatened ruin. His brother-in-law, Sir Allan Apsley, especially was indefatigable in this office of friendship, and it was chiefly owing to his intercession and influence that the colonel was not excepted in the act of oblivion, save only that he was declared incapable of henceforth holding any office in the state. Mrs. Hutchinson acknowledges with

[1] Elizabeth, wife of John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, the witty but licentious companion of Charles II. She was the daughter and heiress of John Mallet, Esq., of Enmore, in the county of Somerset.

heartfelt gratitude her obligations to these friends for their active and effective interposition.

She and the colonel now withdrew to their country residence at Owthorpe, sorely distressed at the cruel and perfidious treatment of the regicides, and deeply affected at the fate of the cause of republicanism, upon which their hearts were set—how from first to last it had been mismanaged and betrayed. Only upon one point did they differ. Had he been left to his own choice uncontrolled by her, he would have delivered himself up to the government, willing to fall a martyr to the cause in support of which he had spent the best years of his life. Such self-immolating devotion approved itself neither to her feelings nor to her judgment. She would have him to consider that he had been apparently singled out for preservation by a wonderful overruling Providence, and that having been so, were he to surrender himself to the government, this would seem like ingratitude to Providence for so great a deliverance—like an attempt to frustrate its purposes. He felt the weight of her reasonings, and he united with her in devout thanksgivings to God, who, in his sovereign goodness, still spared them to each other.

They had not been long at Owthorpe when a pursuivant, despatched by the council, carried the colonel to London for examination. It was expected that evidence for the conviction of some of the regicides would be extracted from him. But when examined in private, he was rather disposed to criminate those renegades from the parliamentary cause, who were now in authority, and sitting as judges upon the regicides, than to criminate the men whose lives they were hunting after. The attorney-general, therefore, could not venture to examine him in public, and dissatisfied with his answers, of which the government could make no use, gave to the chancellor and the king a report as to the colonel, so damaging that his destruction was then determined upon.

After this Mrs. Hutchinson went to London with the

object of getting her friends, if possible, to interfere, to prevent the House of Commons from passing a bill, which would injuriously affect the colonel's estate. At her first coming to London, a member of parliament, who was a relative of her own, passing by her in his coach, she called to him out of hers, requesting his friendly offices. "Let my friends, I pray," she said, "but do their endeavours for me, and then let it be as God will." Smiling at her he replied, "It is not now as God wills, but as we will;" an answer significant of the change in regard to religion, which had taken place among those at the head of affairs. In the immediate object of her journey to London, she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations.

But anxious as she naturally was to promote the interests of her husband, such was her high sense of honour and her high Christian principle, that she disdained to do this at the cost of others' ruin. Almost immediately after her arrival in the capital, a relative of hers, who was deeply engaged in the measures of the court, came one evening to visit her with the view of extracting from her evidence by which some who were obnoxious to the government might be successfully proceeded against. But by all his arts she was not to be ensnared into a dishonourable disclosure of secrets, whatever advantages might thereby have accrued to the colonel. "I perceive," she replied, "that any safety which can be purchased from the government is not worth the price of honour and conscience. I know nothing of state managements, and if I did, I would not establish myself upon any man's blood and ruin." Having narrated this interview, she adds, "I discerned his drift, and scorned to become an informer, and made him believe that I was ignorant, though I could have enlightened him in the thing he sought for, which they are now never likely to know much of, it being locked up in the grave, and they that survive not knowing that their secrets are removed into another cabinet."

Mrs. Hutchinson's relative had however no hostile intention against her and the colonel. He was friendly to them both, and he gave her an advice, perhaps the best that could have been given in the circumstances, that the colonel should leave England. "The colonel," she replied, "cannot conveniently leave England, and the act of oblivion having now passed, I see no reason why he should be afraid, since he is resolved to do nothing that might forfeit the grace he has found." He smiled at the confidence she seemed to repose in the good faith of the government, and to convince her that the act of indemnity was a frail security, he said, "It is determined that if there is the least pretence in the world, the colonel shall be imprisoned, and never be let loose again." Some of her friends affected to disregard this warning, insinuating that he was simply speaking under the influence of wine. The future however clearly demonstrated that he had too good reason for saying what he did.

Having informed the colonel of what her relative had counselled and notified to her, she with some other friends endeavoured to persuade him to withdraw from England, but he would not listen to the proposal. "This is the place," said he, "where God has set me, and protected me hitherto, and it would be in me an ungrateful distrust of Him to forsake it." This was no doubt his conscientious conviction. But it would have implied no distrust of Providence, and no defect of Christian courage, to have yielded to the prudent counsel of his friends, when he was evidently exposed to danger by remaining in England. Had he done so he might have lived to see the happy Revolution, and have returned, and aided by his superior wisdom and matured experience in establishing the free constitution secured at that memorable era.

In the next parliament, the act of oblivion, notwithstanding some opposition, was again confirmed.

For some time longer Mrs. Hutchinson and the colonel

continued to live retired at their country seat at Owthorpe. Here he employed his time in the improvement of his estate, in draining his lands, dressing his plantations, and forming new ones, by which he provided work for many poor labourers, while she occupied herself in the management of household affairs, and in liberal studies. In this seclusion both of them enjoyed much peace and happiness, unmingled with envy at the splendour, honours, and pleasures of the court, or at the prosperity of those men who, false to all former principles and professions, now filled high offices in the state. It was probably at this period that she composed her poem on the superior happiness to be derived from the simplicity and innocence of a country life compared with that to be found in a court, with all its gaieties and luxuries. In this poem, after observing that all sorts of men are in pursuit of the same end, happiness—that princes in prosecuting their schemes of unbounded sovereignty, and that the merchant, whose vessels plough the ocean to bring home the wealth of other lands, have equally this in eye as their end, she adds:—

"Which none of them attain; for sweet repose
But seldom to the splendid palace goes—
A troop of restless passions wander there,
And private lives are only free from care.
. . . . . .
Ambition doth incessantly aspire,
And each advance leads on to new desire;
Nor yet can riches av'rice satisfy,
For want and wealth together multiply:
Nor can voluptuous men more fulness find,
For enjoy'd pleasures leave their stings behind.
He's only rich who knows no want; he reigns
Whose will no tyranny severe constrains;
And he alone possesseth true delight
Whose spotless soul no guilty fears affright.
This freedom in the country life is found,
Where innocence and safe delights abound.
. . . . . .
His table is with home-got dainties crown'd,
With friends, not flatterers, encompass'd round;

No spies nor traitors on his trencher wait,
Nor is his mirth confin'd to rules of state;
An armed guard he neither hath nor needs,
Nor fears a poison'd morsel when he feeds;
Bright constellations hang above his head,
Beneath his feet are flowery carpets spread;
The merry birds delight him with their songs,
And healthful air his happy life prolongs."

Though belonging to the Independent party, Mrs. Hutchinson and the colonel gladly heard evangelical ministers both of the Established church and of other persuasions different from their own. Previously to the operation of the act of uniformity, they attended the parish church of Owthorpe, which had an excellent minister, whom they had been at much pains to get settled in that parish, and whose salary they had augmented. But after his ejectment they left off attending the parish church, either because the new minister was a man by whose instructions they were not edified, or to testify their opposition to that flagitious act, by which 2000 of the most excellent ministers of the Church of England were ejected, or for both these reasons. They spent the Sabbath days in their own house in the exercises of private worship, which the colonel himself conducted, offering up extemporary prayer and expounding the Scriptures to his household. This was his regular practice.

The hostile intentions of the government against the colonel, of which his friends and Mrs. Hutchinson had warned him, were now about to be put into execution. On Sabbath, October 11, 1663, after sun-set, just as he had concluded family worship, a party of soldiers under the conduct of one Atkinson, an old adversary, came to Owthorpe to apprehend him. They had come by an order from Francis Leke, one of the deputy-lieutenants, to search the house, especially for arms, and to seize upon the person of the colonel. They spent at least two hours in searching the house, but found no arms except four fowling-pieces hanging in the kitchen,

which they did not think it worth while to carry off. The night being very cold, stormy, dark, and rainy, the colonel requested that in consideration of the weak state of his health they would stay till the morning, but they refused. His eldest son provided him with a horse, and accompanied him of his own accord. Upon the colonel's arrival at Newark, (a town 19½ miles north-east from Nottingham), which was about four o'clock in the morning, he was kept there shut up, successively in two inns, under a guard of soldiers.

A few days after, about sun-set, Mrs. Hutchinson and her children were again thrown into terror by a larger party of horse than the former coming to the house, and again searching it. The behaviour of this party was more insolent than that of the former, and their search was if possible more strict, but equally fruitless. They carried away the four fowling pieces suspended in the kitchen.

On the 19th of October, the colonel was led by Leke with a party of horse to the Marquis of Newcastle, who had received from the Duke of Buckingham a letter with orders to imprison him and others upon suspicion of a plot. The marquis, who was convinced of his innocence, as he acknowledged to him, treated him very honourably, and having showed him the Duke of Buckingham's letter, dismissed him without a guard to his own house. "Only," said he, "you must engage to remain there for a week, till I bring the matter before the council, upon doing which I am confident of obtaining your liberty."

The marquis, much to his own regret, did not succeed in his benevolent purpose. The king and council decided upon taking a different course. Upon the 22d of October, about eleven o'clock, a party of horse by a warrant from Leke came to Owthorpe, whither the colonel had immediately gone upon his release, and brought him back to Newark, lodging him in one of the inns where he was formerly kept prisoner. Leke, who had set out for London, having upon the 27th

returned to Newark, personally informed him that express orders had been received from the king to send him up in safe custody to London.

On Thursday, the 29th of October, towards evening, the colonel was conducted from Newark for London,[1] by Atkinson, who had first seized him. From his infirm state of health he was permitted to ride in a coach. Passing his own house on the way, he stayed a day there for the repairing of the coach, and for the coming in of the soldiers. At his departure, October 31, his children, servants, tenants, and the labourers whom he had paid off, wept bitterly, and Mrs. Hutchinson with her eldest son and daughter joined him in the journey.

Mrs. Hutchinson's forebodings as to his personal danger were now gloomier than ever. On his way to London, to divert her mind, and beguile the time, he talked jocularly with the guard, and endeavoured by suggesting various consolatory topics, to dissipate her distressful apprehensions. "It will blemish my innocence," said he, "for you to appear afflicted. If you have but patience to wait the event, you will see it will all turn for the best. You should be thankful for the mercy and comfort of being permitted to accompany me in the journey. Remember how often I have told you that God never preserved me in so extraordinary a manner at first, but for some great work he had farther for me to do, or to suffer in this cause. You should be thankful for the mercy by which we have so long enjoyed one another in peace since this great change of public affairs, and should trust God with me." From deference to his affectionate counsel, she endeavoured to restrain the sadness of her heart. His faith in God and his cheerful courage, not less than his excellent exhortations, contributed in some small degree to uphold her, and while he was present with her, she was not utterly abandoned to sorrow; "but, alas!" says she, "my divining heart was not to be comforted. I remembered what had been

[1] Newark is 124¾ miles N.N.W. from London.

told me of the cruel resolutions taken against him, and I now saw the execution of them."

They reached London on the 3d of November, and the next day the colonel was committed close prisoner to the Tower, under the charge of having been concerned in treasonable practices, by a warrant dated October 20, and signed by Secretary Bennet.

From the strictness with which he was kept in the Tower, some weeks elapsed before Mrs. Hutchinson was admitted to see him. At last, through her brother, Sir Allan Apsley, she obtained an order, granting her liberty to visit him, but only in presence of his keeper. The lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, in the hope of receiving money from her or from the colonel, permitted her son and daughter to accompany her on these visits, otherwise they must have stood without doors. He would not however permit her to take lodgings in the Tower, a refusal, which in the severe winter season, put her to no inconsiderable hardship and inconvenience, besides much additional expense, which would have been saved, had she been allowed to lodge with him in the Tower.

Meanwhile she called on such of the members of the privy council as were friendly to the colonel, to complain of his unjust imprisonment and of the harsh usage he suffered in prison, contrary even to the then existing laws. "We are sensible of that," they told her, "but we could not prevent things from taking the course they have done, nor is it in our power to arrest them, since the chancellor [Hyde, Earl of Clarendon] and the secretary [Bennet, Earl of Arlington] manage all things, in the most oppressive, illegal way, without communicating with us."

After the colonel had lain a close prisoner in the Tower from November till February following, she went at his desire to Secretary Bennet, to request permission to those who had business with him to have access to him in his

prison. "By reason of some pecuniary obligations my husband has contracted by borrowing money upon his estate," said she to Bennet, "this very close imprisonment has been to him extremely prejudicial. Both his tenants and his creditors take advantage of his inability, in consequence of his close restraint, to defend himself or to speak with lawyers or others about his affairs which nearly concern his estate. The whole of his business is besides neglected, and he is subjected to intolerable expense and inconvenience, from the dispersion of his family in three different places." . . . "Your husband," said Bennet, "because of his former crimes, is a very unfortunate person." "I rather hoped," said she, "he had been happy in being comprehended in the act of oblivion, according to which he ought no longer to be regarded as a criminal: and I have chosen to make my addresses to you on this occasion, because some of the council have told me, that the king has left the entire management of these things to you." He pressed her greatly to inform him who told her that he was the sole actor in matters of this kind; but she desired to be excused, observing, that to this subject she would not have alluded at all, had she not thought that he felt it an honour, to stand so high in the confidence of his sovereign. "I will not move," said he, "for any more liberty to your husband than what he has, unless I am assured that it can be done with more safety to his majesty than I apprehend."

Having made a journey into the country to bring the colonel supplies of food and clothing, Mrs. Hutchinson, upon her return, was forbidden by the order of the lieutenant of the Tower to be admitted, as she had hitherto been, to see her husband. The lieutenant, who was a man of unfeeling and sordid spirit, and who was ever extorting money from the poor prisoners, had demanded from the colonel the sum of £50, after her departure for the country, for permitting the children to come with her to visit him, the warrant

which allowed her admission not including them. This the colonel having refused to give, the lieutenant, according to his usual manner when disappointed in his pecuniary expectations from the prisoners, growled at being denied what he called his just rights, and vowed vengeance, which he took by depriving Mrs. Hutchinson of her wonted access to the colonel.

In these circumstances she wrote a letter to the lieutenant, desiring to know whether the first order she had received permitting her to visit her husband in prison had been countermanded by the secretary, or whether he was acting in contravention of that order upon his own responsibility. The lieutenant, in his reply, requested her to call upon him on the following day, but when she did so he was absent, and on that day she was not admitted to see the colonel. She immediately returned to her lodgings, and her feelings being somewhat excited she wrote a sharp letter to him, accompanied with a copy of the colonel's written charges against him, which she threatened to publish, expressing it as her determination not to suffer him to be at once the murderer and the extortioner of her husband.

Frightened by this threat the lieutenant, next day, which was Sabbath, sent one of the warders to entreat her to come and visit the colonel. She came, and the jailer having met her at the gate, conducted her to the colonel, with whom he left her alone the whole of that day, a boon which had never before been granted her during all the time of his imprisonment.

In the evening the lieutenant sent for her, obviously with a view to conciliate her favour. On waiting upon him she was surprised at his unusually respectful and friendly words and demeanour. "I am not at all greedy of money," said he, among other things; "as to paying me my fees, the colonel may act just as he pleases. Whatever he may do in that respect, you yourself, your children, and your relations shall

be freely admitted to see him." To this affected generosity she listened with befitting courtesy, for being in the lieutenant's power, it would hardly have been prudent for her to have acted otherwise; but she well knew that he was insincere, and that he was moved to this gentler course entirely from a dread of her printing the charges before referred to, reflecting so disgracefully on his conduct as lieutenant of the Tower. That this was his real motive was evident from the inquiries his servants made at the colonel's keeper with respect to her intentions; and from his continuing, notwithstanding all these pretences of friendship, to do the colonel all the ill offices he could at court and everywhere, by propagating calumnies and creating prejudices against him.

Most of the political prisoners were transported to Tangier, and other remote and barbarous regions, where they endured extreme hardships, from which many of them never recovered. Colonel Hutchinson's intended destination at first was the Isle of Man; but this place was afterwards changed for the castle of Sandown, on the flat coast of Kent, then incorrectly supposed to have been a situation more healthful and agreeable than the Isle of Man.

A few days after Mrs. Hutchinson's interview with the lieutenant of the Tower, the colonel, under a guard of soldiers, was conveyed by water, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to Gravesend, on his way to Sandown Castle, the boats required being hired at his own charge. Previously to his departure, he took leave of his children, who were in London; and Mrs. Hutchinson with the children followed him in a boat to Gravesend. At an early hour next morning he was hurried away on horseback by his guards, who, however, treated him with all civility, and he was accompanied by his son, while Mrs. Hutchinson, went back to London to make such preparations, as upon learning the nature of his accommodation at the castle of Sandown, she should judge to be necessary.

This castle was an old dilapidated building, almost a mile distant from the town; and from the state of decay into which it had fallen, it was unfit to be a habitation for human beings. Mrs. Hutchinson, when made acquainted with its condition, was very desirous, in order to alleviate by her presence the colonel's sufferings, to abide with him in the castle; and she endeavoured by unremitting efforts to obtain, through her friends, this permission from the government. But the government refused to grant this her earnest desire. She and her son and daughter therefore took lodgings at Deal, whence they walked every day on foot to dine with the colonel, and they returned in the evening. This caused her great fatigue, which, however, her tender affection for him converted into true enjoyment. To afford agreeable and profitable occupation to his mind in his solitude, she brought him various religious books, for which he thanked her, but said that should he continue as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing but the Bible. For his lighter recreation she and her daughter gathered cockle-shells, in which he took as much delight as he used to take in the most precious stones or jewels, sorting and embellishing them so ingeniously as to cause the admiration of those who saw them.

Another application to the government that she should be allowed to live with the colonel in Sandown Castle was unsuccessful. This made her take a house in the town, to which she intended to bring her children for the winter, had not his death intervened. An additional aggravation of her affliction was that the captain of Sandown Castle, like the lieutenant of the Tower of London, treated the colonel with great harshness because the colonel refused to give him a merk a week for fees, a charge to which he was not entitled.

Despite her philosophy and her religion, resignation was often a difficult exercise for Mrs. Hutchinson, and if she did not repine at the colonel's fate, it threw her into dejection, in recovering her from which, his judicious and soothing

counsels were not always effectual. We often suffer more from our sympathy with those whom we love than from what is inflicted on our own persons. Whatever she suffered personally, Mrs. Hutchinson could have patiently and joyfully borne, but to maintain these feelings under the calamities of a husband whom she loved with an almost idolatrous attachment was a task of greater difficulty. He perceived that her distress chiefly arose from her sympathy with him, and he sweetly chid her for her sadness on that account, and spoke to her in words of encouragement and comfort. "Were you but cheerful," said he, "I should think what I now endure the happiest thing that ever befell me. Consider what reason you have to rejoice in that the Lord has supported me, and how much more intolerable it would have been had he suffered my spirit to sink or my patience to have been lost under these trials." She endeavoured to compose herself; but from her tender affection as a wife, her imagination was more prophetic than his of a distressful future, and she could not always conceal the strong emotions which these presentiments excited. One day when she was weeping, he said many things to solace her, and among others referred to various considerations encouraging the hope and assurance that the cause in which they had embarked, and in which the honour of God was so much involved, would yet revive. "I do not doubt," said she, "that the cause will revive; but notwithstanding all your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison." "I think," he replied, "I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be so innocent I shall advance the cause more by my death hasting the vengeance of God upon my unjust enemies, than I could do by all the actions of my life." Still indulging in gloomy forebodings, she at another time said to him, "I am afraid that they have placed you on the seashore just in order to transport you to Tangier." "If they should," said he, "God is the same God at Tangier

as at Owthorpe. I pray you, trust God with me; if he carry me away he will bring me back again."

At his desire, Mrs. Hutchinson wrote a letter to her brother, Sir Allan Apsley, complaining of the ill usage he received from the captain, and praying that he might be removed from that wretched prison, or have in it better accommodation. Her brother, in compliance with her earnest request, soon obtained, though with some difficulty, an order from Secretary Bennet, granting the colonel leave to walk by the seaside with a keeper. The order was brought to the castle of Sandown by the colonel's brother George. This was about the close of summer or in harvest.

Having prepared the house she had taken in the town for a winter residence, and as it was now advancing towards the close of the year, Mrs. Hutchinson was necessitated to go to Owthorpe for her children, and for various articles which the colonel required. In the prospect of leaving him for some time, she contemplated the future with an evil presaging heart, not dreading, indeed, the event which soon after ensued—his dissolution, but dreading rather that, lying as he now did on the sea-coast, he might in her absence be shipped away to some barbarous region. The colonel did all he could to allay her fears. Being then in good health and cheerful in spirit, he gave her written directions for planting trees, and as to many other things about the house and gardens at Owthorpe, as if confident of yet returning to his country seat. "You give me these orders," said she, "as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," said he, "I thank God I can cheerfully forego it, but I will not distrust that God will bring me back again, and therefore I will take care to keep it while I have it." On the morning of the day of her leaving him, he said to her, "Now I myself begin to be loath to part with you;" but yet he encouraged both himself and her, and at his express desire she was accompanied by her son.

Her daughter and the colonel's brother meanwhile stayed at Deal; and visiting him daily, they were often to be seen with him in his walks.

These walks in a situation so low and damp, particularly at that season of the year, though the permission had been solicited and obtained as a mitigation of his captivity, had an injurious effect on the constitution of the colonel, who was never robust, who had been delicately brought up, and who had lived the most of his days in the centre of the kingdom. The insalubrity of the place and harsh treatment killed him. During Mrs. Hutchinson's absence he was seized by fever of the ague, on Saturday, the 3d of September, in returning from one of these walks. In thought and affection he now followed her in her journey and longed for her return. At her departure he had desired her to send him the *Dutch Annotations on the Bible*. Upon the arrival of the book, though he was then sick and in bed, he caused it to be brought to him, and having heard some passages on the Epistle to the Romans read to him, he remarked that these annotations were short. Then looking over some notes of his own upon that epistle, which Mrs. Hutchinson had written in a book from memory, after he had made them at family worship, he said, "I have discovered yet more of the mystery of truth in that epistle, and when my wife returns I will make her set it down; for I will no more observe their cross humours, but when her children are near, I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then, in the winter nights, she shall collect several observations I have made of this epistle since I came into prison." This delightful prospect was never to be realized. The disease was hastening to a fatal termination. When informed by his brother that his end was approaching, he heard the announcement without surprise or regret. "The will of the Lord be done; I am ready for it," said he, with that composure and cheerfulness which a

consciousness of preparation for death, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence, can alone impart. His physician having asked him "whether his peace with God was made up," he said, "I hope you do not think me so ill a Christian as to have been thus long in prison, and have that to do now!" The physician next inquired concerning the ground of his hope, to which he replied, "There's none but Christ, none but Christ, in whom I have unspeakable joy, more than I can express; yet I should utter more, did not the soreness of my mouth make it difficult for me to speak." Being asked where he wished to be buried, he answered, "In my vault at Owthorpe;" and his brother having observed that it would be a long way to carry him, he said, "Let my wife order the manner of it as she will, only I would lie there." He left this message to Mrs. Hutchinson, so expressive of his high sense of her great merit: "Let her, as she is above other women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." He enjoined his daughter Barbara, who was with him, to tell her brothers and sisters that he would have them all to be guided by their mother's counsels, and desired his brother to convey the same command to his eldest son. "I would," said he, "have spoken to my wife and son, but it is not the will of God." When speech had failed him, on hearing, apparently, some present speak of the surprise and distress this event would cause Mrs. Hutchinson, he heaved a sigh, and shortly after expired, having retained the possession of all his faculties to his last breath. He died at seven o'clock in the evening of Sabbath, the 11th of September, 1664, in the forty-ninth year of his age, after an imprisonment of eleven months. His body having been embowelled and embalmed, was carried to London, and thence to Owthorpe, where, according to his desire, it was interred in his own vault.

A monument was erected to his memory bearing a lengthened inscription, describing his parentage and that of his

wife, the children he left, the date of his death and his age, with some lines of poetry. The inscription is supposed to have been written by Mrs. Hutchinson.

Under this bereavement Mrs. Hutchinson's sorrow was more than ordinarily intense, but she remembered the colonel's dying advice, that she should show the superiority of her mind by the manner in which she bore it, and she was especially desirous that it might raise her soul to God, the infinite source whence all that is good in the creature is derived, and in the enjoyment of whom all, and infinitely more than all, the excellencies of the creature are to be enjoyed. "Let not," says she, "excess of love and delight in the stream make us forget the fountain. He and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their own spring. There let us seek them, thither let us hasten after him; there having found him, let us cease to bewail among the dead that which is risen, or rather was immortal." She then takes comfort from the reflection that the blessed undying spirit of her dear departed husband was in the full and uninterrupted enjoyment of God in heaven, completely free from sin, disease, and the malice of enemies, and that if she and he had been united to Christ, and in love to God and to all that is good, that union, stronger and more sacred, even as it is more lasting than the matrimonial, still remained. "His soul conversed with God so much when he was here, that it rejoices to be now eternally freed from interruption in that blessed exercise. . . . 'Tis only his fetters, his sins, his infirmities, his diseases that are dead, never to revive again, nor would we have them; they were his enemies and ours. By faith in Christ he vanquished them. . . . If we were knit together by one spirit into one body of Christ, we are so still; if we were mutually united in one love of God, good men, and goodness, we are so still: what is it then we wail in his removal? The distance? Faithless fools! sorrow only makes it; let us but ascend to

God in holy joy for the great grace given his poor servant, and he is there with us. He is only removed from the malice of his enemies, for which we should not express love to him in being afflicted." Hers was a noble sorrow, which, instead of depressing, elevated and quickened the soul. In the strength of her affectionate grief she attributes whatever excellencies she possessed to his influence in forming her character, and to her imitation of his virtues; she laments that when he was taken away, the sun which, as it were, had illumined her had set, involving her in darkness, and now she looked forward to her own death with something of fervent mysterious yearning, as what would reunite her to the society of her best beloved on earth.

To mitigate her grief she did not betake herself to scenes which might withdraw her thoughts from him, in the loss of whom all her hopes lay buried. She rather took a melancholy pleasure in lingering in meditation upon the virtues and actions of his life, which she now resolved to commemorate by writing his memoirs, for the instruction of her children and her posterity. In an address to her children, bearing chiefly on the admirable qualities of their father, she thus expresses her purpose in a strain which does equal credit to the excellence of her judgment, her admirable modesty, and her skill in embellished composition:—"They who doat on mortal excellencies, when by the inevitable fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow, whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost; and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view, which may with their remembrance renew the grief; and in time these remedies succeed, when oblivion's curtain is by degrees drawn over the dead face; . . . but I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my

woe, and if it were possible, to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to your dear father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory, which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honourable; a naked undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best of men."

In the composition of these memoirs, in which she occupied part of her widowhood, she drew the materials partly from a diary or journal she had kept of the most remarkable events of his life, and partly from memory. They are written with eminent ability, and are full of interest and instruction. Their style is perspicuous, elegant, forcible, sometimes oratorical, and they are pervaded by tender and elevated sentiments, by the noblest patriotism, and by the purest piety. While the principal hero her husband is never lost sight of, they abound with anecdotes, and with shrewd and piquant criticisms on many of the most eminent men of the time; and whether she describes them as speaking or acting, whether she is developing their intrigues, or tracing their springs of action, there is always displayed the vigour of her understanding, and often her discriminating power in painting character. Her performance supplies us with many interesting particulars of that remarkable period of the history of our country which it embraces, to be found nowhere else, and it gives no inconsiderable insight into the character of the parties who then appeared upon the stage.[1] That in a time of great excitement she should altogether escape the influence of prejudice or partiality could not be expected. But this observation only affects her reflections, and the judgments she pronounces upon the *dramatis personæ* which

[1] In all these respects it is much superior to a similar contemporary work, "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe: written by herself."

pass under her review. The general trustworthiness of her narrative, which, for the most part, is just a delineation of scenes of which she was a witness, or in which she took an active part, has been universally acknowledged. The work has passed through several editions, and it is celebrated as one of the best memoirs of the kind.

The death of the colonel, by removing him far beyond the reach of the violence of man, relieved Mrs. Hutchinson from all further molestation on the part of the government. Her subsequent life she seems to have passed in seclusion, in circumstances the reverse of opulent. She and her son Thomas sold their estate at Owthorpe to the colonel's half-brother, Charles Hutchinson,[1] who married a rich coheiress of a zealous royalist family, which raised him to greater wealth than his father had ever possessed. The purchase price, after the payment of the colonel's debts, of which Mrs. Hutchinson repeatedly makes mention in her memoirs of his life, when divided among her numerous children,[2] would form but a small portion for each. In an introductory epistle to her daughter Mrs. Orgill, prefixed to her work *On the Principles of the Christian Religion*, she thus begins:—"Although my infirmities and imperfections, joined with my outward

[1] Son of the colonel's father, Sir Thomas, by his second wife, Catharine, daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston. Among Additional and Egerton MSS., in Brit. Mus. 6672, p. 489, is a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson to Mr. Bateman, dated February 11, 1670–1, relating to the sale of Owthorpe. She complains that Bateman had divulged what she had made known to him concerning her affairs, and that a client of his, after having all but closed with her in the purchase of the estate, which had made her refuse the offers of several other intended purchasers, had disappointed her.

[2] She had to the colonel four sons, Thomas, Edward, Lucius, and John; and four daughters, Barbara, Lucy, Margaret, and Adeliza, all of whom survived their father. Almost all that is known of her daughters is that one of them was married to a Mr. Orgill. Of her sons, of whom little is known, only John the youngest left issue, viz., two sons, "and there is a tradition in the family that these two last descendants of Colonel Hutchinson emigrated, the one to the West Indies or America, the other to Russia. The latter is said to have gone out with the command of a ship-of-war, given by Queen Anne to the Czar Peter, and to have been lost at sea."

ill successes, have much weakened my authority, and made it of no force with all persons, yet I cannot be wanting to my duty;" from which it may be inferred that she was in reduced outward circumstances. Of her widowed life nothing further is known, and we are ignorant of the time and particulars of her death.

In closing this sketch of Mrs. Hutchinson, we cannot do better than give the summary of her character as delineated by a writer formerly quoted, in a review of her *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*:—

"Making a slight deduction for a few traits of austerity, borrowed from the bigotry of the age," says this writer, "we do not know where to look for a more noble and engaging character than that under which this lady presents herself to her readers, nor do we believe that any age of the world has produced so worthy a counterpart to the Valerias and Portias of antiquity. With a high-minded feeling of patriotism and public honour, she seems to have been possessed by the most dutiful and devoted attachment to her husband; and to have combined a taste for learning and the arts with the most active kindness and munificent hospitality to all who came within the sphere of her bounty. To a quick perception of character, she appears to have united a masculine force of understanding, and a singular capacity for affairs; and to have possessed and exercised all those talents, without affecting any superiority over the rest of her sex, or abandoning for a single instant the delicacy and reserve which were then its most indispensable ornaments. Education, certainly, is far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt, whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a better and more exalted standard, and whether the most eminent female of the present day[1] would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. . . .

[1] This was written in 1809.

"The admirers of modern talent will not accuse us of choosing an ignoble competitor, if we desire them to weigh the merits of Mrs. Hutchinson against those of Madame Roland. The English revolutionist did not indeed compose weekly pamphlets and addresses to the municipalities; because it was not the fashion, in her days, to print everything that entered into the heads of politicians. But she shut herself up with her husband in the garrison with which he was intrusted, and shared his counsels as well as his hazards. She encouraged the troops by her cheerfulness and heroism—ministered to the sick, and dressed with her own hands the wounds of the captives, as well as of their victors. When her husband was imprisoned on groundless suspicions, she laboured without ceasing for his deliverance, confounded his oppressors by her eloquence and arguments, tended him with unshaken fortitude in sickness and solitude, and, after his decease, dedicated herself to form his children to the example of his virtues, and drew up the memorial which is now before us of his worth, and her own genius and affection. All this too she did without stepping beyond the province of a private woman—without hunting after compliments to her own genius or beauty—without sneering at the dulness, or murmuring at the coldness of her husband—without hazarding the fate of her country on the dictates of her own enthusiasm, or fancying for a moment that she was born with talents to enchant and regenerate the world. With equal power of discriminating character—with equal candour, and eloquence, and zeal for the general good, she is elevated beyond her French competitor by superior prudence and modesty, and by a certain simplicity and purity of character, of which, it appears to us, that the other was unable to form a conception."[1]

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiii. p. 4, 5.

KATHARINE BOYLE,

WIFE OF ARTHUR JONES, VISCOUNT RANELAGH.

KATHARINE BOYLE was the daughter of the honourable Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, by his wife Katharine, only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, principal secretary of state, and privy councillor in Ireland.

Her father, who was a native of Kent, was born a private gentleman, and was the younger brother of a younger brother, having literally nothing to begin him in the world; but by his rare practical talents, industry, and worth, he rapidly rose to wealth, nobility, and influence, while yet he was never accused of injustice, rapacity, or oppression. His estate became the largest known to have been acquired in that age. He was noted too for the public works which he began and finished for the advancement of the English interest and the Protestant religion in Ireland, raising towns, castles, churches, free schools, alms-houses, bridges, so that Cromwell, surprised at beholding these prodigious improvements, which he did not expect to find in Ireland, declared that had there been an Earl of Cork in every province, it would have been impossible for the Irish to have raised a rebellion.[1] His reliance on providence, and his gratitude for his worldly prosperity, he expressed by the motto which he placed under his arms, viz., "God's providence is my inheritance."[2]

[1] Borlase's *Reduction of Ireland*, p. 209. Cox's *History of Ireland*, Introduction to vol. ii.

[2] Budgell's *Memoirs of the Family of the Boyles*, p. 31.

Katharine's mother was also no common woman, excelling especially in all those qualities which are ornamental to the female character. "I never demanded any marriage portion with her," says the Earl of Cork after her death, which took place at Dublin, February 16, 1629–30, "neither promise of any, it not being in my consideration; yet her father, after my marriage, gave me one thousand pounds in gold with her. But that gift of his daughter unto me, I must ever thankfully acknowledge as the crown of all my blessings; for she was a most religious, virtuous, loving, and obedient wife unto me all the days of her life, and the happy mother of all my hopeful children."[1]

These children were fifteen in number, seven sons and eight daughters. They were all distinguished for talents and virtues. The sons rose to eminence as divines, philosophers, soldiers, politicians, and statesmen, while the daughters, with the exception of one who died young, unmarried, formed matrimonial alliances with the chief nobility, affording one of the most remarkable examples of the rapid rise and aggrandizement of a family to be met with in the history of the British peerage.

Katharine, who was the fifth daughter, and seventh child, was born March 22, 1614. Sir Robert Bolton was her godfather; Lady Fenton and Lady Harris her godmothers.

The precise time of her marriage with Arthur Jones, son and heir of Roger Jones, first Viscount Ranelagh, Ireland, is uncertain. It was probably before the year 1641. Arthur, on his father's death, which took place at Oxford in 1643,[2] succeeded to his estates, and took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords, in the parliament of Ireland, on the 3d of February, 1644–5.[3] To him she had four children, one son and three daughters. 1. Richard, his heir. 2. Kathar-

[1] Birch's *Life of the Hon. Robert Boyle.*

[2] This is stated in the last will and testament of Lady Ranelagh's son Richard, February 20, 1710. Lansdowne's MSS. Brit. Mus. 817.

[3] Journals of the House of Lords of Ireland, vol. i. p. 217.

ine, who was married, first to Sir William Parsons of Ballamont, in the county of Dublin, Bart.; and secondly, to Hugh, Earl of Mount Alexander. 3. Elizabeth, who was married to ———— Malister, Esq., by whom she had issue. And 4. Frances, who died unmarried.[1]

Ireland in those days was in a very disturbed and distracted state, sunk in ignorance, barbarism, and poverty, agitated by factions, and torn by civil convulsions and bloodshed. In the part of the country where Katharine Boyle's father settled, English civilization had to no inconsiderable degree been introduced and diffused; but this was an exception to the general condition of that kingdom—an oasis in a vast wilderness. Neither her husband nor his father had emulated or imitated her father in their industry and enterprise for the amelioration of their native country, or of their own estates and tenantry. To live in the midst of a people so barbarous and turbulent, whose only religion was a gross superstition and a sanguinary fanaticism, and where the royal authority was so feeble as to be altogether insufficient to afford protection to life and property, was not desirable. To those who had been accustomed to the blessings of civilized life in England, Ireland was still more unpleasant as a place of residence.

Soon after Katharine's marriage, namely in 1641, the popish rebellion broke out in Ireland, having for its objects the overthrow of the British power in that kingdom, the restoration of the estates confiscated in the beginning of the century to the original proprietors, and the re-establishment of Popery. The shortest road to that blessed consummation was thought, at least by one party of the conspirators, to be the extirpation of the Protestants. A horrible massacre ensued, in which above 40,000 Protestants were butchered with almost every conceivable circumstance of infernal cruelty.

[1] Playfair's *Brit. Fam. Antiq.* vol. v. p. 36, 37.

The civil war between Charles I. and the English parliament rapidly followed the Irish massacre. Katharine's husband's father, who was lord-president of the province of Connaught, and a member of the English parliament, took the side in opposition to the king. Not, however, receiving the relief or compensation to which he thought himself entitled, and which he sought by humble petition from the parliament, for the great losses he had sustained in opposing the Irish rebellion, he and his family were dissatisfied. The parliament, indeed, particularly noticed and expressed themselves very sensible of his good and faithful services, and specially recommended his petition to the committee for the affairs of Ireland to whom it was referred; but nothing was done for him. Meanwhile he died at Oxford, and his son Arthur, who was a member of the House of Commons, having gone over to the royalists, the House of Commons, for this desertion, February 5, 1643–4, discharged and disabled him for being any longer a member of that house.[1]

Lady Ranelagh was no indifferent spectator of passing events, and doubtful whether the conflict between the king and the parliament would issue in benefit to the cause of liberty, she was extremely anxious for the restoration of peace between the contending parties. She sympathized with the sentiments of her friend Lord Falkland, one of the class of royalists who, though taking the side of the king from a chivalrous loyalty, was hostile to the despotic rule to which he had been urged by evil counsellors, and desired and endeavoured to effect an accommodation.

In a long letter to Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon, dated March 3 [1643–4], a few months after Lord Falkland had fallen at the battle of Newbury, fought (September 20, 1643) between the Earl of Essex and Charles I., she urges peace with great earnestness

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, vol. ii. p. 580, 582, 788, and vol. iii. p. 105, 133, 389.

and force. She thus commences:—"When I consider that gallant man, to whom you were a friend, and remember how passionate he was for the peace of this kingdom, and think how impossible it is that there should be a friendship where there is not some agreement in humours and opinions; I cannot but hope you had an agreement with him in those inclinations that carried him on so strongly to endeavour the peace and preservation of his country." Then adverting to the present posture of affairs as encouraging the hope of the restoration of peace, should the king send a message to the parliament, acknowledging them to be a parliament, she says, "My hope assures me you may now have peace at an easier rate than ever you yourselves offered for it, whilst we had the blessing of his life; for now, one message sent by the king to the parliament, by the name of a parliament, for a treaty, will beget one without question; and that will as unquestionably beget a peace. For we have learnt at last that it is an easier thing to be weary of the government we have, than to mend ourselves by a change, [and] that our own disorders have brought us into this middle, that we must either submit to one or be tyrannized over by hundreds. . . . . Those that did with the greatest violence pull themselves from under the king's government, when they looked upon it in comparison with Queen Elizabeth's, would with as much greediness crouch to it, now they are able to compare it experimentally with Sir Henry Vane's."

She then takes up the question of the refusal of the king's party to acknowledge the parliament to be a parliament, without the acknowledgment of which the parliament would certainly not agree to treat with the king, and she insists upon the impolicy of their throwing this obstacle in the way of peace, strongly contending for "his majesty's owning them for what he himself made them at first, and has called them since they raised war against him." Such a message, says she, "is longed for by those that wish peace and the king's

happiness, and feared by those that desire the continuance of the war. . . . . They [the parliament] ask, If they be no parliament, why you send to treat with them? Why you do not only send them the offer of a pardon? . . . . The sticking at this point has done the greatest service that themselves could have wished. For it seems to justify all the fears and jealousies they have so long raved out, of the king's intentions to nullify the parliament. It gives them the hearts of the citizens, and consequently their monies, and so all things necessary to maintain a war."

She thus closes:—"Now I must beg you would believe all this is spoken to my Lord Falkland's friend, from one that was to him, and is to you, upon his score, a very faithful humble servant."[1]

In the year 1655, several circumstances conspired to detach Lord Ranelagh from the standard of the monarch, and to bring him over to that of the parliament. One of these was the almost irretrievable ruin of the royal cause by the battle of Naseby, fought in June, that year. Besides this, the publication by the parliament of the private correspondence of Charles I. with the Marquis of Ormond and the queen, which was among the spoils secured on that fatal day, greatly damaged the king in the estimation of the Protestant nobility of Ireland, by revealing his eager desire to come to amicable terms with the Irish, and to engage them to fight for him, though at the sacrifice of the Protestant interest.

In this conjuncture Lady Ranelagh, in September, 1645, obtained license from the committee of both kingdoms to send a letter to Lord Ranelagh to persuade him to come over to the side of the parliament. The letter had the desired effect. Lord Ranelagh immediately declared himself for the parliament. This step he followed up by rendering to his new masters very important services at a time when the strength of the rebels was so great that they had taken possession of

[1] Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 166.

most of the English garrisons in the county of Roscommon, in which he lived, and when the parliamentary forces were in so low a condition that in all probability they could not have subsisted, but for his seasonable and effectual succour. The effects of the services[1] he rendered were that the remaining English garrisons there declared for the interest of the parliament, and that all the inhabited parts of the county of Roscommon came under contribution for the same interest. But in regard to himself the consequence of these services was the loss of an estate in Leinster, formerly yielding £1500 a year, which was all he had left there out of the hands of the rebels.

Thus did the new position which Lord Ranelagh took in the civil war in Ireland bring Lady Ranelagh into pecuniary difficulties; and though in the end the struggles of the parliament were crowned with victory and triumph, and those of the Irish rebels with overthrow and disaster, yet years elapsed before this consummation was realized, and consequently before she emerged from these difficulties.

The House of Lords acted very properly when, having been well assured of Lord Ranelagh's services and losses in the cause of the parliament, they ordained, May 5, 1646, that he be discharged from his delinquency.[2] But this did not fully meet the evils of the case. Lady Ranelagh and her children

[1] The particulars which were certified by the governors and officers of the province of Connaught were as follows:—He had given up to Sir Charles Coote, president of that province, for the service of the parliament, the castle and town of Roscommon, a place of the greatest strength and importance in the province of Connaught; four additional castles, ordnance amounting to 13 barrels of powder, 4000 pound weight of lead, and 180 muskets, 1500 barrels of corn, a foot company of 60 men, and a troop of 36 well armed and well mounted horse; and he had assigned, for the maintenance of the garrisons he had given up, his own retinue thereabout, which was equivalent to upwards of £1000, besides 180 barrels of corn to be paid yearly to the garrison.

[2] Journals of the House of Lords, vol. viii. p. 298. The House of Lords desired the concurrence of the House of Commons herein, but in the Journals of the House of Commons there is no entry on the subject.

were reduced to great outward straits. It was necessary that these should be relieved, and this was done by the parliament for a considerable number of years. From the beginning of the year 1647 to the middle of the year 1653, like many other ladies in Ireland whose own or whose husbands' estates were under the power of the Irish rebels, she received regular weekly pecuniary supplies for the maintenance of herself and her children from the parliament, derived from sequestrated estates.

About the beginning of the year 1646–7 she presented a petition to the House of Commons, "desiring some allowance for the present support and relief of the extreme necessities of herself and four children." This petition was read in the house on the 28th of January, and it was ordered, "that the sum of six pounds per week be allowed and paid unto the petitioner, for the relief of herself and her children, out of the treasury for sequestrations at Guildhall, London." The lords' concurrence herein, which the commons had desired, was given on the 6th of February.[1] This sum, as appears from various entries in the Journals of the House of Commons, was paid to her till near the close of the year 1650, the last order assigning her that amount being agreed to June 22, 1650, from which date it was to be continued for three months.[2]

Her pension was after this reduced to four pounds per week. In the summer of 1651, when it had been intermitted for some time, she again presented a humble petition to the House of Commons, praying for the continuance of pecuniary assistance.[3] Her petition was read on the 20th of May, and it was that day "resolved that she be allowed a pension of

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, vol. v. p. 68. Journals of the House of Lords, vol. viii. p. 709, 710.

[2] Vol. vi. p. 233, 386, 402, 429.

[3] Previously to this her pension had frequently been intermitted, and she was under the necessity of often presenting a similar petition to the house.

four pounds per week for her maintenance for six months, together with the arrears at that rate since the time of the determination of the former pension."[1] This was paid to her, but whether without any interruption is somewhat uncertain, till the middle of the year 1653.[2]

The history of Lady Ranelagh is closely connected with that of her brother, the Honourable Robert Boyle, one of the greatest of philosophers, and not less distinguished as a Christian and a philanthropist.

Upon his return to England, towards the middle of the year 1644, from his travels in France and Italy, he went immediately to her house in London, and lodged with her four months and a half. "It was by accident that he found her out," says Birch, "but such an accident as he frequently afterwards, with great thankfulness to the providence of God, used to ascribe a good part of his future happiness to. For had he not been so detained, he had gone into the army, where, though there were besides 'the excellent king himself, divers eminent divines, and many worthy persons of several ranks, yet the generality of those he would have been obliged to converse with were very debauched, and apt as well as inclinable to make others so;'[3] whereas, by staying in London in a family that was strictly religious, his early years were seasoned with such principles of piety and virtue as never forsook him during the rest of his life. He reaped also a collateral advantage by it, which was, that a sister-in-law of Lady Ranelagh's,[4] who was with them in the house, and was wife of one of the principal members of the then House of Commons, brought him into the acquaintance and friendship of some great men of that party which was then

[1] Vol. vi. p. 513, 576. [2] Vol. vii. p. 40, 172, 240.

[3] Papers of Mr. Boyle's life delivered by him to Bishop Burnet.

[4] This was Margaret, one of Lord Ranelagh's sisters, a lady of eminent piety, who was married to Sir John Clotworthy, afterwards first Viscount Massareene. Reid's *Hist. of Presb. Church in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 108. *Robert Blair's Life*, p. 71.

growing, and soon after victorious; by whose means he got early protection for his English and Irish estates."[1]

To this sister, who was his senior by nearly twelve years,[2] he was greatly attached. Her uncommon genius and talents, her elegant literary tastes, her sincere and enlightened piety, and her excellent Christian character, excited even his admiration, and made him regard her with a degree of veneration, as well as greatly strengthened his fraternal affection to her. Take in illustration a few specimens from his correspondence.

Writing to her from Bath, August 2, 1649, when he had been afflicted three or four weeks with a quotidian ague, after telling her that he should pray for and hope to obtain resignation to God's blessed will, he adds, "In this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there." And he closes by assuring her that sickness "cannot impair an affection which will be sure to keep me really and unalterably till death, my dearest, dearest, dearest sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant."[3]

In a letter to her from Stalbridge, August 31, 1649, he writes:—"I must confess that I should be as much in your debt for letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditor's, who for two angels has paid back but two shillings. For, certainly, if anywhere, it is in the productions of the mind that the quality ought to measure extent and assign number."[4]

In a dedication to her, under the name of "Sophronia," of his work entitled *Occasional Reflections upon several Subjects*, which he published at her desire,[5] he describes her as "one that deserves the noblest productions of (what she is so great

[1] Birch's *Life of Robert Boyle*.
[2] He was born January 25, 1626.
[3] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 238.
[4] Ibid.
[5] It was published anonymously at London in 1665, in 8vo.

a mistress of) wit and eloquence;" and who "is wont to persuade piety as handsomely in her discourses as she expresses it exemplarily in her actions; and might, if modesty did less confine her pen to excellent letters, both make the wits of our sex envy a writer of hers, and keep our age from envying antiquity for those celebrated ladies, who, by their triumphant eloquence, ennobled the people of Rome, and taught their children to sway those rulers of the world."[1]

Not less cordially did Lady Ranelagh reciprocate to her brother Robert her sisterly love and her high esteem. She was herself too eminently gifted not to observe his great intellectual superiority, and she was too good not to rejoice in observing that this was co-existent with high moral qualities and profound piety. It delighted her to see that all his talents and acquirements, his whole fortune, time, and influence were devoted under the direction of Christian principle to the highest ends, the glory of God and the good of man. How warmly her own large heart entered into his schemes of benevolence, is evident from the whole of their correspondence. On one occasion when he was in danger of suffering in his estate from the ignorance or mistakes of his lawyers, she thus expresses her feelings (January 7, 1665–6): —"For your estate I should not wish it more, unless I had seen, that God had taught you to employ it so as to make it useful both to yourself and others. But having seen that, I durst trust you with it, if it were ten times as much, and cannot but think, that as much as it is, or honestly may be made to be, should rather be yours than any of your agents."[2] At another time she thus writes to him:—"I am very much pleased with the assurance my experience of God's goodness to you gives me of your neither being idle, nor ill employed, nor only for your own good."[3]

Lady Ranelagh steadily adhered through life to the cause

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. ii. p. 139.
[2] Ibid. vol. v. p. 556.
[3] Ibid. vol. v. p. 561.

of Puritanism. The subject is, indeed, only once referred to in her correspondence, but then only a few of her letters have been preserved and published. Her steadfastness in adhering to Puritanism, proves that in her judgment it was the cause of truth, and ought to be upheld. Yet she was singularly free from sectarianism. All that we know of her shows that she chiefly occupied herself in cultivating and practising whatsoever things are honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

Her benevolence, like that of her brother's, was limited to no party, political or religious. Wherever she saw distress, that was enough to excite her compassion, and to prompt her to do what she could for its mitigation or removal, altogether irrespective of the person's political or religious creed. On the breaking out of the rebellion in Ireland, October 24, 1641, Viscount Netterville of Douth, an Irish Roman Catholic nobleman, joined with the old English planters, called the English of the Pale,[1] who, though they pretended to condemn the rebellion, and to abhor its barbarities, yet, being all Papists, united with the old native Irish, and equalled them in their cruelty towards the English Protestants. For this his estates were declared forfeited, and he was outlawed in the following year.[2] A fifth part of his estates, it appears, was reserved for the support of his numerous children, who were not fewer than thirteen, eight sons and five daughters. But in the progress of the war these children were in danger of being deprived of this income, and consequently of being reduced to great outward privation. Their case was represented to Cromwell by the Earl of Portland, who probably took it up in compliance

[1] "The Pale included the few counties immediately contiguous to Dublin, where the English first settled. The district was more or less extensive, according as they were more or less successful in their incursions on the neighbouring septs. It included the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, with part of Louth, and occasionally extended as far northward as Newry." Reid's *Hist. of Presb. Church in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 4.

[2] Playfair's *Brit. Fam. Antiq.* vol. v. p. 11, 12.

with the pressing importunities of Lady Ranelagh. Cromwell gave Thurloe, secretary of state, orders to write to the Lord-deputy of Ireland, instructing him that these children should retain the fifth part of their father's estate for their subsistence. That no time might be lost in a matter so urgent, Lady Ranelagh wrote to Thurloe the following letter, pressing it upon his immediate attention:—

"Sir,—His highness, upon the earnest petition of the Earl of Portland, was pleased to give you a direction to cause a letter to be drawn up to my Lord-deputy of Ireland, desiring him to secure the eight [thirteen] motherless children of my now Lord Viscount Netterville, from being transplanted out of the fifth part of their father's estate, which is alone what is left them to buy them bread, and from which they cannot be transplanted without evident probability of perishing, nor their being transplanted any way prevented, but by your charity in hastening this letter from his highness to my lord-deputy; which, if the charity and necessity of the work itself were not presumed to be prevailing arguments with you to obtain from you, she durst not own the confidence of presenting you this humble memorandum, who now subscribes herself, your servant in the Lord Christ,

"The 2d of May. Katharine Ranelagh."[1]

Lady Ranelagh had no inconsiderable influence with some of the leading men of the Commonwealth, and with Cromwell when elevated to the supreme power; and this influence she made use of for doing many generous things, not less to the royalists than to those who supported the parliament or the protectorate. The Marquis of Ormond was entirely devoted to Charles I., and he did his utmost to uphold the royal cause in Ireland. When, therefore, Ireland was subdued by Cromwell, the estates of the marquis were in danger of being declared forfeited, and it was mainly through the

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 421. The year is not given, but Netterville died in 1654.

interposition of Lady Ranelagh with the Protector, that they were preserved from forfeiture. This is expressly stated by Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon, in a letter to the Marquis of Ormond, who was then on the Continent, dated Brussels, October 25, 1659. "There is nothing," says he, "like a good opinion of my Lord Broghill, and yet it is wished upon any occasion he might receive fair treatment: his obligations and civilities to your family have been very extraordinary,[1] as likewise hath been my Lady Ranelagh's, to whose interest with the present governors, the preservation of the fortune is much to be imputed, and the protection that is now enjoyed."[2]

Whatever tended to alleviate the sufferings of humanity was to Lady Ranelagh a matter of interest. An intimate friend of her brother Robert's, Samuel Hartlib, an ingenious Polish Protestant, who, driven by persecution from his native country, had come, about the year 1630, to England, where he distinguished himself by his great zeal for the advancement of scientific knowledge, and for making it useful to the purposes of human life,[3] had sent her in 1658 an account of one of his mechanical inventions intended for the ease and comfort of the sick. She wrote to him in reply as follows:—"Methinks every contrivance tending to the ease of the sick, or the welfare of mankind under any part of that curse he groans under, may be an exercise of love; and if one of the old Roman lawgivers could be so sordid as to tell his son that nothing could be base that raised money, how truly may Christians say, that the meanest work of charity is not to be affirmed base but noble, and so much the nobler is the charity, by how much the meaner works it can stoop men to the performance of. Therefore your sick

[1] It was through Lord Broghill that Cromwell permitted Lady Ormond to reside in London, and allowed her £2000 per annum. Budgell's *Memoirs of the Family of the Boyles*, p. 60.

[2] Carte's *Collection of Original Letters*, vol. ii. p. 243.

[3] Evelyn's *Diary*, vol. iv. p. 404.

man's bed may be, for aught I know, preferable to any destructive martial engine."[1] "Thus far that incomparable lady," adds Mr. Hartlib, in communicating the above to Mr. Pell in a letter, June 3, 1658.

In the autumn of the year 1652 new domestic cares and trials came pressing upon Lady Ranelagh, and they came just at the time when her mind had been relieved from the anxiety which had been harassing it as to the outward support of herself and her children.

Writing September 14 [1652], she says, "The last fortnight I have been something more than ordinarily exercised in those accidents that teach me experimentally to confess that sentence which Solomon pronounced, of vanity and vexation upon all things under the sun, to be extremely true." On the 31st of August she had met with a committee of the House of Commons at their request, that they might converse with her as to her pecuniary exigencies, and taking a very friendly view of her case, and very willing to give her the needed assistance, they came to a conclusion, "which, says she, "though it was very small in point of receipt, was not altogether inconsiderable in point of restoring and securing, and very welcome to me, . . . and in that I began as soon as they dismissed me to delight myself. But to chase me out of that fool's paradise that very evening I received a letter from Charles Rich, telling me of my sister's being strangely and extremely ill, and inviting me very earnestly

[1] Vaughan, from whose *Protectorate* this extract is taken (vol. ii. p. 466, 467), subjoins the following note preserved among the *Pell Papers*, as what may perhaps explain Lady Ranelagh's allusion:—"*Mr. Dimock's opinion of Mr. Ofield's sick-bed.*—If this that appears in the model shall be found to hold in the great as well, then I say that I very well like that part or joint that is made to raise the head, for it is done more easily and equally than can be done by hand, and that without disturbance to the sick; without waking him if he sleep; without straining him (if extremely weak, sore, or wounded) to rise and sit up, as the manner is, whilst they raise and alter his pillows, by which means, also, many times the sick, being in a sweat, takes much cold, which is this way prevented. The like device serves for the like purpose, so far as is necessary at the bed's feet."

upon that occasion to Leighs."[1] It was her younger sister Mary (born November 11, 1624), the wife of Charles Rich, second son of Robert, second Earl of Warwick,[2] on whom disease had laid its blighting hand. From the state of her own affairs it was very inconvenient for Lady Ranelagh to set out on this journey; but from her affection to her sister, and that she might be serviceable to her in a time of such distress, "wherein," says she, "commonly the company of a poor puritan or sectary is more acceptable than that of the most pleasant and quick droll in the world," she could not refuse. This, by the way, is the only instance, in the course of her correspondence, in which she refers to her puritan principles. She started next morning for Leighs, and on coming thither she found her sister a sad spectacle, suffering under the stroke of a malady, which had greatly impaired her mental faculties and her speech. "This," says she, "was a mortifying encounter to me, . . . to see the carcase of a friend there, and her soul gone as to any rational use she had of it." She stayed at Leighs till Saturday, and then, with the consent of the physicians and all friends, she took her away with her.

On the Monday after, her daughter Frances became very ill. This illness, she at first apprehended, was the plague, but it turned out to be the small-pox. "Now," says she, "they are upon her a disease, and a most loathsome one. . . . . She has a face that shows what stuff these bodies of ours enclose, and how little all the neatness of art can prevail against its own filthiness, when God gives it a commission to break out, and how little cause we have to make that the object of our pride that is filled with so many lessons of humiliation."

In the letter in which she communicates these facts to her

[1] The seat of the Earl of Warwick, at Leighs, near Braintree, Essex.

[2] The earl died in 1658, and Charles, on the death of his eldest brother Robert, in 1659, became fourth Earl of Warwick.

brother Robert, who was then in Ireland, she refers in the close to some late appearances in the heavens as to the prognosticating import of which men hazarded conjectures, some imagining that they betokened the dissolution of the world. She thought that expositors on such a subject were as "like to mistake as to hit right;" but, adds she, "Only this, methinks, I am sure of, that it is a brave thing to be one of those that shall lift up their heads with joy in expectation of a present redemption, when all these ruins and confusions shall be upon the earth; and such brave men and women are only true Christians. Therefore, my dear brother, let us endeavour for that dignity, though in maintaining it we take courses that have the contempt of the world heaped upon them, for to be contemned by the contemptible is glorious in the opinion of your KATHARINE RANELAGH."[1]

At the time of Cromwell's death she was residing in Ireland. On hearing of this event, she wrote, September 17, 1658, a letter of condolence to her brother Lord Broghill, who was one of Cromwell's greatest confidants. The letter is interesting as being written at the time by a lady of eminent ability, sound judgment, much candour, and great power of discrimination. The tidings had not a little affected her, and they gave rise to a train of serious and solemn thoughts. She could not help thinking how insignificant man is in the very height of his greatness, even when filling the world with his fame and with the terror of his name; how insignificant he is, though backed with armies and fleets, in the presence of the King of terrors; and how little entitled he is to the character of being wise and reflective, when he seeks, and rests in as his only portion, earthly greatness, of which he must shortly be stripped by the rude hand of death. She was not blind to the faults of the Protector, but she would have them covered with the mantle of charity, and she gives him credit for virtues, and for patriotic and Christian aims and actions, which

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 564, 565.

entitled him to an honoured place among the worthiest of our race. Whatever in his administration may have been censurable, she was afraid that the supreme power would not be swayed by his successor with equal advantage to the nation.

"Dear, dear Brother,—I must own not to have received the news of his highness's death unmovedly, though when I consider I find it's no more than a repetition of that lesson that I have often been taught of the vanity of man in his best and highest estate. And sure he that shall think that that very person, who a few days before shook all Europe by his fame and forces, should not be able to keep an ague from shaking him, nor to keep himself from being shaken into his grave by a few fits thereof, even in the midst of victories and successes that had raised both great fears and great expectations of him in both his enemies and allies, cannot but see how wise a counsel that is which bids us 'Cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?' And how mortifying a consideration may it justly be to all the greatness of this world to think that he, who kept such a bustle in the world, should not now be able to keep himself from crumbling into dust, nor after he had commanded so many vast armies and fleets, have power to lift a finger to remove those worms that his designing brains corrupt into! Certainly he may justly be esteemed improvident, that after such a warning, shall make no better provision for himself than the greatest stock of such vanishing greatness comes to, of which we have had express manifestations, both of his coming into and going out of his government. And if the common charity allowed to dead men be exercised towards him, in burying his faults in his grave with himself, and keeping alive the memory of his virtues and great aims and actions, he will be allowed to have his place amongst the worthiest of men; and that's but a poor place after all, for though fame be not too airy for opinion to live

in, it's too little substantial for an immortal soul in the exercise of its rational faculties to find satisfaction in.

"I doubt his loss will be a growing affliction upon these nations, and that we shall learn to value him more by missing him than we did when we enjoyed him; a perverseness of our nature that teaches us in every condition wherein we are, therewith to be discontent, by undervaluing what we have, and overvaluing what we have lost. I confess his performances reached not the making good of his professions, but I doubt his performances may go beyond the professions of those who may come after him. All this I say, not as grumbling at that wise and good hand that has taken him away, but as laying before you, why I think we should not receive so smart a blow from that hand, without having such a sense thereof as may really humble us under it, and cause us so to set upon mending our ways by this judgment, that we may prevent the worse that are yet to come, if this produce not that effect upon particular persons, and these nations in general."[1]

Lady Ranelagh was not happy in her married state. She was treated unkindly by her husband. So miserable indeed did he make her life, that by the persuasion of her friends in Ireland she consented to leave him, and taking her children along with her to live with them. But as he refused to grant her anything for the support of herself and her children, she was wholly dependent upon her friends, and the thought of this, great as was their kindness to her, making her uncomfortable, she had solicited the interference of Cromwell, from "whose authority and severity," says she, "against such practices as my lord's are, I thought the utmost would be done that either persuasions or advice would have effected upon my lord."

Her application to Cromwell had been favourably received, and her brother Lord Broghill had brought a letter from his highness to her husband, remonstrating with him as to his

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 395–7.

conduct in rendering it necessary for his wife with her children to live in a state of separation from him, and in refusing to give them anything for their subsistence. But Cromwell's death taking place in the meantime, his letter, she thought, would be unavailing for the purpose intended, and thinking that Richard, the present Protector, was not so proper a person as his father was to summon her lord, or to manage such an affair with him, "who, if he should be brought before one not fitted to deal with him at that rate [Oliver would have done] would be but confirmed in, instead of constrained out of his own way," it appeared to her that there was but "little hope left of bringing him to reason," and therefore she thought that it was her present duty to seek the means of maintenance for herself and her children independently of him. Her object, it would appear, was to obtain the needful resources from some of the forfeited estates in Ireland, and on this errand she resolved to take journey for London, in doing which, says she, in a letter to her brother, Lord Broghill, September 17, 1658, "I do but what all good laws make my duty—use honest endeavours in order to providing for myself and family, so as to keep us from feeling extremities, or from being burdensome to friends." "Yet," adds she, "I would not execute these thoughts till I had acquainted both my brother Corke and you with them, who having nothing to oppose against them but your unreasonable kindness to me, I shall have resolution enough to resist that with as great and greater resentments of gratitude for it than I can express, by yielding to stay longer here, where I am altogether unserviceable, and yet very chargeable to my friends, and where, as I told you before, my children are neither like to be preferred in marriage, nor prepared for the narrow condition their father's obstinacy condemns them to live in."[1]

She went to London as she purposed, taking her daughters

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 395–397.

with her,[1] and she continued afterwards to the close of life to reside for the most part in the metropolis.

In the latter part of the year 1664, cases of the plague made their appearance in London, and in the following year it raged with great violence, spreading by degrees its ravages over every parish, until it had swept away nearly 100,000 souls.[2]

Before the first appearance of this calamity, the most awful of the kind with which London had ever been visited, Lady Ranelagh and her three daughters had retired to the seat of her sister the Countess of Warwick, at Leighs, leaving her house in London under the charge of her servants. Her brother Robert, previously to her departure, had been residing with her for some time, and he continued in London for some time after she had left it; but in August, 1664, when several cases of the plague had occurred in the metropolis, he withdrew to Oxford. Writing to him from Leighs, August 6, that year, Lady Ranelagh says, "Your naming Oxford to me as free from infection makes me fear you may have some thoughts of going hither, which, if you have, I shall much more repent my not staying with you, yet dare not persuade against it, because I assure myself you are carried thither in pursuit of aims that I would rather excite than obstruct you in."[3] On the 29th of the same month we find him settled down at Oxford.[4]

When the plague had carried off many by death, and was still raging, it suggested itself to Lady Ranelagh that it might be doing a useful service to men's highest interests, were her brother to publish reflections on a subject so plentifully affording matter for them. The terror inspired by this desolating scourge into persons of every rank and condition

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 290.

[2] Defoe, *Hist. of the Plague in London in* 1665.

[3] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 558.

[4] Ibid, vol. v. p. 248, 249. He had been residing there before, and he continued to reside there for the most part till April, 1668, when he established himself with Lady Ranelagh in her house in Pall Mall, London, where he continued to live with her during the remainder of his life.

had surely, she thought, prepared their hearts to hear of a God, and of the things of another life, with less indifference or opposition than previously they would have done. She therefore earnestly requested him to perform so seasonable and so needful a work of mercy, "to help the people to spend a fast-day devoutly and unweariedly." She wrote to him to this effect at the end of July, 1665.[1]

He however declined publishing his thoughts on the plague, thinking he might better advance the interests of religion by publishing something upon another topic. She therefore, in her reply, September 9, would not press her request.

In that month the plague had reached its height; and in that letter she dwells chiefly on this visitation, which then occupied every one's thoughts, and filled every one with consternation. She cannot avoid regarding it as a judgment of heaven, and connecting it with the wickedness and irreligion which had prevailed in London previously to its breaking out. "The London weekly bills do," says she, "I assure myself, give you the sad news that place affords;[2] which is extraordinary enough to be amazing to those, who would but seriously reflect upon what was doing in that place before we left it, and what has been suffered there since. Not that the former is not an apparent and just cause of the latter, but that that cause and effect both may confound us in the serious reflection upon them. But since you still continue resolute against publishing those you make, I dare urge it no further; especially since you seem to decline that, in order to recommending things of more use, in order to religion, the interests whereof have been so long so much

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 559.

[2] The number of deaths in the weekly bills from the 22d of August to the 26th of December, being but five weeks, amounted to 38,195. But Defoe observes that from various causes this account was very deficient, and that the number of deaths during each of these weeks was probably 10,000 at an average. The London weekly bill of mortality in ordinary times was between 240 and 300. Defoe, ut supra, p. 4, 169.

neglected, that they even seem to lie a-bleeding now; and therefore to be now serviceable to them will be a work that will appear to carry such a sincerity in it, as God will not fail abundantly to recompense. And how delightful it must be to see you, whom I love so particularly, engaged in such works, that lead to such rewards, you may easily guess." She adds, "I can just requite the news you send me of Oxford, with sending you the like of this; which is yet, through the rich mercy of God (as is also my poor house at London, or at least was three or four days since), preserved clear from the spreading infection of this plague."

In the next year the plague was followed by a dreadful fire in London, originating in a baker's house, September 2d, after midnight, and a violent east wind blowing at the time, and the houses being entirely built of wood, which as the season had been exceedingly dry were the more inflammable, while the streets were narrow, the fire spread itself with great rapidity, and raged three days and nights, baffling every effort to arrest its ravages, and was only extinguished at last by the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Thirteen thousand and two hundred houses, besides eighty-nine churches, with numerous other buildings, were reduced to ashes. Many thousands of the people lost their all, and were brought into the most distressful circumstances.[1] After the fire was quenched, Lady Ranelagh made a tour through the city to see the desolations which it had made, and in her progress she distributed the charity which her brother Robert had given her for the relief of the most destitute of the sufferers.

After doing this she thus writes, September 12 [1666]. to her brother, who had shortly before been visiting her at London:—"It having, my brother, pleased God still to continue us in the safety you left us,[2] I have taken to myself

[1] Sylvester's *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part i. p. 98–100.

[2] Robert had gone to Oxford.

the mortification of seeing the desolations that God, in his just and dreadful judgment, has made in the poor city, which is thereby now turned indeed into a ruinous heap, and gave me the most amazing spectacle that ever I beheld in my progress about and into this ruin. I dispensed your charity amongst some poor families and persons that I found yet in the fields unhoused. . . . All our news here are the sad stories of undone people, and of those we have great abundance, but scarcity enough of pity towards them, whose wants will increase as the charity of those that now relieve them will tire; to prevent both which ills, some think the most rational way were to make a city of huts, till one may again be made of houses, and in them to let the poorer sort of tradesmen and labourers be set a-work and trafficking, and that so by employment and getting something, they may be kept from being idle and at leisure to find out and hatch causes of discontent and disorder. But as yet no such thing goes about, which makes those who consider fear we shall feel more of this ruin, when the undone people feel more of their want than in their present astonishment they are sensible of."[1]

But the sufferers bore this calamity with wonderful patience, keeping peaceable and orderly in the midst of their privations. Lady Ranelagh communicates this information to her brother with much satisfaction, in a letter to him, dated September 18 [1666]:—"To this day God is pleased to continue the wonder of not suffering any act of rudeness or violence to be done by any of those numerous ruined people by the late fire, to those that were preserved from the judgment that so destructively fell upon them; though their numbers be still increasing, by the pulling-down work that is still proceeded in about the Turrets and Tower-hill, whereby above one thousand of those that the fire left in their houses are turned out of them. Sir John Langham

[1] Works of Robert Boyle, vol. i. p. 561, 562.

has generously given five hundred pounds a year to the poor of the burnt parishes, to be continued to them, during his life."[1]

Various notices of Lady Ranelagh occur in the diary of her younger sister Mary, Lady Warwick, a woman whose piety to God and beneficence to man shone with no common lustre. Like her brother Robert, Lady Warwick looked up to her superior talents and Christian excellence, with mingled love and honour. The following entries in her diary show how the reciprocal affection and the endeared friendship between the two sisters were strengthened and hallowed by the congenality of their spiritual tastes and dispositions:—

"November 28, 1666.—In the morning as soon as dressed, went to prayer; then went in a chair to visit my sister Ranelagh. As I went, had serious meditations of the vanity of the world, and did there make a short reflection upon what I had seen since my coming to London. . . . Then came to my sister's, where she and I alone had discourse of that which was serious and profitable."[2]

"December 2, 1666.—Went to my sister Ranelagh's, where my brother Robin,[3] and she and I, had holy discourse."[4]

"February 19, 1666–7.—Went to London to see my sister Ranelagh, and stayed with my brother Robin and her all that day, and we three, being alone together, had good and profitable discourse of things wherewith we might edify one another."[5]

"August 15, 1668.—In the morning, as soon as my sister Ranelagh was gone to London, I retired into the wilderness[6] to meditate. I found myself much grieved and discomposed at parting from so beloved and spiritual a friend, and wept."[7]

[1] Works of Robert Boyle, vol. v. p. 562. [2] P. 90.
[3] He had come from Oxford to London to visit Lady Ranelagh.
[4] P. 91. [5] P. 102.
[6] "A plantation with an arbour (belonging to the Earl of Warwick's house at Leighs), in which her ladyship was accustomed to walk and meditate." Note by Editor of her Diary. [7] P. 164.

"July 11, 1671.—At evening, my dear sister Ranelagh[1] came from London to see me [at Leighs]; I received much joy at seeing so good a spiritual friend."[2]

"August 3, 1671.—I spent most of my afternoon with my brother Robin [he had come to see her, July 22], and sister Ranelagh; had with them good and profitable discourse."[3]

In the spring of the year 1672, Lady Ranelagh suffered a severe affliction in the death of her youngest daughter Frances. The Countess of Warwick, who, on receiving the sad tidings, went to London to visit her sister, has several entries in her diary on the subject, testifying to the excellence of her deceased niece, to the deep distress of the mother, and yet to her Christian resignation under this bereavement.

"March 30, 1672.—In the afternoon I heard the very sad news of the death of my dearly beloved niece, Frances Jones; at which I was much troubled, she being a good person, and one that I had a particular kindness for; and I was also much affected to consider what great affliction my dear sister Ranelagh was in for her, and prayed to God to enable her to bear this greatest trial of her life, and to give her a sanctified improvement of it."

"April 2.—In the morning, as soon as up, I prayed to God to go with me in my journey to London; then, with my Lady Mary and Lady Essex, I took coach, and with God's blessing, got safe to London. In the evening, went to see my sister, whom I found sadly afflicted; at which sight I was affected and wept: and after I had endeavoured to comfort her, I did return to Warwick House, and after supper I committed my soul to God."

"3.—In the morning, only prayed, and that I did with dulness. Then I went to see my afflicted sister, and was glad

[1] By this time Lady Ranelagh was a widow, Lord Ranelagh having died January 17, 1669-70. Playfair's *Brit. Fam. Antiq.* vol. v. p. 37.

[2] P. 241. [3] P. 243.

to see her bear her loss with so much Christian patience. After I had dined with her, I went with the young ladies and my sister Burlington to buy things."[1]

During her absence from London, on a temporary visit to some of her relatives, in the summer of the year 1677, two of her brother Robert's learned and scientific friends, who had often been visitants at her house in Pall-Mall, Dr. Benjamin Worsley and Mr. Henry Oldenburg,[2] were suddenly removed by death, within a short time of each other. Writing to her brother, September 11 [1677], a letter of condolence on the loss of these two ingenious and estimable men, she says:—"They, each of them in their way diligently served their generation, and were friends to us. They have left no blot upon their memory (unless their not having died rich may go for one), and I hope they have carried consciences of uprightness with them, and have made their great change to their everlasting advantage; and if they be possessed of what we do but hope for, and what we should press after, we need not lament for them; and for ourselves, such losses, by the blessing of God, are made to assist us in the work he calls us to, of getting ourselves weaned from this world, out of which, if the few pious and ingenious persons that make it tolerable were once taken, what would be left in it but rakes and fools, to play and make a noise with them, or instruments of cruelty, and knaves to use them in doing mis-

[1] P. 264, 265.

[2] Henry Oldenburg, who was of noble family, was a native of Bremen in Lower Saxony. He acted for several years as agent for that republican city with the Long Parliament, and with Oliver Cromwell when Protector. To prosecute his studies he went in 1656 to Oxford, where he resided till April 1657. Soon after he attended Richard Jones, Lady Ranelagh's son to Saumur in France, where they resided till the end of March, 1658. They were in Paris in May, 1659, and in March, 1660, and at Leyden in 1661, but returned to England soon after. Oldenburg became secretary to the Royal Society of London. He was married to the daughter of Mr. John Dury, a Scotsman celebrated for his attempts to reconcile the Lutherans and Calvinists. Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 299, 301, 302. Birch's *Hist. of the Royal Society*, vol. iii. p. 353, 354.

chief. Therefore, let me beg you to banish melancholy thoughts upon these sad occasions; and instead of recommending serious ones to you, let me beg you to enjoy the blessing God has bestowed upon you in an ability of knowing how to entertain yourself, and converse with him in the absence of all other company, and in so doing to find that which may not only render that absence tolerable, but welcome."[1]

At that period, Ireland, as it does still, presented the melancholy spectacle of a people, the great mass of whom were sunk in popish darkness and superstition. One cause of their benighted condition was the want of Christian teachers who could speak their vernacular tongue, and the want of Irish religious books. Little had been done to dispel the gloom in which they were involved. To do something in this direction, Lady Ranelagh's brother undertook the printing and diffusion of the Scriptures in the Irish language; an undertaking to which he contributed £700. In this Christian and philanthropic enterprise Lady Ranelagh took much interest; and she zealously supported, if she did not originate, the collateral scheme of putting into circulation a catechism in the Irish language for the instruction of the young. Dr. Andrew Sall,[2] an Irish convert from Jesuitism to Protestantism, whom Boyle had employed in promoting these important undertakings, repeatedly refers, in his correspondence with Boyle, to the cordiality with which they were entered into by Lady Ranelagh. In a letter to Boyle, dated Dublin, May 20, 1680, he writes:—"Honourable Sir,—Last week I gave account to my Lady Ranelagh of my arrival here, and my going to Navan, and what disposition I saw there towards

[1] Boyle's Works. vol. v. p. 553.

[2] Sall was a learned man. He had been professor of divinity in several colleges in Spain. Being sent on a Jesuit mission into Ireland, he was, when advanced in years, converted by Dr. Thomas Price, Archbishop of Cashel, to Protestantism, of which he made a public declaration, May 17, 1674, before that archbishop and others in the church of St. John in the city of Cashel. Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 356.

the accomplishing of her good ladyship's godly intention for the instruction of the children."[1] In another letter to Boyle, from Cashel, October 16, 1680, he says:—"I am nothing forgetful of your pious desire, and my Lady Ranelagh's, touching a catechism to be made in Irish; and discoursing on the matter with my lord-primate, his grace was very earnest with me to make use of that in the Common Prayer Book, as more fit for the capacity and memory of young and simple people. So I have done hitherto, finding it printed, and enlarging where I think necessary. I find besides another larger catechism, with places of Scripture printed in Irish at Dublin, the year 52, by one Godfrey Daniel."[2] Again writing to Boyle, Dublin, February 7, 1681, he says, "I am glad my good Lady Ranelagh has that interest in the new Bishop of Meath [Dr. Anthony Dopping], and is pleased to improve it for advancing this great service of God. He is the only man, his predecessor [Dr. Henry Jones], a little before his death, told me he had gained to join with him in this work."[3]

In the course of his correspondence with Boyle, Sall also repeatedly gives Lady Ranelagh humble and hearty thanks for her pious and noble care in soliciting for him patronage in the Irish church.[4]

Lady Ranelagh often interposed to shield the persecuted and oppressed. An example of her doing so we find in the Life of William Kiffin, a wealthy London merchant, who, after the Restoration, suffered much for nonconformity. On one occasion, this excellent man, who gratuitously exercised his abilities in preaching in one of the Baptist churches in London, as well as in various parts of the kingdom, was seized at midnight by a messenger of the council, at the instance of

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 603, 604.
[2] Ibid. vol. v. p. 605.
[3] Ibid. vol. v. p. 608.
[4] Sall was in weak health when he went to Ireland, and he died on the 6th of April, 1682, aged about seventy years.

the Duke of Buckingham. Being conveyed to York House, he continued there, under a guard of soldiers, till the next night, when he was brought before the Duke, who charged him with having hired two men to kill the king, and in case they failed, with an intention of perpetrating the atrocious deed himself. Kiffin, surprised at the imputation, expressed the greatest abhorrence of such a design. "Ah! I know," said the duke, "you can speak fair enough for yourself, as you have so often done before the privy council; but the charge will be made good by two witnesses." Kiffin was remanded to the custody of the soldiers. It was at this time that he found a friend in Lady Ranelagh. On the following day, having paid him a visit, she inquired into his case, advised him to write a letter to the lord-chancellor, informing him of his circumstances, and offered to deliver it herself. He wrote the letter. She delivered it to the chancellor, who told her that no such charge had been made before the council, but that he would acquaint the king with it the next day. This he punctually did, and an order was made for the discharge of Kiffin, without the payment of fees.[1]

The friendly solicitude which Lady Ranelagh evinced, and the endeavours she made to save the life of Lord William Russell when he lay under sentence of condemnation, in July, 1683, and failing that, to obtain for him a reprieve, will be particularly narrated in the Life of Lady Russell.

As may be concluded from the specimens of her compositions already given, Lady Ranelagh had a good literary taste, and was a good judge of literary performances, whether in prose or poetry. Her brother Robert deferred much to her judgment in this respect. Some of the most famed poets of her day set no small value upon her favourable verdict. Waller, with whom she was well acquainted, and Lady Wharton, whom she also knew, courted, or were gratified by

[1] Wilson's *Hist. and Antiq. of Diss. Churches*, vol. i. p. 418.

her approbation. But on neither of these poetical writers did she bestow unqualified praise. She censures Waller for not making the best use of his poetical powers which he might have made. "I shall return," says she, "his great professions [the high compliments he paid to her genius and abilities], with a plain hearty wish that he may partake in gifts more excellent than his wit, and employ that for the time to come upon subjects more excellent than hitherto he has done."[1] She blames Lady Wharton for some conceits which tended to impeach the benevolence of God. Dr. Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who was one of her most intimate friends, had sent her some of that lady's poems; and on receiving her criticism upon them, he sent them to Lady Wharton, in a letter dated January 2, 1682. "I presumed," says he, "to show your verses to my Lady Essex, who is a woman of great understanding, and has a high esteem of you, and admires your poetry; so also does my Lady Ranelagh, of whom I suppose you have a right enough character: you cannot imagine how highly she esteems all you write; but upon my sending her your 'Despair,' she wrote to me that she was sorry to find you quarrelling with your Maker, as if he had entailed ignorance and misery on our nature; and she would be much better pleased to see you continue in a strain of celebrating and adoring him."[2]

Such was the high esteem which Bishop Burnet entertained for Lady Ranelagh, that one principal object of his drawing up an account of his travels abroad, was to gratify her and her brother Robert. In a letter to Robert, dated Hague, June 4 [1686], accompanied with a manuscript narrative of his travels in five long letters, he writes: "If they give any agreeable entertainment to you or your noble sister, I will attain one of my main ends in writing them."

[1] Letter to her brother, dated January 7, without the year, but probably 1655-6. Works of Robert Boyle, vol. v. p. 557.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1815, vol. lxxxv. p. 307.

At this time Lady Ranelagh was in very poor health. "I am extremely sorry to hear," says Burnet, in the same letter, "that my Lady Ranelagh has of late had ill health, but I hope the season of the year will set her up again. Her life is so important, and has been of late of such usefulness to a great many, who have felt the effects of her universal and active charity so sensibly, that I hope God will yet continue so great a blessing to an age that may very ill want such patterns. I give her my most humble service in the most particular manner that can be imagined."[1]

Boyle, in his answer to Burnet, dated June 14, 1686, acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript narrative just now referred to, thus writes:—"My sister is kept in her chamber by the remains of feverish distemper, and I am laid up by something that, though seeming to be an effect of the scurvy, does very much emulate the gout, by which melancholy juncture of circumstances, she and I, though in the same house, and neither of us (thanks be to God!) confined to a bed, have not seen one another these four or five days."[2]

None was a warmer friend to the Revolution than Lady Ranelagh. Yet, with her usual goodness of heart, she became an intercessor in behalf of some who had incurred the coldness or the resentment of the new rulers, for their opposition to that settlement. In the convention parliament, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of Clarendon the historian, who had been married to one of her nieces,[3] had strongly insisted upon maintaining hereditary right, and strenuously advocated the appointment of a regent. For doing this, though on not carrying his point he acquiesced in the new settlement, King William and his niece Queen Mary had become alienated from or incensed against him, and he was apprehensive that his pension might be withdrawn. In this exigency Lady

[1] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 624. [2] Ibid. vol. v. p. 625.

[3] Namely Henrietta, the fifth daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Corke. She died April 12, 1687.

Ranelagh did him great service. She got her friend Bishop Burnet to endeavour to propitiate the queen, over whom he had great influence, to her uncle, though some of the harshest treatment which the bishop had met with in the two former reigns had been from that nobleman. She transmitted to Burnet a petition which the earl had drawn up to be presented to her majesty, praying that his pension might be continued, and sent along with it a letter from the earl to the bishop, begging him to present the petition to the queen. In a letter to Burnet accompanying these documents, she thus enforces the claims of Rochester's petition upon the queen's gracious consideration:—"This same royal person would not, I think, act unbecoming herself, nor the eminent station God hath placed her in, in assisting five innocent children, who have the honour to be related to her royal mother,[1] who did still with great tenderness consider her own family, when she was most raised above it; especially when in assisting them, her majesty will need only to concern herself to preserve a property made theirs by the law of England, which, as being a queen of this kingdom, she is obliged to maintain."[2] By Burnet's intercession Rochester was received into the favour and confidence of the queen.

Not less indebted to her generous interposition was Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the eldest son of Clarendon the historian. Having, though the uncle of Queen Mary, refused to take the oaths to King William and her, he was subjected to a measure of restraint. Lady Ranelagh, with whom he was in habits of intimate friendship, readily undertook to do for him what she could. She consulted Bishop Burnet, who recommended that Lady Clarendon and the earl's brother, the Earl of Rochester, should prepare a petition to the queen and council for his enlargement. She advised them (July, 1690) to do as the bishop counselled. They did so; and Lady

[1] Anne Hyde, Duchess of York.

[2] Life of Burnet, in his *Own Time*, vol. vi. p. 280–283.

Clarendon gave the petition to Lady Ranelagh, "who," says the earl, "promised to recommend it effectually to Lord Nottingham," secretary of state.[1] In the month of December following, the Earl of Clarendon became involved in another difficulty, it having been discovered that he had been engaged in a plot to restore King James. For this he was sent to the Tower. While he was lying there suffering in his health from solitary imprisonment, and with attainder and trial for high treason hanging over his head, Lady Ranelagh was still earnest and persevering in her solicitations in his behalf. By her influence and that of Bishop Burnet, after being kept for some months in the Tower, the earl was released. He was confined for a short time to his own house in the country, but the same year he obtained his pardon, and on the 1st of March, 1691–2, he was taken into the privy council.[2]

The infirmities of age were now making inroads upon Lady Ranelagh's constitution. Through the decay of nature rather than from disease she was bending down to the dust. In the spring of the year 1691 she suffered from a feverish attack, which caused much anxiety to her friends. The Earl of Rochester, in a letter to Bishop Burnet, dated April 2, 1691, thus writes concerning her:—"One private concern, in the midst of all these public ones, has given me a great deal of uneasiness, and I doubt not will do so to your lordship, when I tell you how very ill my Lady Ranelagh has been these two or three days, with a fever, which has almost quite destroyed her; I am afraid still for her: the last night she had a little rest, but she is so weak, and you know, of late has been so very tender, that I am in great pain for her. I know your lordship will be troubled to lose a very good friend and humble servant of your own, as well as a most wonderful good person to all who knew her. For my own part, I know nobody alive to whom I have so many obliga-

[1] *Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon*, vol. ii. p. 324, 325.
[2] Life of Burnet, in his *Own Time*. *Biograph. Britan.*

tions, which I am sorry to see how little I can return, when there is most need of serving her. Amongst all her favours, one that I shall never forget was her desire and endeavours, not only to renew for me the acquaintance I formerly had with your lordship, but to knit it closer into a friendship, in which I am always to own your lordship's ready concurrence; and I hope I shall not fail as faithfully to perform all the parts that belong to, my lord, your lordship's most faithful humble servant, ROCHESTER."[1]

In October, 1691, she was in a very precarious condition. Her brother Robert, in a letter to Dr. Tuberville, a famous oculist of Salisbury, dated London, the 8th of that month, writes:—"Worthy Doctor,—If you knew how very ill my sister and I have been since you left this place, you would not wonder that you have not had from me an inquiry how you love your journey to Salisbury."[2] From that indisposition Lady Ranelagh did not recover. She died on the 23d of December, having nearly completed the seventy-eighth year of her age. She was buried at the upper end of the south side of the chancel of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in Westminster.[3]

Her brother Robert survived her only a few days, so that he had not long to mourn the severance of a close fraternal union of many years with this beloved sister. It was indeed believed that his death was hastened by his sorrow for hers. "He lasted," says Evelyn, after speaking of his delicate constitution, "though not to a great, yet to a competent age; . . . . and to many more years he might, I am persuaded, have arrived, had not his beloved sister, the Lady Viscountess Ranelagh, with whom he lived, a person of extraordinary

[1] Life of Burnet, in his *Own Time*. [2] Boyle's Works, vol. v. p. 146.

[3] Evelyn's *Diary*, vol. vi. p. 362. Allusion is made to her portrait by her son Richard in a codicil to his will (March 2, 1710), in which he bequeaths to Elizabeth, Countess-dowager of Kildare, his eldest daughter, "my dear mother's picture hanging up in my closet at Chelsea." Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 817.

talent, and suitable to his religious and philosophical temper, died before him. But it was then that he began evidently to droop apace; nor did he, I think, survive her above a fortnight" [a week]. He died on the 30th of December, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was interred in the chancel of the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, near his sister, on the 7th of January following.[1]

Bishop Burnet, in the sermon he preached at the funeral of her brother Robert at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, from Eccles. ii. 26, pronounced upon her a high eulogium,[2] which was allowed by all who knew her to be simply the truth, without a grain of flattery.

"Here I thought to have gone to another head, but the relation he [Robert Boyle] had, both in nature and grace, in living and dying, in friendship, and a likeness of soul to another person, forces me for a little while to change my subject. I have been restrained from it by some of her relations; but since I was not so by herself, I must give a little vent to nature and to friendship; to a long acquaintance and vast esteem. His sister and he were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; for as he lived with her above forty years, so he did not outlive her above a week. Both died from the same cause, nature being quite spent in both. She lived the longest on the public scene, she made the greatest figure in all the revolutions of these kingdoms for above fifty years, of any woman of our age. She employed it all for doing good to others, in which she laid out her time, her interest, and her estate, with the greatest zeal and the most success that I have ever known. She was indefatigable as well as dexterous in it: and as her great understanding and the vast esteem she was in, made all persons, in their several turns of greatness, desire and value her friendship; so she gave herself a clear title, to

[1] Evelyn's *Diary*, ut supra. Budgell's *Memoirs of the Family of the Boyles*.

[2] P. 32-34.

employ her interest with them for the service of others, by this, that she never made any use of it to any end or design of her own. She was contented with what she had; and though she was twice stripped of it, she never moved on her own account, but was the general intercessor for all persons of merit, or in want. This had in her the better grace, and was both more Christian and more effectual, because it was not limited within any narrow compass of parties or relations. When any party was down, she had credit and zeal enough to serve them, and she employed that so effectually, that in the next turn she had a new stock of credit, which she laid out wholly in that labour of love, in which she spent her life: and though some particular opinions might shut her up in a divided communion, yet her soul was never of a party. She divided her charities and friendships both, her esteem as well as her bounty, with the truest regard to merit and her own obligations, without any difference made upon the account of opinion.

"She had, with a vast reach both of knowledge and apprehensions, an universal affability and easiness of access, a humility that descended to the meanest persons and concerns, an obliging kindness and readiness to advise those who had no occasion for any further assistance from her; and with all these and many more excellent qualities, she had the deepest sense of religion, and the most constant turning of her thoughts and discourses that way, that has been perhaps in our age. Such a sister became such a brother; and it was but suitable to both their characters, that they should have improved the relation under which they were born to the more exalted and endearing one of friend. At any time a nation may very ill spare one such, but for both to go at once, and at such a time, is too melancholy a thought; and notwithstanding the decline of their age, and the waste of their strength, yet it has too much of cloud in it to bear the being long dwelt on."

MARGARET CHARLTON,

WIFE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER MARRIAGE.

MARGARET CHARLTON, who was born in the year 1639, was the daughter of Francis Charlton, by his wife Mary Charlton. Her father, who at the time of his marriage with her mother was far advanced in life, and who died when she and his other two children by her mother, a son and a daughter, were very young, was a landed proprietor and a justice of the peace in the county of Salop, and one of the chief families in that county. He was a devout and worthy man, being especially noted for his integrity in every transaction of life, and in the discharge of his duties as a justice of the peace.

After the death of the father, Margaret's mother continued to reside with the children at Apley Castle, near Wellington, in Shropshire, the family residence; and during the civil war, in which she maintained her loyalty to the king, she married for her second husband, Mr. Hanmer, a stanch royalist. Her house, which was garrisoned for the king by a party of the royal troops, was assaulted, stormed, and taken by a body of the parliamentary forces. In the assault, a part of

[1] Our chief authority for this sketch is A Breviate of Mrs. Baxter's life, by Baxter. London, 1681.

the surrounding buildings was set on fire and destroyed, and numbers both of the defenders and assailants were killed. Mrs. Hanmer and her children were happily preserved; but they were threatened, and stripped of their garments by the parliamentary soldiers, and had to borrow clothes to cover them. Apley Castle being thus taken, a surviving brother of Mrs. Hanmer's first husband, named Robert, a supporter of the parliament, who had caused the assault to be made, and who, for the enforcement of his demand that her only son should be delivered up to his guardianship, which she refused, had maintained against her a tedious and expensive law-suit, now got possession of her children; but by an ingenious stratagem she got them out of his hands, and having secretly conveyed them to her friend Mr. Bernard, in Essex, secured them, by her vigilance and precaution, against all his efforts to wrest them from under her guardianship.

Margaret's mother, who was a woman of enlightened and genuine piety, was at pains to instruct her in religious knowledge, and to impress upon her mind the importance of personal religion; but these lessons were for some time apparently without effect. Margaret had little reverence for sacred things, and had not even the appearance of seriousness. In the springtime of life, and in the bloom and buoyancy of health, her days were passed in thoughtlessness and gaiety. The company she sought and frequented was that of the thoughtless and the gay. She was vain, fond of show, and ambitious of appearing in gaudy and costly dress. Frivolity and enjoyment were all she cared for. The only books she delighted to read were romances. Religion appeared to her invested only with gloom and austerity. She had even doubts whether there was any truth in religion at all, whether there was even an hereafter. But with all her indifference or hostility to religion, serious thoughts occasionally intruded upon her mind, and the voice of conscience was sometimes heard telling her that religion was indeed a reality, and that

she was not what she ought to be—that something better, she knew not what, must be attained before she had any part or lot in the favour of God, or in the kingdom of heaven.

Such was her religious character when, about the year 1656, she went to Kidderminster to reside with her mother, who, shortly before, in consequence of the marriage of her son, had removed from Apley Castle to that place, where she had taken a house, which appears to have been an old baronial mansion that had suffered during the civil war. The mother now attended the ministry of Richard Baxter, who, in his memoirs of himself, particularly names her as one of the few wealthy persons in his congregation by whom he was much encouraged in his work, as a minister of the Word; and Margaret, from filial piety rather than from any other motive, accompanied her mother on the Sabbath-day to hear Baxter, whose labours in Kidderminster had, by the blessing of God, been successful in no common degree in the conversion of many of the ignorant, the ungodly, and the thoughtless. Religion she still regarded as the enemy of true happiness. Her thoughts still were wholly occupied about what might minister to her vain enjoyment. The good people of the place, who were all poor, but with whom her pious mother, who found them intelligent as well as devout, delighted to associate, she despised, both because of their poverty and the strictness of their lives. Not long, however, after her coming to Kidderminster, a change came over her spirit. A man of Baxter's powerful intellect and popular address was likely to arrest the attention of a young woman of her strength of mind. His style of preaching was much superior to, and of a character different from that to which she had been accustomed, and like hundreds more of his hearers, she soon became deeply impressed with the doctrine he taught, the simple yet energetic language and drapery in which it was clothed, and the affectionate earnestness which marked his manner. On paying a visit to her eldest sister, the

wife of Ambrose Upton, a canon of Christ Church, Oxford, she there heard a sermon which much affected her, preached by Mr. H. Hickman, from Isa. xxvii. 11: "It is a people of no understanding: therefore he that made them will not have mercy on them, and he that formed them will show them no favour." But it was from Baxter's ministry that her understanding was most instructed, her heart most touched, and her conscience most powerfully awakened.

Shortly after her coming to Kidderminster, for the benefit of the "grossly ignorant and ungodly" he preached a series of sermons on Matt. xviii. 3: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" which form his *Treatise of Conversion*, published in 1657. In these discourses he discussed the important subject of conversion in all its bearings—its nature, its necessity, its benefits, its hindrances, with great force of language, and with an ability then unequalled, and never since surpassed. He laid open the secrets of the human heart, traced its depravity in all its windings, exposed the false hiding-places to which the sinner so often and so fatally betakes himself for safety, proclaimed the true nature and demerit of sin, and the anger of God which it provokes, reasoned and expostulated with sinners that they might see and feel the true and terrible magnitude of their guilt and danger, and endeavoured to persuade and allure, by exhibiting the divine mercy, revealed in the gospel to the chief of sinners. And this he did with an intense earnestness and impassioned solemnity of manner, produced by his vivid perception of the awfully perilous condition of the unconverted, and by his deep-felt sense that he was answerable to God for the souls of those committed to his care, and by his fervent desires that those whom he addressed might be enlightened, convinced, converted, saved, and by his constant impression, which his usual ill health helped to maintain, that he stood on the brink of eternity; so that

"He preach'd, as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!"
Baxter's *Poetical Fragments*, p. 30.

While Margaret heard him discoursing upon such topics with such uncommon energy of language, strength of argument, and impressiveness of appeal, she was roused to consideration, the knell of conviction sounded in her conscience with awakening power; she discovered the nature and desert of sin; God, Christ, the soul, salvation, death, judgment, eternity, heaven, hell, became pregnant to her with new meaning, and assumed a new importance; her thoughts were turned inward by strict and serious scrutiny upon herself, and she was often prostrate in fervent prayer.

Margaret concealed her feelings and exercises from others. This was partly owing to her natural reserve; but genuine piety is never ostentatious; it courts not observation; it goes not to the house-tops to proclaim its deep feelings, its communings with the heart and with God, to every passer-by. It rather seeks for retirement, and is nursed by retirement. To conceal her devotions Margaret sought the most silent and sequestered place in the house in which she dwelt. The middle part had been dilapidated during the civil wars, and she selected a closet at the farther end, where she thought she would be heard by none. But a religious maid-servant, who attended her, overheard her frequently engaged in fervent prayer, and at the same time observed her altered course of life. This information she communicated to the mother, to whom it was so delightful, that although before she loved Margaret less than her other children, she now clung to her as her favourite child, and all her Christian friends and neighbours were rejoiced at so sudden, so great, and so encouraging a change.

These convictions, instead of passing away, became more intense, agitating the soul with despondency and dismay. After it appeared to others that Margaret's heart had been changed,

and perhaps after she had really become the subject of regenerating grace, she continued to struggle with great and depressing fears, lest she might still be destitute of saving grace, because she had not that degree of holy affection which she desired; and being reserved in disposition, she concealed the state of her mind from all her friends, even from her mother. But from the sadness of her manner, it was evident to them that she was much exercised with mental conflict, and they were apprehensive lest thereby her health might be affected.

In these circumstances Baxter, probably in compliance with the wishes of her mother, wrote her a letter of counsel. In this letter he cautions her against that reserve natural to her, which prevented her from disclosing her feelings to intimate and prudent pious friends, and endeavours to sustain her mind under these inward combats, and to direct her to the means by which deliverance might be obtained. "I advise you to set more effectually to the means of your necessary consolation: your strange, silent keeping your case to yourself, from your mother and all your friends, is an exceeding injury to your peace. Is it God or Satan that hindereth you from opening your sore, and makes you think that concealment is your wisdom? If it be pride that forbids it, how dare you obey such a commander? Many of our sores are half healed when well opened. If prudence foresee some forbidding inconvenience, you have prudent friends, and two prudent persons may see more than one. But because you will not tell us, I will disjunctively tell it you."

He then observes that her trouble of mind arose either from some affliction, or from some sin, or from doubts as to her sincerity and her possession of true grace. If it arose from some affliction, he would have her to exercise patience. If from past sin, he would have her to repent, and thankfully to accept of pardon. If from present sin, either inward corruption or outward transgression, he would have her to

be willing to renounce it, and in the use of means to receive God's grace, by which to become holy. If from her doubts as to her sincerity and her possession of grace, he would have her to try her condition by the Word of God. "Suppose," he adds, "that you have yet no saving grace, or part in Christ, why stand you complaining, while Christ stands entreating you to accept his mercy? Is he not in good earnest? The offer is free; it is not your purchase and merit, but consent, that will prove your title. Why do you complain, and not consent even to the baptismal covenant? Or, if you consent, why do you complain, as if Christ's promise were not true, or as if consent were not a proof of saving faith? If you confess that you should not doubt and be dejected on such terms, methinks the cure should be half wrought. Dare you indulge it, while you know it to be your sin? Have you not sin enough already? And is it not unkindness to deny so great a mercy as the converting grace which you so lately felt; and to suspect his love, who is love itself, and hath so largely expressed his love to you? Would you easily believe that your mother would kill you for such defects as you fear that God will condemn you for? Yea, though she were perfectly just and holy? Is it congruous to hear ministers tell men from Christ, that he beseecheth them to be reconciled to God, and will refuse none that are willing to receive his grace and cure; and, at the same time, to hear such as you almost ready to despair, as if God would not be reconciled, nor give grace to them that fain would have it, but will be inclined to reject humble souls?"

This sage epistle, so well adapted to dissipate gloomy thoughts, had a happy effect upon her mind. After receiving it, comfort and hope entered, and struggling more successfully against the fears which, like tumultuous waves, had been agitating her soul, she thus writes, April 3:— "The sadder my present condition is, the greater is the

mercy that I am yet alive; why, then, should I not give God thanks for that, and beg the rest which yet I want? And though my life seem but a burden to me sometimes, it is my great mistake; for the greatest afflictions are nothing to hell-torments. Were they as great as ever any had, while I am alive, on this side eternity there is hope. The time of grace is yet continued. . . . It is a mercy that I am in any measure sensible of my danger, and have any desire to be holy."

Her gloom and depression of mind were not, however, as yet completely dispelled, and in her correspondence with Baxter, to whom, from her experience of his matured wisdom in administering to her mental trouble, she unburdened her mind more fully than to any other person, she still gave expression to her fears as to her interest in the Saviour, while yet she acknowledged that she had surrendered herself to him with a determination to cleave to him with all her heart. Baxter replies, "Can you find that you are resolvedly devoted to Christ, and yet doubt whether Christ be resolvedly and surely yours? Are you more willing or more faithful than he?" These, which were words in season, calmed for the time the tumult of her soul, and invigorated the confiding trust with which she renewed the act of an entire surrender of herself to Christ. After receiving the reply she thus writes in her diary:—"When I read the evidence of my self-resignation to Christ, I should, as it were, see Christ standing over me with the tenderest care, and hear him say, 'I accept thee as my own.' For I must believe his acceptance, as I perform my resignation. Oh, what is he providing for me! What entertainment with him shall I shortly find! Not such as he found with man, when he came to seek us; it is not a manger, a crown of thorns, a cross that he is preparing for me. When I have had my part of these in following him, I shall have my place in the glorious Jerusalem."

While the great question of salvation was thus absorbing

her thoughts, and while her Christian friends were rejoicing in the great moral change which had passed upon her, she became afflicted, apparently with consumption, about the latter half of the year 1659, and so severe was her illness, that her life was almost despaired of. She herself believed that she was dying, and if it is no easy thing even to the matured Christian who is strong in faith to meet death in peace, and with willing resignation, much more difficult was this to her, who was naturally of a timorous disposition, and who was still struggling with strong convictions and apprehensions as to her spiritual condition. The thought of being summoned by death into eternity, she tells us, was a very terrible one to her. In these circumstances, sensible of her unprofitable life, and having such awakenings of conscience as people usually have in her situation, she formed many good resolutions as to what she would do, should God be pleased in his mercy to restore her to health, and these she committed to writing, that in the event of her recovery, she might remember, and feel more strongly the weight of her engagements.

That Margaret, in making such good resolutions, when believing herself to be at the gates of death, placed any reliance upon them as recommending her to the favour of God, it is not meant to affirm. But her exercise, as detailed by herself, seems, from her imperfect knowledge of evangelical truth, to have been defective, though not altogether wanting, in simple faith in the testimony of God concerning his Son, that whosoever believeth on him shall have everlasting life. Had she, under her perplexing fears, cast herself with a more simple and exclusive reliance on Christ, the Rock of ages, confiding in his all-sufficient righteousness, as that alone through which the mercy of God could flow to her, even as it flows to the chief of sinners, this would have imparted to her mind a peace, a hope, and a joy, more genuine, solid, and lasting than anything else could.

Margaret had become to Baxter and to many of the members of his congregation an object of deep interest. They regarded her as a signal monument of God's sovereign converting grace. They therefore regretted that she should be, as to all appearance she was to be, taken away by death before an opportunity was afforded her of giving proof of her sincerity, and of doing something in the world for the advancement of God's glory. This led them to the resolution to devote a day to humiliation and to prayer for her recovery. In these exercises they were encouraged to engage from their recent experience, as they believed, of the repeated success of united prayer in the restoration of Baxter himself, at different times, from dangerous illness. On the day appointed, Baxter conducted the devotions of the congregation in a very ardent and impressive manner, and all the people joined apparently with deep earnestness of heart. "I was with them at prayer for this woman," says he, "and compassion made us all extraordinarily fervent, and God heard us, and especially delivered her, as it were, by nothing, or by an altogether undesigned means. She drank [December 31, 1659], of her own inclination, not being directed, a large quantity of syrup of violets, and the next morning her nose bled, which it scarce ever did before or since, and the lungs seemed cleared, and her pulse suddenly amended, her cough abated, and her strength returned in a short time."

The correspondence between her and Baxter in reference to the state of her soul still continued, a correspondence to which she attached so much importance that she transcribed his letters to her in her diary. Her mental distress and dejection again returning, she complained that she could not sufficiently mourn over the evils of her heart, over the sin and imperfection that mingled with her religious duties, and that, notwithstanding all her efforts, she could not get quit of those distressful broodings which came upon her, creating tumult and apprehensions within. Baxter, in his reply to

these complaints, thus writes: "Let not Satan, on pretence of humiliation, turn your eyes on a weak, distempered heart, from the unspeakable mercy which should fill your heart with love and joy, notwithstanding all your lamented infirmities. You perceive not that it is Satan who would keep you still under mournful sadness, under the pretence of repentance and godly sorrow. . . . Two things I must blame you for: 1. That you take the imperfections of your duty and obedience to be greater reasons for discomfort, than the performance and sincerity are reasons for comfort; as if you thought anything were perfect here, or that it were better [to] do nothing than do it imperfectly; or as if you would have no comfort till you can perform such duty and obedience as hath no need of pardon and a Saviour, and so no man living might have any comfort in anything that he doth. 2. That, when unreasonable troubles and fears are upon you, and troubling thoughts are still upon your mind, you say that you cannot help it, nor turn your thoughts away to anything else. I know you have not an absolute power over your thoughts, but some you have; why else hath God made a law for our thoughts, and laid so much duty on them, and forbidden their sin so much? Much may be done, if you will be resolute."

Apprehending that under the sense she had, and the complaints she made of the evils of her heart, and of the imperfection and sinfulness of her religious duties, there was lurking something of a self-righteous spirit, as if she were to acquire the favour of God and the joys of eternity by her own righteousness, Baxter would have her, while not forgetful of the importance of personal righteousness or holiness, to remember, and to endeavour to get a full understanding of, this essential doctrine of salvation, that she could be justified before God only on the footing of the all-meritorious righteousness of Christ. "At the bar of rigorous justice," says he in the same letter, "Christ only is your righteousness, and you have none, and must dream of none, but that which floweth

from his, and stands in subordination to it, and is your title to it, and improvement of it, even your thankfully accepting a free-given Saviour, Head and Lord, and pardon, and the Spirit to sanctify you more, and fit you for communion with God and for glory. Esteem most, choose first, and seek most the love of God the Father, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, and this subordinate righteousness [personal holiness] will certainly prove the meritorious perfect righteousness of Christ to be for you, instead of a perfect righteousness of your own. There is no defect in his sacrifice or merits; if you wanted a title to Christ, you were unjustified."

Margaret's affections were naturally strong, and her feelings, from their peculiar tenderness, were extremely sensitive. She was therefore very prone under the little vexations which she might suffer from friends to be thrown into a state of great mental discomposure and disquietude, and to entertain a spirit too much inclined to resentment. In her correspondence with Baxter, she complains of the trouble of mind caused her by one of her relations, who, it would appear, had spoken about her in disparaging terms. Baxter perceiving that she was "greatly wanting in the wisdom of meekness," deals out to her in his reply a gentle and an affectionate remonstrance. He would have her to cultivate and to deport herself with greater humility and long-suffering, under the annoyances she might meet with from others, which, as she was living in a world where all were imperfect, were to a greater or less degree to be expected. "When God," says he, "hath done so much for you, will you leave it in the power of an inconstant creature to trouble you, and rob you of your peace? . . . I see you are yet imperfect in self-denial, while you are too sensible of unkindnesses and crosses from your friends, and bear them with too much passion and weakness. Know you not yet what the creature is, and how little is to be expected from it? Do you not still reckon to meet with such infirmities in the best, as will be injurious to

others, as they are troublesome to themselves? It is God that we most wrong, and yet he beareth with us, and so must we with one another. Had you expected that creatures should deal as creatures, and sinners as sinners, how little of this kind of trouble had you felt. Especially take heed of too much regard to matters of mere reputation, and the thoughts of men, else you are like a leaf in the wind, that will have no rest. Look on man as nothing, and be content to approve yourself to God, and then so much honour as is good for you will follow as the shadow. If every frailty and unkindness of the best friends must be your trouble, it is to be impatient with the unavoidable depravity of mankind, and you may as well grieve that they were born in sin, and made your acquaintance. . . . . Yet turn not the discovery of this your weakness into dejection, but amendment. I perceive you are more apt to hold to the sense of your own distempers, than to think what counsel is given you against them."

By the beginning of April, 1660, Margaret's health being nearly, if not fully restored, her mother invited those who had joined in humiliation and prayer for her recovery, to unite in keeping a day of thanksgiving, when now that blessing had been vouchsafed. The day thus solemnly observed was the 10th of that month, and Baxter, who had led the exercises of the congregation in their united prayers for her recovery, now again conducted them, when united thanksgivings were offered up for the bestowment of the blessing.

On the same day, Margaret, in testimony of her gratitude to God for her restoration to health, and for all her mercies, solemnly dedicated herself anew to him, in a spirit of dependence upon his grace and strength, renewing her covenant with him, in a formal document composed and written out by herself. "This day," says she, "I have, under my hand and seal, in the presence of witnesses, nay, in thine own presence, who art witness sufficient, were there no eye to see me, or ear to

hear me; thou, Lord, that knowest all things, knowest that I have devoted my all to thee. Take it, and accept my sacrifice. Help me to pay my vows. Wilt thou not accept me, because I do it not more sincerely and believingly? O Lord! I unfeignedly desire to do it aright. O wilt thou not strengthen my weak desires? I believe; Lord, help my unbelief."

Margaret having been brought into frequent personal communication with Baxter, and having often corresponded with him by letter on cases of conscience and duty, an effect followed which no one anticipated. While Baxter was assiduously ministering to her relief under the anxieties, and sorrows, and conflicts which agitated her soul, gratitude for the interest he took in her, and the services he rendered to her, not less than respect for his talents and character, gradually grew into a feeling of a more interesting kind. The spark of love to his person was kindled in her heart. The attachment was ultimately reciprocal, but as may be inferred from allusions in several passages of his Breviate of her life, it began on her part. At first she closely concealed it from others, and its workings within her realized the picture drawn by Dryden in his "Tempest:"—

> "And where he [Love] gets possession, his first work
> Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
> Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
> To feast alone."

But the passion also caused her an aching languishing of heart, and this acted so injuriously upon her feeble frame as even to endanger her life. At last she made it known to Baxter that while he was ministering to her soul, there had sprung up in her bosom, and mingled with her religious concern and devotional feelings, an affection for his person, which she could not repress. "She being a pious and devout young lady," says a nearly contemporary writer, "fell in love with him upon the account of his holy life and fervency of preaching, and therefore sent a friend to acquaint him with her

respects in his chamber. His answer was, That since he had passed his youth in celibacy, it would be reputed madness in him to marry a young woman, whilst he could not discharge the part of a husband in all respects. She at the door, overhearing, entered the chamber, and told him, 'Dear Mr. Baxter, I protest with a sincere and real heart, I do not make a tender of myself to you upon any worldly or carnal account, but to have a more frequent converse with so holy and prudent a yoke-fellow, to assist me in my way to heaven, and to keep me steadfast in my perseverance; which I design for God's glory and my own soul's good.' Mr. Baxter was at a stand, and convinced that with a good conscience he could not despise so zealous a proffer, springing from so pure a fountain of love."[1] Yet after they had agreed upon marriage, their union was delayed for a considerable period, from causes which Baxter does not particularly specify.

At an earlier period Margaret, from the importance she attached to rank and wealth, would have deemed a union with Baxter unequal.[2] But the deep earnestness of her piety, which now knit her by the ties of sympathy to the devout, made her court a matrimonial alliance which before she would have rejected. "I had the opportunity," says John Howe, in her funeral sermon, "by an occasional abode some days under the same roof (several years before she came into that relation wherein she finished her course), to observe her strangely vivid and great wit [understanding], and very sober conversation. But the turn and bent of her spirit towards God and heaven more remarkably appeared a considerable time after; which, when it did, she showed how much more she studied the interest of her soul than the body; and how much more she valued mental and spiritual excellencies than

[1] *The Life and Death of Mr. Richard Baxter.* London, 1692, p. 10–12.

[2] "We were born," says Baxter, "in the same county [Salop], within three miles and a half of each other; but she of one of the chief families of the county, and I but of a mean freeholder, called a gentleman, for his ancestors' sake, but of a small estate, though sufficient."

worldly advantages, in the choice of her consort, whom she accepted to be the companion and guide of her life. . . . . She knew how to make her estimate of the honour of a family and a pedigree, as things valuable in their kind; without allowing herself so much vanity as to reckon they were things of the most excellent kind, and to which nothing personal could be equal."

While Margaret was under bodily illness and mental depression, Baxter, besides the letters he wrote to her to minister to her spiritual comfort and counsel, composed and sent to her various poems with the same object in view. Such was the occasion of the composition of several of the poems in his *Poetical Fragments*, as we learn from the Epistle to the Reader prefixed to them, dated "London, at the Door of Eternity, August 7, 1681." "As they were mostly written in various passions," says he, "so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear companion of the last nineteen years of my life, as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave being to some of these poems for reasons which the world is not concerned to know; so my grief for her removal, and the revived sense of former things have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all." That portion of these poems to which we particularly refer, belongs to the period of Margaret and Baxter's courtship, and we might therefore expect, from the character of the parties, to find in them, as in Adam's courtship of Eve after her creation, so beautifully described by Milton, a delicate blending of the passion of earthly love with the heavenly emotions of love and gratitude to God; but they relate wholly to religious matters, being intended not to express the sentiments of Baxter's heart towards Margaret, or to celebrate her attractions, but to animate her devotion. Had Baxter, passing over for the time graver matters, indulged a little in an amorous strain—for "to everything there is a season"—it would have reflected no discredit on his piety,

nor upon the sobriety becoming his mature age; but possibly he was of a different opinion. Yet being entirely suited to Margaret's taste and mental condition, and being recommended by her prepossessions in favour of the author, and associated in her mind with his soft melodious voice, and his tender pathetic manner, the poems excited her admiration and gained upon her heart. Nor, uncouth as they may seem to the readers of more modern poetry, is it surprising that they did so, if we admit as correct the judgment formed of Baxter's poems by James Montgomery, no mean judge of poetical composition, who pronounces this volume of Fragments to be "inestimable for its piety, and far above mediocrity in many passages of its poetry;" to consist of "strains which never lack fervency, nor indeed eloquence, however inapt in the art of turning tuneful periods in rhyme the author may occasionally be found."[1] Baxter was indeed possessed of poetical genius of no common order, as is abundantly evident from his prose writings, which are full of poetry, and contain a greater number of passages of thrilling pathos and of brilliant eloquence than the writings of any of his contemporaries; but he had neither time nor patience for giving accuracy or harmony of versification to his poetical effusions.

In the spring of the year 1660 Baxter was called up to London on matters, it would appear, connected with the restoration of Charles II., and after having on the 10th of April, as before observed, led the thanksgivings of the congregation of Kidderminster, for the recovery of Margaret from her dangerous illness, he set out for the metropolis, whither he arrived on the 13th of that month, just before the deposition of Richard Cromwell. In the papers relating to her religious exercise, which she wrote on the 10th of April, she refers with feelings of sadness to the prospect of his speedy departure. "I have now cause of sorrow for

[1] *Christian Poet*, p. 320.

parting with my dear friend," says she, "my father, my pastor. He is by Providence called away, and going a long journey. What the Lord will do with him I cannot foresee. . . . The will of the Lord be done, for he is wise and good! . . . I have cause to be humbled that I have been so unprofitable under mercies and means; it may grieve me now he [her pastor] is gone, that there is so little that came from him left upon my soul. O let this quicken and stir me up to be more diligent in the use of all remaining helps and means! And if ever I should enjoy this merey again, O let me make it appear that this night I was sensible of my neglect of it!"

There is even some reason for concluding that Margaret proposed to accompany Baxter to London—to make a sort of elopement, if not for the purpose of entering immediately into marriage—for there seems to have been some difficulties in the way of its taking place in the meantime—yet that she might be near the object of her affections. This proposition did not however meet with the approbation of Baxter, who at once foresaw that if followed out, it would give loose reins to people's tongues; and in a letter to her he strongly dissuades her against persevering in such an imprudent intention. "It is not lawful," says he, "to speak an idle word, and especially deliberately, much less to go an idle journey. . . . It is a greater work to bring your mind and will to the will of God than to change place, or apparel, or run away, as Jonah, in discontent. O for a mind and will that needed no more to quiet it than to know what is the will of God, and our duty, and in every state therewith to be content! . . . Use well the means God here vouchsafes you, and do your duty with a quiet mind, and follow God in your removes." So far from fanning in her breast the flame of affection towards himself, Baxter characteristically endeavours to cool and moderate its fervour by setting forth the imperfection and insufficiency of the creature. "I will pray,"

says he, "that no creature may seem greater, better, or more regardable, or necessary to you than it is; and that you would look on all as walking shadows, vanity, and liars, that is, untrusty, further than you can see God in them, or they lead you up to him; that they may never be over-loved, over-feared, over-trusted, or their thoughts too much regarded."

It was, however, to no purpose for Baxter to attempt to dissuade Margaret from following him to London. She had too much strength of purpose or self-will to be frustrated in this intention. Shortly after he left Kidderminster she and her mother set out for the metropolis, where they took up their residence, and none of the three ever after returned to Kidderminster.

Margaret had not been above twelve months in London, when about the close of the year 1560 she lost her excellent mother, who died of a fever, at that time prevalent in the city. The remains of this beloved parent were interred in the chancel of Christ Church, London, her grave being the farthest up next the old altar. In testimony of her filial piety, Margaret caused a large beautiful marble stone to be placed over the spot. On this stone was engraven an inscription drawn up by Baxter, consisting of the name and designation of the deceased, with some Latin verses, and these lines in English:—

> "Thus must thy flesh to silent dust descend,
> Thy mirth and worldly pleasure thus will end:
> Then happy holy souls; but woe to those
> Who heaven forgot, and earthly pleasures chose:
> Hear now this preaching grave without delay,
> Believe, repent, and work while it is day."

Her funeral sermon was preached by Baxter in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, in Milk Street, London, from the dying words of Stephen, Acts vii. 59, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The sermon, at Margaret's request, was published,

with an address to the reader, dated London, January 31, 1661, and with the motto, "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: and if any man serve me, him will my father honour" (John xii. 26).

About the beginning of the year 1662, nearly a year before Margaret's marriage with Baxter, a report became current, even at the court of Charles II., that they were married, and this formed a topic for wit and sarcasm to the gay courtiers. What mainly gave rise to this courtly gossip were Baxter's celebrity; the youth of the bride, who was only in her twenty-third year, while he had passed his forty-sixth;[1] the position she occupied in society, being the daughter of an honourable family, and surrounded with affluence and the world's smiles, whereas he was of humbler birth, and the victim of disease and persecution; to which is to be added the alleged inconsistency of his practice with his avowed principles, for having taken up some perverse notions as to the advantages of celibacy to the ministers of the gospel, and having resolved, before consulting Margaret Charlton, that he would live and die a bachelor, he had been accustomed to descant freely, and in strong terms, against the expediency of ministers involving themselves in the cares of matrimony, and had even published his sentiments to that effect. "About this time," says he, "it was famed at the court that I was married, which went as the matter of a most heinous crime, which I never heard charged by them on any man but on me. Bishop Morley divulged it with all the odium he could possibly put upon it, telling them that once in conference with him, I said that ministers' marriage is lawful, and but lawful, as if I were now contradicting myself. And it everywhere rung about, partly as a wonder, and partly as a crime, . . . insomuch that at last the lord-chancellor told me he had heard I was married, and won-

[1] Baxter was born November 12, 1615.

dered at it when I told him it was not true; for they had affirmed it near a year before it came to pass; and I think the king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine."[1]

After many and long delays, Margaret and Baxter were contracted by the venerable puritan minister, Mr. Simon Ash, before Mr. Henry Ashurst and Mrs. Ash. In the marriage contract it was mutually agreed—First, That after the marriage, Margaret's own property should remain exclusively hers; an arrangement made at Baxter's express desire, from his anxiety to remove all ground for suspicion that he had married her for the sake of money. Secondly, That she should so alter and settle her worldly affairs as to prevent his being entangled in law-suits.[2] And thirdly, That she should willingly allow him to devote to his office as a minister of the gospel, all the time its great and important duties should require. They were married September 10, 1662, in Bennet-Fink Church, by Mr. Samuel Clark, who pronounced a solemn benediction on the union, recommending the wedded pair to the special care and favour of Heaven.

This was just a fortnight and three days after the operation of the St. Bartholomew act of uniformity, by which Baxter and some 2000 of his brethren were ejected from their charges and their livings. Baxter himself had parted with his flock at Kidderminster before the fatal day, lest false reports of his intended compliance should shake the steadfastness of any of his brethren. In these circumstances it might have been thought that Margaret would have hesitated in being bound to him by the nuptial ties. He was deprived of a regular income, and had only the prospect of being harassed by persecution, and doomed to an inactive,

[1] Sylvester's *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part ii. p. 384.

[2] Her portion, besides what she surrendered in terms of this article of the contract, was a little above £2000. Of this sum £200 were lost by bad debts in her mother's lifetime, and £200 additional afterwards, before her marriage, thus reducing all she had to about £1650.—Baxter's MSS.

useless life. But she hesitated not; whatever his fortunes might be she was willing to cast in hers with his, to share with him whatever sufferings might befall him in supporting the banner of nonconformity. It might also have been supposed that these circumstances would have revived in Baxter his original disinclination to marry; but it was not so. His separation from his flock, the charge of which he had thought was enough to occupy all his time, so far from rendering him averse to enter into wedded life, removed one of the chief reasons by which he had so long been prevented from entering into that relation.

The marriage now, when solemnized, became a theme for much gossip among all parties. Baxter's brethren in the ministry laughed at the news, remarking that he had run over the precipice of which he had been so zealous in warning the unmarried among them to beware—that his advices against ministers' marrying, if good for others, were surely good for himself, and that his aberration from his own precepts had completely ruined his reputation as an authority for the advantages of clerical celibacy. The prelatists and his other enemies superciliously sneered at his real or apparent inconsistency in following the very course which he had oracularly pronounced so ineligible and indiscreet for ministers of the gospel. And to the gay circle of the court of Charles II. it was a subject for merriment and jest, not less than if Baxter had been a monk who had carried off a nun from a convent, and led her to the hymeneal altar. To them there was something comic in the stern nonconformist, whose genius they fancied was too sullen and saturnine for affairs of love, getting himself entangled in the meshes of wedded life. "The unsuitableness of our age," says Baxter, "and my former known purposes against marriage, and against the conveniency of ministers' marrying, who have no sort of necessity, made ours the matter of much public talk and wonder. But," as if to cover his retreat from

the ranks of the Benedictines, and to defend himself after the strong language he had used against the expediency of ministers' marrying, he adds, with his usual gravity, "the true opening of her case and mine, and the many strange occurrences which brought it to pass, would take away the wonder of her friends and mine that knew us, and the notice of it would much conduce to the understanding of some other passages of our lives. Yet wise friends, by whom I am advised, think it better to omit such personal particularities, at least at this time. Both in her case and mine, there was much extraordinary, which it doth not concern the world to be acquainted with." Under the "personal particularities" and "much extraordinary" referred to, are veiled the facts, that it was Margaret's heart which was first impressed with sentiments of tenderness towards Baxter, and that her passion was so strong as to threaten, unless she obtained its object, serious consequences to her health. In these circumstances what could Baxter do otherwise than he did? His marrying her was a "sort of necessity." He could not be so ungracious and insensible as not to return—gratefully to return the affection of a young lady so deserving, so intelligent, so accomplished, and who, in addition to her other recommendations, had as much patrimony as would provide for their comfortable support, a consideration of some weight to an ejected nonconformist minister.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER MARRIAGE TO HER DEATH.

At first it might have been doubted whether the union between Margaret and Baxter was not a precarious and an ill-assorted union. He was her senior by twenty-three

years. His bodily infirmities were numerous; his dispositions, though not morose or cynical, were yet severe; his manners unceremonious, and his opinions in many respects peculiar. But the alliance proved in every way auspicious, and secured in a high degree the happiness of both parties.

Her marriage Margaret felt had brought her into a new sphere of action. Very different from the celebrated John Wesley's wife, who complained bitterly that his frequent preaching and journeys made him an unsocial and absent husband, Mrs. Baxter did not simply offer no obstruction to Baxter in his work; she was a zealous and an effective coadjutor. For acting as such she had many rare qualities, among which, besides her superior understanding, was her amiable and unselfish character, by which she gained the hearts of others, and thus became a more efficient instrument of doing good. "I know not," says Baxter, "that ever she came to any place where she did not extraordinarily win the love of the inhabitants, unless in any street where she stayed so short a time as not to be known to them. . . . Her carriage won more love than her liberality. She could not endure to hear one give another any sour, rough, or hasty word; her speech and countenance were always kind and civil, whether she had anything to give or not. . . . If she could induce the poor to hear God's Word, from conformists or nonconformists, it answered her end and desire; and many a hundred books hath she given to those ends."

After their marriage, Margaret and Baxter's life, owing to the troubled state of the times, was very unsettled. Previously to their ultimate establishment in London, they were much driven about, and might literally be said "to have had no certain dwelling-place." "Among the troubles that her marriage exposed her to," says Baxter, "was our often necessitated removals. . . . First, we took a house in Moorfields; after at Acton; next another at Acton; and after that, another there; and, after that, we were put

to remove to one of the former again; and after that, to divers others, in another place and county; and the women have most of that sort of trouble. But she easily bare it all."

While she and Baxter resided at Acton in Middlesex, about six miles from London, his preaching was confined almost exclusively to his own family, so long as the act against conventicles remained in force;[1] few of the inhabitants of the town coming to hear him. But when that act had expired, almost all the inhabitants of the town and parish, besides many from Brainford, and the neighbouring parishes, came to his house on the Sabbath, both in the morning and in the afternoon, to hear the Word. After he had preached to them on the morning his auditors went from his house, which faced the parish church door, to hear the curate of the parish. This he and Mrs. Baxter also did; for though the curate was a young man of weak capacity, more addicted to the alehouse than to study, and read only a brief and dry discourse, yet as there was nothing unsound in his doctrine, they were his regular hearers, and they went at the beginning to join in the common prayer, to be an example to the parishioners to attend, which all of them, with two or three exceptions, did. At the close of the curate's service the people returned to Baxter's house, where he again delivered another sermon.

Mrs. Baxter, to encourage their attendance, made all the arrangements she could to provide them with room, and to make them comfortable, in her house, which, from its limited accommodation, there was some difficulty in doing. In other respects she evinced, in her intercourse with the people of Acton, her kind, obliging, and charitable disposition. She thus became a great favourite in the parish; and helping to gain for Baxter a firmer hold on the respect and affection of the

[1] This act came into operation after the 1st of July, 1664, and it was to continue in force for three years after the next session of parliament. Neal's *Hist. of the Puritans*, vol. iv. p. 324.

people, she much contributed to the popularity and success of his ministrations among them, and thus became his fellow-helper in the work of the Lord.[1] "While I was at Acton," says he, "her carriage and charity so won the people there, that all that I ever heard of greatly esteemed and loved her. And she being earnestly desirous of doing good, prepared her house for the reception of those that would come in, to be instructed by me, between the morning and evening public assemblies, and after. And the people that had never been used to such things, accounted worldly ignorant persons, gave us great hopes of their edification and reformation, and filled the room, and went with me also into the church, which was at my door. And when I was after removed, the people hearing that I again wanted a house, being ten miles off, they unanimously subscribed a request to me, to return to my old house with them, and offered to pay my house-rent, which I took kindly; and it was much Mrs. Baxter's winning conversation which thus won their love."

Dr. Rive, the incumbent of the parish,[2] was pleased with the attendance of Baxter and his family at the parish church; but he did not like to see the crowds who assembled at the house of the nonconforming minister. The displeasure he felt at this was aggravated by Baxter and his wife's forbearing, for a reason which they were unwilling to explain to him, to join in the sacrament of the Supper when he dispensed it in the parish. They had communicated in some of the parish churches in London and elsewhere, but as he was commonly reputed a swearer, a railer, &c., they judged that to communicate with him would do more harm than good by giving offence to their congregational brethren, and perhaps hastening the sufferings of such as could not in this respect conscientiously conform. Dr. Rive's resentment against

[1] Sylvester's *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part iii. p. 46.

[2] He was also dean of Windsor, dean of Wolverhampton, parson of Haseley chaplain in ordinary to the king, &c.

Baxter was not inactive; it was in consequence of his representations and incitement that Baxter in 1669 was apprehended by a constable and conducted to Brainford. There, being brought before the magistrates, he was told that he had been convicted of keeping conventicles contrary to the law. He was then required to take the Oxford oath.[1] This it was his purpose not to take; but he simply requested an explanation of some parts of the oath. This the magistrates would not give, and though he bade them take notice that he had not refused to take the oath, but only desired some explanations, an order was immediately written out for his being imprisoned six months without bail for the alleged crimes of holding conventicles, and refusing to take the Oxford oath. His imprisonment was manifestly illegal. In the first place, the act against conventicles had long ago expired, and neither while that law was in force, nor afterwards, had he ever been convicted of keeping conventicles. Secondly, such being the fact he could not be required to take the Oxford oath, which was to be tendered only to the convicted violators of the act against conventicles.[2]

Mrs. Baxter followed him to prison, joyfully submitting to its restraints, which she shared as long as he was kept a prisoner. In his memoirs of his own life he testifies that he never found her so cheerful a companion as in prison, and that from the many necessaries she brought they kept house as contentedly and comfortably as at home, though in a narrower room. And in his life of her he says, "When I was carried to the common jail for teaching the people, I never perceived her troubled at it; she cheerfully went with me into prison; she brought her best bed thither, and did

[1] In taking this oath, which was imposed by the parliament which sat at Oxford during the prevalence of the plague in London in 1665, the taker swore that it is not lawful upon any pretence whatsoever to take up arms against the king, or those commissioned by him, and that he would not at any time endeavour any alteration of the government, either in church or state. [2] Sylvester's *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part i.i. p. 46–50.

much to remove the removeable inconveniences of the prison. I think she had scarce ever a pleasanter time in her life than while she was with me there."

Their imprisonment, unlike that of the Covenanters in Scotland during this reign, was far from rigorous; they scarcely accounted it suffering at all. From the jailer, who was a humane man, they received all the proofs of kindness in his power to bestow. The room they occupied was so large and comfortable that Baxter declares, "If I had been to take lodgings at London for six months, and had not known that this had been a prison, and had knocked at the door and asked for rooms, I should as soon have taken this which I was put into as any in the town;" and he had the liberty of walking in the adjoining garden. Their friends were also permitted to visit them, except on the Sabbaths, and they had more visitors in one day, than in the course of half a year when at home. A few things they felt to be disagreeable. The prison being directly over the gate, they were almost entirely deprived of sleep during the night from the noise caused by knocking at the gate, and by opening it; the time of their imprisonment being in the heat of summer, when epidemical diseases usually prevailed in London, this made their imprisonment more unpleasant, and Baxter was permitted to preach to none save his own family. But with these abatements he and his wife felt little inconvenience or hardship in their prison-life.

When friends, on paying them visits, strongly condemned the injustice which had thrown them into prison, to discourage this strain of conversation they spoke of their sufferings as being really so small as hardly to deserve the name. Many nonconforming ministers at liberty, they observed, were from poverty in much more distressing circumstances, and most of the poor in England fared far worse every day. They needed to beware lest, beguiled by Satan and their own hearts, they should take the endurance of so small an amount

of persecution as an evidence of true grace, instead of faith, hope, love, mortification to sin and to the world, and a heavenly mind. It behoved them to watch against the tendency of their imprisonment to destroy the love incumbent upon them towards its instruments. It would be at variance with the Christian spirit for them to inveigh against the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and to aggravate the hardships of their condition, with the view of rendering the authorities odious to the people. It much more concerned them to be sure that they did not deserve, than that they might be delivered from suffering. They sustained much less hurt from persecution than from their sins. The loss of one grain of love towards their persecutors would be worse than a long incarceration. On these and such-like topics they chiefly dwelt in their conversation with their visitors. Thus did they exemplify and recommend a truly Christian spirit, and become helpers of each other's faith, patience, charity, and joy.

During their imprisonment, many of their sympathizing friends offered them money, and others would have done the same but for their knowledge that Mrs. Baxter's pecuniary resources placed her beyond the necessity for this kind of assistance. Sir John Bernard, a friend almost unknown to them, sent them "twenty pieces," that is, as we suppose, twenty crowns, the Countess of Exeter ten pounds, and Alderman Baird five. This was all the money they would accept, and it did no more than pay lawyers' fees and prison expenses. It would indeed have come short of paying these sums, had not five of the lawyers who gave Baxter legal advice, kindly declined to take any remuneration; and yet the calumny was circulated that he and his wife were enriched by benefactions during the time they were in prison.

After their release, it being necessary for Baxter to leave Acton, he and his wife removed to Totteridge, a village near Barnet, in the county of Middlesex, about ten miles N.N.W. of

London. Here they rented a few mean rooms in a farmer's house, the best accommodation they were able to procure, but exceedingly discomfortable—worse than their prison in London; and both of them, from this cause, suffered much in their health. "The chimneys," says Baxter, "smoked so extremely, as greatly annoyed her health; for it was a very hard winter, and the coal-smoke so filled the room that we all day sat in, that it was a cloud, and we were even suffocated with the stench. And she had ever a great straitness of the lungs, that could not bear smoke or closeness."

During the latter part of the period of Mrs. Baxter's abode at Totteridge, two agreeable additions were made to her household, in the persons of two highly esteemed and beloved friends, who took up their permanent residence with her. These were Mr. John Corbet, a nonconformist minister, who in 1662 had for conscience sake surrendered a living in Hamptonshire of the annual value of £200, and his wife, who was a daughter of the learned Dr. William Twisse, procurator or moderator of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. By both these excellent persons, Mrs. Baxter was greatly respected and honoured, and from their society she derived much comfort and spiritual profit.

On the publication of an indulgence by Charles II. in 1672, Mrs. Baxter made no opposition to Baxter's accepting it; but she was unwilling that he should go to the metropolis to preach, until some time should elapse. Such was her considerate generosity, that deplorable as was the spiritual condition of London from the want of the preaching of the Word, she would not have him to begin to labour there, and set up a congregation, until the establishment of the old ejected ministers of the metropolis and others who, during the time of the plague, had assiduously laboured, in the midst of its infection and its appalling devastations, for the spiritual and eternal interests of the people. She was afraid lest, were he to do this, he should, from his well-known popularity,

draw away their hearers, and thus injure the pecuniary interests of ministers who had an undoubted claim, on the ground both of equity and gratitude, upon the people for support, and many of whom with their families had suffered great privations, while she and Baxter, from her independent private fortune, were placed in comfortable outward circumstances.

When, however, these ministers had obtained a settlement in London, she earnestly advised him to go and preach in the capital, for the instruction of the inhabitants in the more destitute localities. Accordingly in October, 1672, acting upon her advice, as well as in accordance with his own convictions of duty, he applied for a royal indulgence. Having, without difficulty, obtained this, he preached for the first time after ten years' silence, on Tuesday, November 19, in a tolerated public assembly in Pinner's Hall, in Broad Street; some merchants having established a Tuesday morning lecture, in support of the doctrines of the Reformation, and in confutation of the doctrines of Popery, Socinianism, and Infidelity; twenty shillings to be allowed for each lecture, and the lecturers to be chosen from amongst the Presbyterian and Independent ministers. But Baxter had not preached more than four discourses in Pinner's Hall when he desisted, being offended at the reproaches of the Independents, who charged him with declaiming against their sect, because in his sermons he condemned unnecessary separation and the unwarrantable narrowing of Christ's church, and with teaching Arminianism because he exhibited sundry leading doctrines of the Christian system in a form somewhat different from the Calvinistic. On January 24, 1673, he began a Friday lecture at Mr. Turner's church in New Street, near Fetter Lane, with encouraging prospects of acceptance and usefulness. In thus exercising his clerical functions, it was Mrs. Baxter's desire, that he should preach the Word gratuitously, and in this respect he entirely conformed to her wishes.

In the spring of the year 1673, they removed to London, after a residence of three years among peaceable neighbours at Totteridge, where they enjoyed more health, tranquillity, and even opportunities of doing good, than they had ventured to anticipate. From affectionate concern for Baxter's health and comfort, Mrs. Baxter, in looking out for a house, was anxious to find one agreeably and conveniently situated, and she selected and rented one of this description in Southampton Square, Bloomsbury.

The motive, we have seen, which brought them to London was that Baxter, while the toleration lasted, might preach in London, which presented a wider field of usefulness than any other place. But about the time of their settlement there the king's indulgence was recalled, and the nonconformists were thus left in the same proscribed condition as before. They were also disappointed in their hopes of obtaining a legal toleration from parliament. Mrs. Baxter, however, thought that the nonconformist ministers might notwithstanding be connived at in preaching, and desirous to live only to God and for the good of others, the question which she now anxiously revolved in her mind, was how she might be instrumental in promoting the best interests of the spiritually destitute in the metropolis. Much as *we* admire and must commend the industry of Baxter (especially considering his numerous and almost constant bodily ailments), the ardour of his spirit, his glowing zeal, and crowning all the love of souls, which in him was a deep unquenchable passion, yet it seemed to *her* that he was too inactive in seeking out openings for the exercise of his ministry, standing too much upon the punctilio of receiving an invitation. Most ministers who were in the city, having established for themselves meetings in it in various localities, she was very desirous that, instead of contenting himself with delivering the Friday lecture at Mr. Turner's church, and preaching in his own house on the Sabbath afternoon, he should begin to

preach more publicly on the Sabbath. To incite him to this she expressed to him her anxiety to know what part of the city in his opinion had most need of the preaching of the Word. "The parish of St. Giles," said he, "in which we reside, the parish of Clement Daines, and other parishes, the churches of which have been burned down, and are still unbuilt, are in a very deplorable condition in regard to religious instruction. But the destitution is greatest in St. Martin's parish, where it is impossible for the tenth, perhaps the twentieth part of the parishioners to find church accommodation. Such is the extent of that parish, that there are probably 40,000 who, though willing to attend the church, can find no room; and the new buildings of St. James's are noted as the abodes of the most ignorant, atheistical, and popish of the London population." All this excited Mrs. Baxter's commiseration, and animated by the spirit of the Saviour, who, "when he saw the multitudes, was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd," she purposed with herself to provide the inhabitants of at least one of these parishes, that of St. Martin, with some additional means of religious instruction. Without the knowledge of Baxter, she rented several rooms above St. James's market-house, which might be converted into one room, the most suitable accommodation for an assembly she could find in St. Martin's parish, and having informed Baxter of the contemplated arrangements, she importuned him to preach regularly on the Sabbath morning. From the feeble state of his health, she could not, and did not, press him to undertake a greater amount of labour. For the afternoon's service she proposed to engage by turns some of the ablest London ministers, whose places in their own congregations should be supplied by a minister whom she agreed to procure. Baxter readily consented to perform his part of the work, and she got a minister from the distance of a hundred miles, who came up

to London to supply successively the pulpits of those city ministers who should officiate in her meeting-house. She promised him a salary of £40 per annum; and she also hired a clerk, and a woman to clean the room. Part of the expenses thus incurred was contributed by the people, and the rest she paid from her own resources.

The work was commenced under very favourable auspices, and for some time all went prosperously on. Baxter, from his increasing ill-health in the winter, was indeed necessitated to intermit the Friday lecture and the sermon in his own house on the Sabbath afternoon, but he was able to preach once a day in his wife's place of worship. The house was well filled every Sabbath, and the audience listened with deep attention. An accident, however, occurred which had well-nigh proved tragical. From the construction of the building the roof of the market-house, which was of great weight, rested almost entirely on one beam in the middle of the floor, rendering the room very unsafe for a large assembly. Accordingly, on the forenoon of July 5, 1674, while Baxter was preaching, the place being crowded, the beam, from the strong pressure, gave so great a crack as to throw the audience, who thought the house was falling, into great consternation and confusion. They were indeed in the utmost jeopardy, and in the panic they rushed in crowds to the door, to the danger of life and limb, many of them, especially the females, screaming, and some cried out at the windows for ladders. To allay the tumult Baxter sharply reproved the people for giving way to needless alarms, and would have gone on with his sermon; but his attempts to calm them were in vain. Three times they ran in terror out of the room. After the first crack Mrs. Baxter had rushed down stairs through the crowd, and succeeded in getting out, whilst others of greater physical strength could not force their way. Addressing the first man she met, who happened to be a carpenter, she besought him to lose no time in putting a prop

under the middle of the beam which supported the roof. The carpenter, whose house was adjacent, immediately got a prop fit for the purpose, and put it with all expedition under the beam. Baxter and the hearers, who knew nothing of what Mrs. Baxter with great presence of mind had done, upon hearing the carpenter knocking became the more affrighted, and instantly all were in haste to get out of the building. Happily all escaped in safety. Next morning, a skilful workman having taken off the boards, it was discovered on examination that there were two large and wide rents in the beam, and that the adhering part was so slender that it seemed almost a miracle that it had not given way, bringing down the floor and the roof, to the destruction of the 800 persons who were assembled in the room.

This accident put Mrs. Baxter into a state of distressing agitation. The thought of the awful destruction of life that might have ensued, of the desolation and mourning which so terrible a disaster would have caused to many families, of the prejudice which it would have excited against the nonconformists, and the thought that she had been the means of setting up sermon in that place and collecting together the people, were considerations which, acting on a debilitated frame and on a mind of great sensibility, more than the dread of mere personal peril to herself, aggravated her natural fearfulness of disposition, and gave a shock to her health and nervous system from which she never afterwards fully recovered. This accident led her to form two resolutions, both of which she conscientiously performed—first, to keep the anniversary of that day as a day of thanksgiving, in testimony of her gratitude to God for the marvellous deliverance vouchsafed; and secondly, to build a safe house in which the people might assemble for public worship without the risk of personal danger.

After the accident, such repairs having been made upon the building as rendered it secure, the good work still went

on successfully there for some time longer. Most of the wealthy, and especially the females who had formerly attended had been frightened away; but there was still a good congregation, consisting mostly of young men, who heard the preaching of the Word with great attention. Many Papists, who had not been within the walls of a church for years, were truly converted, while in the neighbourhood a general reformation of manners was observed by all. Even the rude ignorant Papists, whose indignation was in some instances at first inflamed against the ministers for preaching in that place, spoke favourably both of them and of their ministry.

Mrs. Baxter now addressed herself to the task of providing another house for public worship, but this she could do only by building one. From his backwardness to troublesome business, and from an apprehension that neither he nor other nonconforming ministers would be permitted by the government to preach in the proposed church after it should be erected, Baxter was averse to so great an undertaking. But such depressing considerations did not weigh with Mrs. Baxter. She calculated much upon the growing favourable feelings of the public and of the House of Commons towards the nonconformists, and by her earnest and persevering importunity Baxter was constrained to consent to her projected enterprise. She employed a friend to purchase a site for the building situated in Oxendon Street, not far from the former meeting-house. The rent of the ground alone was to cost not less than £30 per annum, and the lease was not to extend to a long period; but, from the difficulty of obtaining a site, she concluded a bargain on these terms. She next applied to her friends for pecuniary assistance. Her acknowledged worth of character, her disinterested zeal to promote the spiritual well-being of the people, had gained her a high place in the esteem of many of the good, and Baxter's celebrity on account of his talents and acquirements, his disinterestedness and integrity, had secured for him a still higher place in

public estimation. She had therefore little difficulty in procuring, through the liberality of friends, such an amount of contributions[1] as, added to her own resources, was sufficient for accomplishing her generous project without having recourse to public church collections, and the building went steadily forward to its completion. When it was nearly finished, Henry Coventry, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, who had a house adjoining, was so hostile to the erection of a nonconformist meeting-house in the neighbourhood of his property, that he endeavoured on two different occasions in the House of Commons to excite animosity against it; but so little were his expressions of hostility in harmony with the feelings of the house, that not a single member supported him, the subject being passed over in silence by all the other members.

In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were again molested by the steps taken against him for preaching. On June 9, 1675, warrants were issued by Sir Thomas Davis to a justice of the district in London where Baxter resided, to distrain his goods for fines imposed on two different convictions of his having violated the act against conventicles, which had been revived by the parliament in 1670.[2] The fines amounted to £60 in terms of that act, which subjected the preacher, for the first offence, to a penalty of £20, and for the second, to a penalty of £40. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter came to the resolution that they would not pay these fines. To avoid the

[1] Yet some who had solicited subscriptions, had, to draw forth the liberality of several persons, acted so disreputably as falsely to represent the object to be the relief of Mr. Baxter from outward straits, making no mention whatever of the chapel. His relative, William Baxter, in a letter to Mrs. Baxter, dated February 13, 1676–7, thus writes on the subject:—"This I know, that when the last year a contribution was desired towards the great charges of building the meeting-house, that occasion was left unmentioned to several, and the more prevailing argument of Mr. Baxter's great necessities was made use of, which I told you not before, because I knew how much it would trouble you, it being then over besides." Baxter's MS. Letters, vol. vi. no. 324. See Appendix, No. II.

[2] Neal's *Hist. of the Puritans*, vol. iv. p. 349.

distraint of their goods he sold his household furniture, and she removed and hid his books, which she knew he valued more than any of their other property, and which he had only two or three years before brought, at great expense, from Kidderminster, where till then his library had remained from the time of his ejectment. Afterwards, when, to prevent the distraint of his books, it was necessary to dispose of them in one way or other, she sent part of them as donations to Harvard College in New England, and gifted a still larger number of them to friends at home, while some were sold, and many scores of volumes were lost.

These annoyances made it only too apparent that the church, upon the building of which Mrs. Baxter had expended so much money and zeal, would not, when built, be allowed to be occupied by the nonconformists. But still it was her resolution to use it for the purpose for which it had been built; and such was her heroic spirit that, so far from dissuading or discouraging Baxter from preaching, because of the threatened penalties of fines and imprisonment, she incited him courageously to persevere in the good work, and abide tranquilly by the consequences. Any indication he gave, however slight, or the very idea that he shrunk from the duties of his office from the dread of suffering by fines or otherwise, caused her uneasiness. Her intrepid zeal made him ashamed of pusillanimousness, and by her persuasions she induced him to remove with her from their dwelling in Southampton Square, to a house adjoining her new chapel, that here, in defiance of the penalties of the laws, he might preach the gospel to such as were perishing for lack of knowledge.

The chapel having been built, Baxter had preached in it only once when a resolution was taken by his persecutors to surprise him the next Sabbath, and send him for six months to the common jail upon the act for the Oxford oath. It however happened that, though ignorant of this resolution, he left London on Monday, with the design of going twenty

miles into the country, and stopping there a few weeks, it being the hottest part of the year.

While he was absent and employed in preaching in the country to large audiences, Mrs. Baxter, who remained at home, got Mr. Seddon, a nonconformist minister of Derbyshire, who had lately come to the city, to preach the second sermon in her new chapel. Yet there was no wish to bring him unawares into danger. He was repeatedly reminded of the risk, and desired, if he was afraid, not to preach. It was also told him that as Mrs. Baxter's residence communicated with the chapel by a door, he would be in no danger of being arrested, did he pass from the church into the house through that door, the conventicle act of 1670, giving power to the justices of peace and constables to break open and enter only a house where they were informed a conventicle was held, and to take into custody the persons so assembled. While he was preaching, three justices with soldiers, sent, as was supposed, by Secretary Coventry, came to the door to seize the preacher. They thought that it was Baxter, and had prepared a warrant upon the Oxford act to apprehend him. Seddon, on learning that the justices with the soldiers were at the door of the chapel, hastened into the house through the door connecting it with the chapel, and had he now remained in the house he would have been safe, but at the suggestion of two well-meaning but not very sagacious persons, thinking to get away, he went to the justices and soldiers at the door, where he stood by them, till some of them calling out, "This is the preacher," he was arrested, and Baxter's name being blotted out of the warrant, his was inserted, though almost every word having been originally intended for Baxter was false in regard to him. He was carried to the Gatehouse, where he was kept prisoner almost three months. His case having happily been brought before Sir Matthew Hale and other like-minded judges, it was found that the warrant did not apply to him; upon which he

had a *habeas corpus*, and was liberated on giving bond to appear again at next sessions. Mrs. Baxter having been the occasion of his arrest and imprisonment, this caused her much painful anxiety. She frequently visited him in prison; she maintained him while there at her own cost; she did all in her power to effect his deliverance, and paid all the expenses connected therewith. This case altogether cost her £20. Yet she and Baxter were calumniated by their enemies, the Prelatists and Separatists, as if Baxter, though he knew nothing of the hostile designs contemplated against him, and was himself preaching publicly, had gone away simply to shield himself, and as if he and his wife had drawn a stranger into the snare, whereas Mr. Seddon had been warned of his danger, and was arrested through his own indiscretion.

Preaching in the chapel which Mrs. Baxter had built in Oxendon Street being interdicted, she was under the necessity of letting it stand empty. But not easily diverted from projects of usefulness, though she had to pay annually £30 for the ground rent of the chapel, she presently hired another not far distant, ready built, in Swallow Street, hoping that Baxter would be allowed to minister in it undisturbed, and that the poor people of St. Martin's parish, among whom he had begun to labour with considerable success, might still have an opportunity of hearing the words of eternal life. In this chapel he began his work on the 16th of April, 1676, after having been forcibly prevented for a whole year from preaching in the chapel which she had built. But Mrs. Baxter's Christian philanthropic plans were in this instance again defeated. He had officiated in this chapel only about seven months, when a warrant was signed for his apprehension; and on November 9, 1676, six constables, four beadles, and a body of messengers, were posted at the chapel doors to execute the warrant. He forbore preaching on that day; and on every successive Sabbath for about half a year the door was regularly guarded by officers.

In these circumstances Mrs. Baxter consulted with a number of worthy ministers as to how she should now act. The conclusion to which they came, with her entire approbation, was that she should leave it to them to choose a minister to preach in that chapel, who might be less obnoxious than Baxter was to the prelates and other persecutors. They made choice of a laborious, devoted man, and the toleration denied to Baxter being happily extended to him, he became the instrument of doing much good.

There being little prospect that the nonconforming ministers would be allowed to preach in her chapel in Oxendon Street, Mrs. Baxter and Baxter were encouraged by Dr. Tillotson to offer it as a place for public worship to Dr. William Lloyd, who became incumbent of St. Martin's-in-the-Field, upon the preferment of the former incumbent, Lamplugh, to the bishopric of Exeter. She was willing to let it for a rent of £30 per annum—the sum she had to pay as rent for the ground occupied by the chapel—and an addition of £5 for the vestry attached to the chapel; so that she would thus receive no interest for the money she had laid out on the building. Dr. Lloyd having concluded an engagement with her on these terms, it afforded her great satisfaction that now there was the prospect of the continued preaching of the Word in her chapel; for she rejoiced that Christ was preached, whether by conformists or nonconformists, especially in a parish in which there were so many thousands of souls unsupplied with the means of grace.

Baxter being forcibly excluded from Swallow Street Chapel, Mrs. Baxter suggested that he should preach every Sabbath to a congregation of poor people in Southwark; and upon the death of Dr. Thomas Manton, in November, 1677, at her earnest recommendation, he delivered one sermon on the Sabbath at Covent Garden, in the meeting-house which had been occupied by that eminent nonconformist minister, as it was near many of the poor of St. James's parish, who

might be expected to attend, as many of them did, when he commenced his labours there.

To bring the ministry of the Word within the reach of a still greater number of the ignorant who were without church accommodation, Mrs. Baxter actively promoted the building of three or four other chapels, and obtained from her Christian friends subscriptions to assist in the good work. Being averse to the making of public collections for defraying the expenses connected with these chapels, and with the support of the ministers who preached in them, believing that such collections tended to create prejudices in the minds of the ignorant and covetous, and troubled the poor who had no money, she endeavoured to render them unnecessary by her efforts to raise the needed funds among her friends, and by liberal contributions from her own purse.

So much was her heart set on the education of the ignorant poor about St. James's parish, that she established a school in which a portion of the poor children might be gratuitously taught to read, and instructed in the principles of religion. Some of her friends for a time assisted her in paying the teacher's salary; but this assistance was soon withdrawn. She however continued to pay him mostly from her own pocket £6 a year, till her death. Had it been in her power she would gladly have erected other similar schools in the most destitute parts of the metropolis.

How beautifully combined were *subjective piety* and *objective piety* in the character of Mrs. Baxter—the piety which consists in strenuous endeavours for personal salvation and for perfecting the inward man, and the piety which consists in active efforts to contribute to the spiritual well-being of others! In the present day there is a danger of men's regarding piety as chiefly *objective*, to the neglect of the *subjective*, of their being more concerned about the salvation of others than about their own—more zealous and active in promoting the kingdom of Christ in the world than in pro-

moting it in their own hearts, even as in Mrs. Baxter's day the danger lay in the other direction, though her life was an excellent example of the contrary. Piety under both aspects ought to be cultivated. Our first and chief concern ought to be about our personal salvation, and the perfecting of the inward man, which is a far more difficult task than making efforts, whether by personal labour or by pecuniary contributions, to promote the spiritual interests of others. But then, if the latter is neglected, piety is shorn of that warm-hearted charity and ever-active beneficence so admirably exhibited in the example and teachings of Christ.

As has been already observed, Baxter, in compliance with Mrs. Baxter's wishes, long preached the gospel freely. For many years she would not consent that he should receive anything in the shape of salary for his labours. Not that she denied that the ministers of the gospel have a claim founded in justice, and in the express command of Christ, as well as in gratitude, to receive from those among whom they labour, adequate maintenance for themselves and their families; but she acted in the spirit of Paul, who resolved, instead of availing himself of this right, to suffer all things that the gospel of Christ should not be hindered. When at last she consented that he should accept money from those to whom he preached, or from others, she did so solely from the generous motive of being thereby able the more successfully to apply her own resources to the promotion of her schemes of well-doing.

To her labours of love in promoting the preaching of the gospel, Mrs. Baxter added kind offices towards the poor or the pecuniary embarrassed. She relieved them from her own purse; she endeavoured to obtain for them money from others, in which, however, her expectations were too sanguine, and therefore often disappointed. "But a fortnight or a month before she died," says Baxter, "she promised to get £20 towards the relief of one of known name and worth,

and could get but £8, and somewhat over it, and paid all the rest herself." He adds, "She was much more liberal to many of my own poor kindred than I was. But her way was not to maintain them in idleness, but to take children and set them to some trade, or help them out of some special straits."

One of Baxter's relatives in whom she took a very friendly interest, was William Baxter, a cousin of his[1] by the second degree, a man of excellent talents, acquirements, and character. In the middle of the year 1674, this young man became tutor to the only son of Sir John Bernard, at Brampton, near Huntingdon. In this situation he continued three years. While here, in thinking of the profession he would follow, he at one time had thoughts of becoming a minister of the gospel, but being of nonconforming sentiments, he hesitated, as this would be equivalent to his choosing a life of poverty and persecution. He then thought of becoming a lawyer or a physician. He fixed upon the latter. The correspondence between him and Mrs. Baxter on this subject evinces the maternal interest with which she entered into his concerns. She dissuades him against choosing the ministry as a calling, as matters then stood, and encourages him to fix upon the profession of law or medicine. She engages to support him whilst he was preparing for his profession, and is evidently ready to do for him all that a mother could do for a beloved child.[2]

[1] The relationship we learn from a scroll letter of Baxter's, written shortly before his death to the Earl of Powis, about remitting his fine. "The case," says he, "is not of so great importance to me as to tempt me to anything dishonest and unjust. All the benefit of the remission of my fine is to my heir, to save him from a possibility of paying it (if demanded) when I am dead, and he is but an uncle's son's son, able, as a physician, to maintain himself." Baxter's MS. Letters, vol. v. no. 299. William "kept an academy for some years at Tottenham Cross, Middlesex, which he gave up on being chosen master of Mercers' School, London, where he continued for twenty years, and resigned a short time before his death, which took place in 1723." Orme's *Life of Richard Baxter*, p. 405. He was the author of *Glossarium Antiquitatum Britannicarum*, etc.

[2] See Extracts from this correspondence in Appendix, No. III.

Mrs. Baxter's religion, though she was naturally inclined to melancholy, did not encompass her with gloom and dejection. It rather became to her the minister of inward peace and high enjoyment. At her conversion, and some time after, she passed through a period of doubt and apprehension respecting her spiritual condition in the sight of God; but from a clear and correct understanding of the nature of the gospel, the province of faith, and the character of practical religion, she gradually attained and preserved throughout life, almost without interruption, a calm and comfortable assurance of her interest in God's forgiving mercy and paternal love. "After all the doubts of her sincerity and salvation," says Baxter, "and all the fears and sadness thereupon, which cast her into melancholy, she so far overcame them all, that for nearly these nineteen years that I have lived with her, I think I never heard her thrice speak a doubting word of her salvation, but often of her hopeful persuasions that we should live together in heaven. It being my judgment, and constant practice, to make those that I teach understand that the gospel is glad tidings of great joy, and that holiness lies especially in delighting in God, his Word and works, and in his joyful praise and hopes of glory, and longing for and seeking the heavenly Jerusalem, and living as fruitfully to the church and others as we can do in the world; and that this must be wrought by the most believing apprehensions of God's goodness as equal to his greatness, and of his great love to mankind manifested in our redemption, and by believing the grace and riches of Christ, and the comforting office of the Holy Ghost, and studying daily God's promises and mercies, and our everlasting joys; and that religion consists in doing God's commanding will, and quietly and joyfully trusting and resting in his promising and disposing will; and that fear and sorrow are but to remove impediments and further all this. By degrees she drank in this doctrine, and so fully consented to it, that though tim-

orousness was her disease, her judgment was quieted and settled herein."

The exercises of devotion, as well as the active duties of Christian philanthropy, were to Mrs. Baxter sources of great enjoyment. Endowed with musical talents which had been well cultivated, she found much delight, whether in the congregation or in domestic worship, in psalm singing—in lifting up her voice in thanksgiving and adoration to Him who is the only fountain of all excellence and happiness. Baxter had a similar talent, and they often joined together not only in family worship, but at other times, in singing psalms or hymns to express the melody of their feelings—the peace and happiness and joy they found in God. "It was not," says Baxter after her death, "the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first exercise in the morning, and last in bed at night, was a psalm of praise till the hearing of others interrupted it."[1] And, as is testified by one of their friends,[2] they "believingly expected, that at death their angelical convoy would conduct them through all the intermediate regions to their appointed mansion in their heavenly Father's house, with most melodious hallelujahs, or with something equally delightful."

For many years, Mrs. Baxter's life had been a continual preparation for another world; but from various circumstances, among which were the deaths of many of her relatives, neighbours, and Christian acquaintances, not a few of whom were in the prime and vigour of youth, she was led some time before her death, to apply her mind with more than usual frequency and seriousness to the consideration of her latter end.

In the spring and beginning of the summer of the year 1681, about ten weeks before her last illness, she had a severe attack of strangury. The Barnet waters were recommended for her complaint, and for several days she drank them; but

[1] Preface to his *Poetical Fragments.* [2] Matthew Sylvester.

they proved rather injurious than beneficial. She also took the tincture of amber, which in like manner seems to have done her harm. On the 3d of June she suddenly fell sick, and her brain, by the joint operation of the two medicines now specified, as was believed, was so powerfully wrought upon that she was thrown into a state of delirium. This was her last illness. Under it she was assiduously ministered to by her friend Mrs. Corbet, and Baxter, to animate her faith and hope, directed her thoughts to the precious promises and the glorious prospects unfolded in the gospel.

She never again recovered the full exercise of her understanding; but her intellect, though now incapable of collected and continuous thought, was not so unsettled as to unfit her for all religious exercise. She retained a vivid remembrance of the most affecting passages of her past history, even from her childhood. Confused and disordered as was her mind, she never lost her confidence in God, and was never disturbed by doubts or misgivings as to the certainty of her salvation. While Mrs. Corbet, to whom she was warmly attached, with others, were standing around her bed, she cried out to Baxter, who was also present, "My mother is in heaven, and Mr. Corbet is in heaven, and thou and I shall be in heaven." The state of mind thus indicated being her habitual frame under her illness, the last struggle was to her divested of its terrors. Amidst all the wanderings of her mind, the words she spoke evinced that her thoughts and affections were centred chiefly in God. At one time complaining of the pain she suffered in her head, she said, "Lord, make me know what I have done for which I undergo all this. Lord, I submit; God chooseth best for me." She desired Baxter to pray with her; and while he was doing so her mind seemed intelligently to join from the beginning to the end. She heard read to her divers psalms and a chapter; while she herself repeated and sung part of a psalm. Meanwhile, her physicians did everything in their power to promote her

recovery; but all was in vain. She suffered much, and it was now evident to all that the appointed hour for her passing away from the earth was at hand. But as the symptoms of dissolution became more apparent in the failing strength, in the pallid and sunken features, in the glistening moisture in the eyes, her faith in God remained unwavering. Her last words, which she spoke only a short time before the closing scene, were, "My God, help me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" She died on Wednesday, June 14, 1681, the twelfth day of her sickness, at the comparatively early age of forty-two years.

She was interred on the 17th of the same month in Christ Church, which was still in ruins, in her mother's grave.

Her funeral sermon was preached by the celebrated John Howe, from 2 Cor. v. 8: "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." He undertook this service of friendship at the request of Baxter, to whom the sermon, which was published, was dedicated.

In the death of this excellent woman, thus suddenly cut off in the prime of life, Baxter sustained a great, an irreparable loss, and the stroke fell heavy upon him. She had watched with unremitting attention over his health, and had tenderly nursed him under his numerous and almost constant bodily ailments; she had encouraged, and sustained, and actively co-operated with him in his labours as a minister of the Word; she had been to him a counsellor in difficulty, and a comforter under sorrow and persecution; and now in his sixty-fifth year, when his bodily infirmities were fast increasing, all that now remained of her whom he loved so tenderly, as she so well deserved, was the clay-cold form, and that lifeless form was now laid in the dust. He, however, doubted not—from the piety of her life it was impossible for him to doubt—that her spirit had returned to the blessed presence of her God and Saviour; and he was thankful to God for having

given him, and continued so long with him, a wife so richly endued with divine grace. For the benefit of her friends and others, as well as to relieve his own mind under his grief, he employed himself in writing an account of her life and character. In executing this work he found materials in the many MS. papers in her own handwriting, which she had left behind her, and which he now discovered for the first time in her depositories, consisting chiefly of detached notes and memoranda, relating for the most part to her religious exercise. Such a subject, by recalling the memories, and rekindling all the warm affections of the happy years of their union, necessarily awakened many tender and painful feelings; but it notwithstanding yielded a mingled melancholy pleasure. In his portrait of her character he is minute and faithful, recording equally her virtues and her faults. And with candid humility he acknowledges that he had very imperfectly fulfilled her expectations by assisting her in her way to heaven. "My dear wife," says he, "did look for more good in me, and more help from me than she found, especially lately in my weakness and decay. We are all like pictures that must not be looked at too near. They that come near us find more faults and badness in us than others at a distance know."

After her death several years of bodily distress and of cruel persecution had to be endured by Baxter before he joined her blessed spirit in the mansions above. He was tried before Jeffreys, under the charge of sedition for matter contained in his paraphrase of the New Testament, reflecting or said to reflect on the prelates of the church, and after being insulted at the bar by that brutal judge, as if he had been the most infamous of human kind, he was imprisoned for nearly two years, and would have lain in prison till his death, had not the king, who from political considerations adopted a lenient policy towards the dissenters, remitted his fine. Had she, who was then mouldering in the dust,

been alive, how deep would have been her sympathy with him, and how great the consolation and support to have had such a companion in his solitude and sufferings! None could make up her loss to him, or supply her place; but it is only doing justice to record that he had friends who did not forsake him in these trying circumstances; and sustained by their sympathy, by faith in God, and by the unclouded assurance of heavenly glory, he bore with fortitude and tranquillity his manifold tribulations, arising from a diseased frame and from relentless persecutors. He survived his wife nearly ten and a half years, having died December 8, 1691, aged seventy-six. His remains were laid in the grave in which hers and her mother's had been deposited. They were accompanied to their last resting-place by a numerous retinue, consisting of persons of all ranks, and especially of ministers of the gospel, conformists as well as nonconformists, and his funeral sermon was preached by Matthew Sylvester, who had been his assistant for several years, from 2 Kings ii. 14: "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

ELIZABETH,

WIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN, the well-known author of the *Pilgrim's Progress,* was twice married. Both his first wife and his second were devout and excellent women. It is of the second that we intend more particularly to speak; but we shall introduce our account of her with some notices of the first.

Bunyan's first wife was of humble condition and without fortune. Her dowry was her personal good qualities. "She was very virtuous," says the author of a *Life of Bunyan* in the British Museum, "loving and conformably obedient and obliging, having been born of good, honest, godly parents, who had instructed her, as well as they were able, in the ways of truth and saving knowledge."

She was married to Bunyan after he had quitted the parliamentary army, which he did not long after the siege of Leicester, June 17, 1645, at which he was present. The precise date of the marriage is uncertain, but it probably took place in the year 1646 or 1647, when Bunyan was about 18 or 19 years of age, for he was born in 1628. He and his bride were so poor that, as he himself records, they "had not so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt them;" but he had been bred to the business of a brazier, at which he worked as a journeyman at Bedford, and to that he trusted for the support of a wife and children. Though not addicted to dissipation or debauchery, Bunyan was then an

irreligious man, almost unequalled as a swearer and Sabbath-breaker in an age of blasphemy and Sabbath profanation. Often did he ring the bell on the Sabbath evening to assemble the parishioners to the games by which they amused themselves after public worship. Yet he seems to have had a natural goodness of heart which endeared him to some good people at Bedford, who advised him to marry, thinking that this might have a favourable influence on his character; and perilous as experience proves it to be for a woman to marry an irreligious or a wicked man in the hope that she may become the instrument of reclaiming him, it has been affirmed that Bunyan's first wife married him in this hope.

Whether she did so or not, it is certain that after the marriage she earnestly set herself to this task, and she succeeded in awakening him to thoughtfulness. "My mercy," says he, "was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly: this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be, . . . yet this she had for her part, the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and the *Practice of Piety*, which her father had left her when he died. In these two books, I would sometimes read with her, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; but all this while I met with no conviction. She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours; and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, with the relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice-a-day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life." Bunyan had yet to pass through various stages before he became a converted man, but the serious reflection to which by the

influence of his wife he had been excited, was a step in the right direction, issuing ultimately by the grace of God in his genuine conversion.

The precise date of Mrs. Bunyan's death is uncertain. It is, however, understood that she lived till he was called in 1656 by the brethren of the Baptist Church of Bedford, to exercise the Christian ministry in the villages round about,[1] and was gladdened by the popularity he enjoyed as a preacher, hundreds in the villages and from the surrounding country flocking to hear him.

She had to him four children—two daughters, Mary, who was blind, and Sarah; and two sons, Thomas and Joseph, all of whom survived her. Thomas, as we learn from the register of the Baptist Church of Bedford, was received into the communion of that church on "the 6th of the 11th month, 1673." He was for forty-five years one of its most useful members, preaching in the meeting-house occasionally, and being much esteemed for his Christian character and sound discretion, on which account he was frequently commissioned to visit and converse with members who had exposed themselves to ecclesiastical censure. In the same register mention is made of Katharine Bunyan, who was admitted a member in 1692, and of John Bunyan, who was admitted June 27, 1693. These, it is highly probable, were the grand-children of the first Mrs. Bunyan. One of her great-grandchildren is commemorated by a stone in the Baptist Church burying-ground at Bedford, bearing an inscription which thus begins:—"In memory of Hannah Bunyan, who departed this life, February 15th, 1770, aged 76 years; she was great-grand-daughter to the Rev. and justly celebrated Mr. John Bunyan." These are all the particulars now known of the first Mrs. Bunyan's descendants.[2]

[1] At a later period, namely in 1671, he was chosen pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford, after he had suffered an imprisonment of eleven years, and while he was yet a prisoner.

[2] Ivimey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 305, 306. Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 163.

Of Bunyan's second wife, Elizabeth, more is known than of the first. Not inferior to the first in piety, she excelled her in intelligence and fortitude. Christiana, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, betook herself to a pilgrim's life only after her husband had passed over the deep river of death, and had reached the celestial city; but Elizabeth had left the city of destruction and had entered the wicket-gate, before she was married to Bunyan. Rejecting, like Christiana, the pusillanimous counsels of Mrs. Timorous, and disregarding the derision of Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Light-Mind, Mrs. Know-Nothing, and Mrs. Love-the-Flesh, she had resolutely set out on the journey, and courageously encountered its hardships and dangers.

She was married to Bunyan in the summer or autumn of the year 1659; but they had not been long together when she was involved in affliction, through the persecution suffered by Bunyan soon after the restoration of Charles II. Towards the close of the year 1660 he was arrested, and after having lain for some months in prison, was brought before the quarter-sessions for the county of Bedford. The justices at his trial were Keeling, who was the presiding judge, Chester, Blundale, Beecher, and Snagg. The charge preferred against him was, "that being a labourer he had devilishly and perniciously abstained from going to church to hear divine service, and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king." Bunyan admitted that he did not attend the parish church; he argued with the justices against the Book of Common Prayer and in defence of his preaching; and he confessed that he and his brethren had held many meetings together, for mutual prayer and exhortation. This was taken as a confession of his guilt, and his sentence, which was pronounced by Keeling, was as follows:—"You must be had back again to prison,

and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly." Then Keeling commanded the jailer to take him away. Before his removal, Bunyan told the judge, that as to the matter of preaching, he was at a point with him, for if he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the gospel again to-morrow by the help of God.

At the time of his apprehension Mrs. Bunyan had the prospect of becoming a mother. The anxiety and perturbation of mind caused her by his imprisonment well nigh proved fatal to herself, as it did to her child. She was prematurely confined, and the infant was born dead. The result of Bunyan's trial aggravated her mental distress. Her suspense as to his precise destiny added to her agony. Banished she believed he would be; but as he thought himself bound in conscience to preach in defiance of the law, circumstances, she feared, might arise, which would afford a pretext for bringing him to the scaffold. She naturally dreaded the worst. Soon her dwelling might be made desolate—herself a widow, the children fatherless, and all of them cast on the cold charity of the world.

As the period approached when, unless he attended the parish church and desisted from preaching, the sentence of banishment was to be carried into execution, a gleam of hope produced by the coronation of the king, which was solemnized, April 23, 1661, allayed in some degree her feelings of anguish. The coronation of kings being usually signalized by the exercise of the royal clemency in the release of prisoners, she flattered herself with the hope that her husband would now be restored to herself and his children. Her

expectations in this respect were disappointed. That clemency which then unbarred the dungeon to many others, and led them forth to light, and liberty, and life, was withheld from him. The sentence which had been pronounced upon him was not indeed executed, notwithstanding his refusal to attend the parish church and to give over preaching, but he was still kept a prisoner till the midsummer assizes to be held in the month of August that year.

While he was lying in prison Mrs. Bunyan went up to London to make what efforts she could to obtain his liberation. She found access to Lord Barkwood, a member of the House of Lords; and she presented to him a petition, praying that Mr. Bunyan might be set at liberty. He received her courteously, and laid her petition before some other members of the House of Lords, whom he consulted in regard to it; but it was either beyond their power to help her, or they were indisposed to make any exertions in her behalf. Lord Barkwood at last told her that they could give her no encouragement to hope that her husband would be liberated; that his release was a boon not in their power to grant, his case having been committed to the judges at the next assizes.

Gloomy and distressful as were the impressions produced by the failure of the object of her journey to London, she did not abandon hope. She returned to Bedford resolved to leave no means untried for obtaining, if possible, introduction to the judges, and for inducing them to take a favourable view of Bunyan's case. At three different times she presented to the judges three different petitions, which were drawn up, it would appear, by himself, who also considered it his duty to make endeavours to obtain his liberty. The petitions were to the effect that he might be heard in his own defence, and that the judges would impartially take his case into consideration; a necessary prayer at a time when the fountains of justice were corrupted, and the seats of

judgment occupied by men, who, in their judicial procedure, acting as the tools of a tyrannical government, so often outraged the principles of justice, and even the law as it then existed.

She presented the first petition to Judge Hale, whose mildness and humanity of bearing towards her contrasts so favourably with the harshness displayed by the other judges. He received it from her very graciously, and promised that he would do her and Bunyan all the good he could; "but," added he, "I am afraid I can do you none."

On the following day she threw another petition into the coach of Judge Twisdon as he was passing. This judge, a very different man from Hale, was a fit instrument of the government for carrying into execution any violent measure. Having read the petition, he said to her in an angry and scornful tone, "Your husband is a convicted person, and cannot be released unless he promise to preach no more."

Afterwards she presented another petition to Judge Hale as he sat on the bench. Hale was willing to give her audience, but was prevented by Justice Chester, who, seeing her present the petition and observing Hale's compassion excited, stepped up to the bench and said "that Bunyan was convicted in the court, and that he was a hot-spirited fellow," or words to that effect. Upon this Hale waived the consideration of her petition, perceiving from the unrelenting temper of his fellow-judges that there was no probability of their being moved to pity, and therefore no prospect of his being able to be of any service to Mrs. Bunyan.

Encouraged by the high sheriff, she ventured once more into the presence of these men, to make another application for her husband's liberation before they went out of town, hoping that, like the poor widow with the unjust judge in the parable, she might prevail by her importunity. The two judges, with many justices and gentry of the county, were assembled together in the Swan Chamber. Thither she went.

With abashed countenance and throbbing heart she entered the chamber; but the righteousness of her cause gave her courage, and the following colloquy took place between her and the judges:—

Mrs. Bunyan (addressing herself to Judge Hale).—"My lord, I make bold to come once again to your lordship to know what may be done with my husband."

Hale.—"Woman! I told thee before I could do thee no good, because they have taken that for a conviction which thy husband spoke at the sessions; and unless there be something done to undo that, I can do thee no good."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"My lord, he is kept unlawfully in prison; they clapped him up before there was any proclamation against the meetings; the indictment also is false; besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no, neither did he confess."

One of the Justices (unknown to Mrs. Bunyan).—"My lord, he was lawfully convicted."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"It is false; for when they said to him, 'Do you confess the indictment?' he said only this, that he had been at several meetings, both where there were preaching the Word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them."

Judge Twisdon (speaking in an irritated tone, and casting upon her a supercilious glance).—"What! you think we can do what we list. Your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law." Upon this Hale called for the statute-book.

Mrs. Bunyan.—"But, my lord, he was not lawfully convicted."

Justice Chester.—"My lord, he was lawfully convicted."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"It is false; it was but a word of discourse that they took for a conviction, as you heard before."

Chester.—"But it is recorded, woman; it is recorded." These words he often repeated, having no other argument

by which to convince her; as if it could not be otherwise than true because it was recorded.

Mrs. Bunyan.—"My lord, I was a while since at London to see if I could get my husband's liberty, and there I spoke with my Lord Barkwood, one of the House of Lords. To him I delivered a petition, praying for my husband's releasement. He took it from me, and presented it to some of the rest of the House of Lords, who, when they had seen it, said that they could not release him, but had committed his releasement to the judges at the next assizes. This he told me, and now I am come to you to see if anything may be done in this business, and you give neither releasement nor relief." To this they gave her no answer, but made as if they heard her not; only Chester often repeated, "He is convicted," "It is recorded."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"If it be, it is false."

Chester.—"My lord, he is a pestilent fellow; there is not such a fellow in the country again."

Twisdon.—"What! will your husband leave preaching? If he will do so, then send for him."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"My lord, he dares not leave preaching so long as he can speak."

Twisdon.—"See here! what should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must he do what *he* lists? He is a breaker of the peace."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"He desires to live peaceably, and to follow his calling that his family may be maintained. Moreover, my lord, I have four small children that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people."

Hale (compassionately).—"Hast thou four children? thou art but a young woman to have four children."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"My lord, I am but mother-in-law to them, having not been married to him yet full two years. Indeed I was with child when my husband was first appre-

hended; but, being young and unaccustomed to such things, I being smayed[1] at the news fell into labour, and so continued for eight days, and then was delivered, but my child died."

Hale.—"Alas! poor woman!"

Twisdon.—"You make poverty your cloak. I understand that your husband is maintained better by running up and down a preaching than by following his calling."

Hale.—"What is his calling?" Some of the company that stood by answered, "A tinker, my lord."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"Yes; and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised and cannot have justice."

Hale.—"I tell thee, woman, seeing it is so that they have taken what thy husband spake for a conviction, thou must either apply thyself to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error."

Chester (chafed, and apparently much offended at the counsel Hale had just given her).—"My lord, he will preach, and do what he lists."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"He preacheth nothing but the Word of God."

Twisdon (speaking in a manner so exasperated that Mrs. Bunyan thought he would have struck her).—"He preach the Word of God! He runneth up and down and doth harm."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"No, my lord, it is not so; God hath owned him, and done much good by him."

Twisdon.—"God! his doctrine is the doctrine of the devil."

Mrs. Bunyan.—"My lord, when the righteous Judge shall appear, it will be known that his doctrine is not the doctrine of the devil."

Twisdon (addressing Judge Hale).—"My lord, do not mind her, but send her away."

Hale.—"I am sorry, woman, that I can do thee no good; thou must do one of these three things aforesaid: namely,

[1] A contraction of dismayed.

either apply thyself to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error; but a writ of error will be cheapest." At this Chester seemed to be fretted; and, putting off his hat, scratched his head for anger, as Mrs. Bunyan thought.

Thus ended the spirited though unsuccessful defence made by this noble woman for her husband. At the close she burst into tears, not so much on account of what she and her husband and his children might suffer, as from compassion for these judges who would one day have to answer at the bar of a higher judge, for thus converting the bench into an instrument of injustice and cruelty. "When I saw," said she, "that there was no prevailing to have my husband sent for, though I often desired them that they would send for him, that he might speak for himself, telling them that he could give them better satisfaction than I could in what they demanded of him, with several other things, which now I forget, only this I remember, that though I was somewhat timorous at my first entrance into the chamber, yet before I went out, I could not but break forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a sad account such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord, when they shall there answer for all things whatsoever they have done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be bad." "So when I departed from them," she adds, "the book of statutes was brought, but what they said of it I know nothing at all, neither did I hear any more from them."[1]

How great would have been the inward peace and satisfaction of these judges, if, softened into compassion, they had sent Mrs. Bunyan away from their presence with tears of gratitude, instead of despair, imploring upon their heads the blessing of heaven!

The report of the dignity and intelligence with which on

[1] This account Bunyan "took from her own mouth." It forms part of his Relation of his Imprisonment, which was first published in 1765.

this occasion she acquitted herself, inspired Bunyan with admiration. He narrates the scene evidently with great satisfaction. And though her efforts were ineffectual, yet by her artless unstudied defence, which would not have done discredit to an experienced practitioner at the bar, she "shook the resolution and disturbed the equanimity of more than one of the judges," and impressed them all with a conviction that she was a woman of greater intelligence and of a more decided character than they had expected to find in the helpmate of the tinker preacher.

During the long period of twelve years, excepting one short interval, that Bunyan was imprisoned in the jail of Bedford, Mrs. Bunyan's patience was sorely tried. She had the charge of his four children, and this trust she fulfilled with a mother's tenderness, caring for them as if they had been her own. From the generosity of friends she happily was not subjected to temporal privations, but she experienced much anxiety in looking to the future, being kept in distressing suspense as to how his persecutors might dispose of him, whether he would be banished or hanged. While she was engaged at home in household affairs, he was occupied in preaching to his fellow-prisoners, in making tagged laces for the partial support of her and the children, and in writing, besides other pieces, his immortal allegory, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Yet, strange to say, in the pleasing interviews between him and Mrs. Bunyan in his prison, he does not seem to have told her anything about this glorious dream till at least it was finished, as may be inferred from what he says regarding it in the verses prefixed to his *Holy War:*

> "Manner and matter too were all my own;
> Nor was it unto any mortal known
> Till I had done it."

The allusions which he makes to his wife and children in his relation of his imprisonment, discover the tenderness of his attachment to this pious and heroic woman, as well as

his endeared affection for his children. "I was made to see that if ever I would suffer rightly, I must first pass a sentence of death upon everything that can properly be called a thing of this life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my health, my enjoyments, and all as dead to me, and myself as dead to them. . . . The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them. . . . But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you."

The accession of James II. to the throne in 1685 caused Bunyan and Elizabeth new anxiety. James's cruel and tyrannical spirit was universally known. Jeffreys, who was Lord Chief-justice of England, was equally sanguinary. The Bedford justices were eager for new victims. And there would, as before, be no difficulty in packing juries with such men as filled the box on Faithful's trial: Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-minded, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable. Such being the gloomy, threatening aspect of the times, Bunyan, to ward off from Elizabeth as far as possible one kind of suffering—the calamities of poverty—in the event of the worst befalling him, executed a deed, December 23, 1685, by which he conveyed to her the whole of his property, "as well for," to quote from the document, "and in consideration of the natural affection and love which I have and bear unto my well-beloved wife, Elizabeth Bunyan, as also for divers other good causes and considerations, me at this present especially moving."[1]

[1] Philip's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 573.

By this deed Bunyan evinced his tender solicitude for the comfort of Elizabeth, and the confidence he reposed in her integrity and in her maternal affection for his children. But the fears entertained by him and her on the accession of James II. to the throne were happily not realized. He remained unmolested under the reign of that monarch.

In the year 1688 Elizabeth became a widow. Bunyan had gone to Reading in Berkshire on the benevolent errand of endeavouring to effect the reconciliation of a father towards his son, a young man in Bunyan's neighbourhood, who had requested from him this favour, and having succeeded in softening the father's heart towards his son, whom he had threatened to disinherit, he proceeded to London on horseback. The day was rainy, and coming late at night, and drenched with rain, to the house of Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, where he was entertained with the most endearing Christian hospitality, he fell sick of a violent fever. After an illness of ten days, which he bore with exemplary Christian submission, he died on the 31st of August. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, in the back part of the ground, now known as Baptist Corner; but his corpse, it is believed, was afterwards removed to Mr. Strudwick's vault, and his epitaph appears upon the side-pannel of the tomb. The epitaph, which has been lately repaired, is brief, recording simply the date of his decease and his age, with an artless couplet, as follows:—

"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, ob. 31 Aug. 1688, æt. 60.

"The *Pilgrim's Progress* now is finished,
And death has laid him in his earthly bed."

Elizabeth had no surviving children to Bunyan.

To do honour to his memory, she was desirous that various manuscript works which he had prepared for the press might be given to the world. She put forth an advertise-

ment stating her inability to print them. After the lapse of a few years, they were published in a folio edition of his works,[1] by Bunyan's successor at Bedford, Ebenezer Chandler, and John Wilson, a brother minister, who had enjoyed the advantages of Bunyan's ministry at Bedford, and who became the first pastor of a Baptist congregation at Hitchin.[2]

Elizabeth survived Bunyan only four years. Of this period of her life nothing is known. It was doubtless passed in the conscientious discharge of the humble duties of her humble sphere, unnoticed and unapplauded by men, but seen and registered by Him who marks with approbation the faithful performance of the unostentatious every-day duties of the obscurest lot, which have no glare to attract the attention of the world. She died in 1692, following her faithful pilgrim through the river of death, and, reaching the banks on the other side, was welcomed, we doubt not, as he had been, by a company of the heavenly hosts into the city of the Great King.

[1] The title is:—"The works of that eminent servant of Christ, Mr. John Bunyan, late minister of the Gospel, and pastor of the congregation at Bedford. The first volume, containing Ten of his Excellent Manuscripts, prepared for the press before his death, never before printed, and Ten of his Choice Books formerly printed. London, 1692," folio. This volume was, however, far from containing the whole of his works.

[2] Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 162.

AGNES BEAUMONT,

THE FRIEND OF JOHN BUNYAN.

THE story of Agnes Beaumont, besides presenting an example of deep piety, and a remarkable instance of the sufferings to which the innocent have sometimes been exposed, from the calumnies of the malignant and the revengeful, derives no inconsiderable interest from its connection with Bunyan, who was charged with having first seduced her, and then incited her to the horrible crime of murdering her father. Bunyan's reputation, like that of other eminent men in evil times, underwent rather rough usage in his day, and he vindicates himself from various false imputations. But he nowhere records this charge in any production of his pen now extant. The party accused having obtained a triumphant acquittal, it was unnecessary for him in this matter to undertake his own vindication. The well-known solemn protestation of purity which he makes in his *Grace Abounding* has no reference to Agnes Beaumont; for that work was written when he lay in prison, whereas this episode in her life occurred a number of years after his liberation.

AGNES BEAUMONT was born about the year 1652. The place of her birth was Edworth, a village in the county of Bedford, and about seven miles from Hitchin, which is in the county of Hertford. Her father by birth belonged to the yeomanry of England. Like his ancestors, he devoted himself to agricultural and pastoral occupations, and rented a farm at Edworth. His circumstances were easy, and he

acquired for the time a fair amount of property. Agnes in her youth lost her mother; and her only sister, Pruden, who was the eldest, having married the son of a neighbouring farmer, she kept her father's house. Such was her condition at the time when we begin our narration of some passages in her life, as derived from a narrative written by herself.[1]

Agnes does not inform us when or by what instrumentality she was first brought to think seriously of divine things. She may have enjoyed the good instructions and example of a pious mother, and she seems to have derived spiritual benefit from the puritan conventicles which were sometimes held in her neighbourhood. She begins her narrative with these words—"Since I was first awakened," pointing to a preceding period in her history, when she was thoughtless about her soul and salvation. Her conversion appears to have taken place before she joined the fellowship of the Baptist church at Bedford, under the care of the celebrated John Bunyan, which was on October 31, 1672, when she was about twenty years of age.

After Bunyan was released, in 1672, from Bedford jail, in which, however, he did not suffer a close imprisonment, he occasionally preached at Gamlinghay, where some good people, who were members of his congregation at Bedford, resided. These visits excited great interest in the surrounding country, attracting large auditories, and Agnes always endeavoured, if possible, to be present. Bunyan was then in the height of his

[1] The original is lost, but a transcript was made from it by the Rev. William Coles of Ampthill, and given to his daughter, the wife of the venerable Andrew Fuller. It was first published, somewhat abridged, in 1760, by Samuel James, minister of the Baptist church at Hitchin, in a religious biographical work, entitled, "An Abstract of the Gracious Dealings of God with Several Eminent Christians in their Conversion and Sufferings. Taken from Authentic Manuscripts;" and it passed through several editions. In 1824 it was republished with additions, and another edition appeared in 1842. The narrative bears no date; but from certain allusions an approximation may be made to the time when the events recorded took place.

popularity. Few preachers of his day spoke with greater power to the hearts of the people. His vigorous understanding; his strong native good sense; the simplicity and strength of his Saxon language, of which he had a ready command; his deep knowledge of the human heart, and of the inward life of the soul, which he could portray as no man of his age could; his familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures, almost the only source whence he derived his theology; his intense earnestness, every word springing out of a yearning desire to save the souls of men—all these qualities combined made him a preacher of great power, and gained him a high reputation as a minister of the Word. His sermons produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of Agnes. Her thirst after God, after the preaching of his Word, after the sacrament of the Supper, became more intense—an inextinguishable, unquenchable feeling. The fire of love to God, kindled in her heart, impelled her to seek him by every means, and in the face of every discouragement. She was then a youthful convert, and we know the energy with which the religious sentiment often operates on the mind on which it takes hold in early life. Similar effects seem to have been produced by Bunyan's preaching upon her sister Pruden, and upon Pruden's husband.

Agnes's father was also one of Bunyan's most attentive hearers. Hitherto he had thought little of the matters connected with another world. His whole attention had been engrossed with his worldly avocations. But under Bunyan's searching sermons he was awakened to solemn reflection, and the Word often drew tears from his eyes. Sin, guilt, judgment, eternity disturbed his conscience, and excited him to put the serious question, "What shall I do to be saved?" At the time when his daughter Agnes was first awakened to spiritual concern, he had strong convictions. He wondered how he could have lived careless as he had done to well nigh the utmost term of human life, and would say to some of his

neighbours, "My daughter can scarce eat, drink, or sleep, from anxiety about her soul, and I have lived these threescore years, and have scarce ever thought of my soul and eternity." He now embraced every opportunity of hearing the gospel. He prayed by himself, and in his family. The salvation of his soul seemed to be to him the chief object of solicitude.

A change to the worse, however, unhappily came over the mind of Agnes's father, through the influence of one Farry, an attorney, who then lived at Edworth, an irreligious and wicked character, of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to speak more particularly.

Farry was in the habit of often visiting Mr. Beaumont's family, and he was paying his addresses to Agnes. Money, it seems, was his great motive in courting her, and such was his avarice, that he prevailed upon her father, whose good graces he had gained by flattering his humour, to make his will, leaving the greater part of his wealth to her, in the expectation that one day it would become his own; for he had no doubt of obtaining her consent, though he does not appear to have ever secured her affections. He himself drew up the will and saw it duly signed by the old man, and attested by witnesses. This was about the year 1675.

Farry was a scoffer at religion and religious people. He seemed never more in his element than when endeavouring to infuse into the minds of others his own contempt for religion and the religious. To poison the mind of Mr. Beaumont he was constantly, in his intercourse with him, speaking against Bunyan and the frequenters of conventicles, recounting as truths all the calumnies wickedly invented and industriously circulated against that great and good man by his detractors, adding new ones of his own invention, and maligning Bunyan's followers as arrant hypocrites, who under the cloak of religion practised every sort and size of vice, concerned only to keep it hidden from the world. The effect of all this upon the mind of Agnes's father was, that credu-

lously listening to these slanderous representations, he contracted an inveterate dislike to Bunyan, whose ministry he now ceased to attend, and a strong antipathy against his followers. These prejudices and antipathies operated unfavourably upon his religious feelings and character. His conscience, which before had been wounded and pierced, now became to a great degree insensible. If he did not directly stifle or suppress his former convictions, they gradually died away. If he did not directly resist the truth, it took a less firm and practical hold on his heart, and a feeling of estrangement from God and the ways of God seemed to have come over his spirit.

Very different was the effect produced on the mind of Agnes by the contempt, and ridicule, and calumny, which Farry poured upon Bunyan and his followers. It convinced her that he was an ungodly man, and she now repelled his addresses and shunned his society. This mightily exasperated Farry, whose golden visions were thus at once dissipated; and becoming her relentless enemy, he took every opportunity to do her injury. He now endeavoured more strenuously than ever, and with entire success, to intensify her father's hatred of Bunyan, that by this means he might alienate his mind from his daughter, who was so devoted a disciple of the tinker preacher's. Her father's subsequent irritation against her, and all the distress it caused her, were directly traceable to Farry's malice.

As Agnes's father's mind became gradually poisoned against Bunyan, he sympathized less and less with her piety. At first he did not absolutely insist upon her ceasing to go to the meetings for religious worship held at Gamlinghay, even after he himself had ceased to do so. But at last he sometimes refused to allow her to go, and endeavoured to get her to withdraw altogether from the ministry of Bunyan, whom he now regarded, through the power of misrepresentation, as one of the most disreputable of characters.

This to Agnes was a great trial. It exposed her to the irritability of temper to which her father was naturally prone, and which, when excited, broke out into such violence that she was glad to get out of his sight, though, when the passion was over, few excelled him in goodness of nature, or in parental indulgence and affection.

About the year 1678, on one of those occasions on which Bunyan was to preach, and to administer the sacrament of the Supper, at Gamlinghay, Agnes earnestly desired to be present. The meeting was to take place on a Friday. In the prospect of this season of spiritual privilege and Christian communion she was concerned, especially about two things which she made the matter of prayer, first, that her father might throw no obstacle in the way of her attendance, and secondly, that the word and sacrament might be accompanied by the divine blessing, as similar opportunities had been in times past, to the nourishment of her faith and piety.

On her gently importuning her father to allow her to go to the meeting, he at first seemed unwilling; but by her continued entreaties, and upon her promising to do all her work in the morning before setting out, and to return at night, she succeeded in gaining his permission. According to some previous arrangement, she expected that Mr. John Wilson,[1] Baptist minister at Hitchin, would take her on his horse behind him; this being a common mode of travelling for women in those days when roads were bad, and when stage coaches and railways did not exist. She went to her brother-in-law's house, and waited for Mr. Wilson, but to her great disappointment he did not come; and her brother-in-law having told her that he could not spare a horse for her, as all his horses were engaged in working, except the one on which he himself and her sister were to ride to the meeting,

[1] According to Ivimey and James, Mr. Wilson was settled at Hitchin in 1677. We have, therefore, with Philip, ventured to assign this narrative to the following year.

and it being impossible for her to walk, as it was the depth of winter, she began to despair of being able to be present, and burst into tears. While she was in this perplexity Bunyan, quite unexpectedly, came to her brother-in-law's house, on his way to Gamlinghay. The thought suggested itself to her mind that he might take her up on his horse behind him, but she doubted whether he would do so. She did not venture to ask him, but her brother-in-law having done so at her request, Bunyan answered with a degree of roughness, "No, I will not carry her." These words so greatly hurt her feelings, that she wept bitterly. Her brother-in-law, observing her distress, said to Bunyan, "If you do not carry her you will break her heart;" but he made the same reply as before, and aware of the prejudice entertained against him by her father, he added, "your father would be grievously angry if I should." "I will venture that," said Agnes. At last, by much entreaty, he was prevailed upon to take her on his horse behind him.

Soon after they set out her father went to her brother-in-law's house, where he learned, upon inquiry, that she rode behind Bunyan. This information threw him into a violent passion, and he ran down the close, thinking to overtake her, and pull her off the horse; but she and Bunyan were now beyond his reach.

Agnes records with great simplicity that she had not proceeded far on the journey before her heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thought of riding behind this servant of the Lord, who would sometimes be speaking to her about the things of God. But her pride, she adds, soon had a fall. As she and Bunyan were riding into Gamlinghay they were met by a minister of the Church of England, named Mr. Lane, who lived at Bedford, but who usually preached at Edworth. He knew them both, and spoke to them, but gave them a very hard and suspicious look. He soon after spread a vile calumny against them—the more to his own discredit, for

calumny is base in all, but especially in a minister of the gospel.

Agnes reached the place of meeting in high spirits, and with great expectations. Not long after her arrival the services of the day commenced. She heard the discourses delivered with devout and enchaining interest. They fell with living power upon her heart. On that day, a halcyon day of Christian privilege, ever after hallowed in her recollection, she reaped a rich harvest of spiritual profit. She thus describes her experience:—"The meeting began not long after we got thither; and the Lord made it a sweet season to my soul indeed. O it was a feast of fat things! I sat under his shadow with great delight. When at the Lord's table I found such a return of prayer that I was scarcely able to bear up under it. I was, as it were, carried up to heaven, and had such a sight of the Saviour, as even broke my heart in pieces. O how I then longed to be with Christ! How willingly would I have died in the place, and gone immediately to glory! A sense of my sins, and of his dying love, made me love him, and long to be with him. I have often thought of his goodness," she adds, "in his remarkable visit to my soul that day, but he knew the temptations that I was to meet with the very same night, and a few days after. I have seen the bowels of his compassion towards me, in these manifestations of his love, before I was tried. This was infinite condescension indeed."

The services of the day being concluded, understanding that Bunyan was not to return to Bedford by Edworth, she became anxious about getting home, as she had promised to her father to be home that night. She had some difficulty in finding a person who was going her way, but at last she met with a young woman who took her on her horse behind her, and let her down at her sister Pruden's gate. Thence she hastened homeward through roads deep with mud and wet, hoping to reach the house before her father was in bed,

but on coming to the door she found it locked, and the light put out. These she took as signs ominous of a stormy scene from her father's anger.

She called to him, but instead of handing her the key from his room window, as he had been accustomed to do at other times, he demanded roughly, "Who is there?" "It is I, father," she answered, "come home wet and dirty, pray let me in." "Where you have been all day you may go at night," he replied; and with many reproachful and bitter words he threatened that she should never henceforth cross his threshold unless she should promise that she would never go after that man Bunyan again. She stood at the chamber window pleading to be let in. She begged, she cried, but all in vain. He bade her begone from the window, and threatened that if she did not, he would rise and forcibly put her out of the farm-yard.

While her father thus refused to let her in, she could have gone to her brother-in-law's house, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, where she might have had a good supper and a comfortable bed. But she resolved to go to the barn and spend the night in prayer, imploring that Christ would not shut her out at the last day, and that she might have some fresh discoveries of his love to her soul. She was in a situation, and under circumstances very unsuitable for contemplation and prayer. The night was very dark, it was intensely cold, she was much exhausted from fatigue and anxiety, and as she was naturally of a timorous spirit, many frightful things at first presented themselves to her mind, as that she might be murdered before the morning, or catch her death by cold. Yet she pronounces this to have been a happy, a joyful night. It was a night of solemn thought; her soul was lifted up to God by divine contemplation; numerous comforting passages of Scripture crowded upon her memory with a heavenly power, and so completely absorbed was her mind in holy exercise, and such was the ravishing

delight, the joy unutterable she experienced, that she forgot and was insensible to the discomforts of her dreary and uncomfortable situation.

"It was a blessed night to my soul," she says, "a night to be remembered to the end of my life, and I hope I never shall forget it; it was surely a night of prayer, yea, and of praise too, when the Lord was pleased to keep all fears from my heart. Surely he was with me in a wonderful manner. Oh the heart-ravishing visits he gave me, and that spirit of faith and prayer which he poured out upon me! It froze very hard that night, but I felt no cold, although the dirt was frozen on my shoes in the morning. Whilst thus most delightfully engaged, that scripture came with mighty power on my mind, 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you' (1 Pet. iv. 12). This word 'beloved' made such melody in my heart as is not to be expressed, but the rest of those words concerning 'the fiery trial' occasioned some dread; yet still that first word, 'beloved,' sounded louder than all the rest, and was much in my mind the whole night afterward. I saw that I was to meet with both bitter and sweet, when I directed my cries to the Lord, to stand by and strengthen me, which he graciously did, with many a blessed promise before the morning light; and to be the 'beloved of God' was my mercy, whatever difficulties I endured; nevertheless, I began once to be a little dejected, being grieved to think that I should lose my father's love; but this led me to the Lord, to beg that I might not lose his love too, and that good word was immediately given me, 'The Father himself loveth you' (Jn. xvi. 27). Oh, blessed be God, thought I, then it is enough, do with me what seemeth thee good!"

Early in the morning Agnes's father came into the barn with a fork in his hand, and seeing her in her riding dress, probably not expecting to find her there, he made a stand, when she thus addressed him in sad but filial accents, "Good

morrow, father; I have had a cold night's lodging here, but God has been good to me, else I should have had a worse." "It is no matter," he said, as if he had been wholly indifferent to the discomforts of her situation, though, as he afterwards confessed, he felt deeply for her during that long, cold, and dreary night. She besought him to let her go in. "I hope, father, you are not angry with me," said she in an entreating tone, and kept lingering and following him about the farm-yard, as he went to fodder the cows. But the more she entreated him, the more was his anger against her excited. "You shall never," said he, "enter my house again, unless you promise that you will never after this go to a meeting as long as I live." "Father," she replied, "my soul is of too much worth to do this: can you in my stead answer for me at the great day? if so, I will obey you in this demand as I do in all other things." He could not deny that in all other respects she had been an obedient daughter; yet she could not prevail.

Her brother-in-law, learning with great concern from one of his man-servants that her father had shut her out, went to her father to endeavour, if possible, to effect a reconcilement. But perceiving that his entreaties had only the effect of exasperating the old man against himself, he desired Agnes to come along with him to his house. This she refused, still hoping that she might succeed in calming the irritated spirit of her father. She therefore continued following him about the farm-yard, taking hold of his arm, crying and hanging about him, and beseeching him to let her go in.

Unsuccessful in all her efforts to mitigate his resentment, and beginning at length to be faint and cold, she went to her brother-in-law's house, where she got some refreshment and warmed herself. This was about nine or ten o'clock on Saturday morning.

About mid-day her sister, at her request, went with her to her father's house to try to remove or to abate his anger,

but he was still inexorable. At night Agnes herself went alone to him to make another similar attempt. Failing by all her delicacy and tact to subdue the irritation of his temper, she again returned to her brother-in-law's house.

On the following day, which was Sabbath, she proposed to her brother-in-law that on their way to the meeting they should call on their father; but he thought that their presence would only be likely to embitter his feelings the more, and they did not call. While they were going to the meeting, he said to her, "Sister, you are now brought upon the stage to act for Christ; I pray God help you to bear your testimony for him; I would by no means have you consent to my father's terms." "No, brother," she replied, "I would sooner beg my bread from door to door." She observes that she was so strongly fixed in this resolve, that she thought nothing could shake her constancy. But alas for human resolution! Her heroism, as we shall see, like that of Peter, broke down. There is a wonderful potency in Christian principle; but it has this potency only when fortified by strength from God.

After the public religious services were concluded, Agnes again proposed to her brother-in-law that they should call on their father on their way home. They did so and found him in the farm-yard. Her brother-in-law talked very mildly to him, beseeching him to be reconciled; but perceiving that her father still remained sullen, moody, and irritated, she whispered to her brother-in-law that he should go home. "No," he answered, "not without you." "I will come presently," she said, upon which he went away.

Her brother-in-law being gone she stood pleading with her father. "Father," said she, "I will serve you in anything that lies in my power; I only desire liberty to hear God's Word on his own day; grant me this and I ask no more. Father," she continued, "you cannot answer for my sins, or stand in my stead before God; I must look to the salvation of

my own soul, or I am undone for ever." But he peremptorily refused to be reconciled to her, or to own her as his child, except upon the condition, that she should promise never to go to a conventicle, so long as he lived. "Father," said she, "my soul is of more worth than to do so; I dare not make you such a promise." This was like pouring oil upon the flame of his passion. With increased violence of tone and manner, he bade her begone, for he was resolved what to do; and yet he added—an indication of the relenting spirit of the father even in the midst of his raging anger—"Promise that you will never go to the meeting again, and I will give you the key." He repeated these words several times, accompanying them with threatenings, and holding out to her the key, urged her to promise, while she as often refused. Perceiving that her every refusal only called into intenser action the over-mastering irritation of his feelings, she at last answered, "Well, father, I will promise you I will never go to a meeting again as long as you live, without your consent."

Upon this his heart was immediately softened, and he became altogether changed. He affectionately admitted her into the house, and bade her prepare some supper for him, which she did, and desired her to come and partake with him; but it was a bitter supper to her. These words were constantly ringing in her ears, "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" (Matt. x. 33, 37). The peace of her mind had departed; her conscience smote her; and she was filled with terror. This was on Sabbath night. On Monday she was still in great mental distress for what she had done. On the evening of that day her father, observing her evident trouble of mind, asked her, as they were sitting by the fire, what was the matter. She burst into tears and said, "O, father! I am distressed at the thoughts of my promise not to go to a meeting again without your consent,

and fear you will not be willing." At her affecting words and manner, he was so greatly moved that he wept like a child, bidding her not let that trouble her, for they should not disagree. By this she was a little comforted, and said, "Pray, father, forgive me wherein I have been undutiful to you." He then told her with much feeling how his concern for her so pained him on the night on which he shut her out of doors, deeply offended and irritated as he was, that it entirely deprived him of sleep, adding that it was her riding behind Bunyan that had stirred up his anger. Never did he appear more affectionate to her than now. He felt that he had been unjust to his daughter, and was touched with compunction for the unfatherly severity with which he had treated her.

A great part of the day after the reconciliation, being Tuesday, she spent in prayer and weeping, humbling herself with bitter lamentations before the Lord for her sin, and earnestly beseeching him to pardon her, and to keep her by his grace and spirit from denying him and his ways for the future. This issued in her obtaining a sense of forgiveness, and in the return of peace to her soul.

Her father was as well as usual on that day. He ate his dinner as heartily as ever he had done. In the evening he sat by the fire beside his daughter, conversing cheerfully and affectionately with her while she was engaged in spinning. He complained of the coldness of the night, and desired to go early to bed. Supper was therefore prepared sooner than ordinarily, and after smoking a pipe he retired to rest, apparently in perfect health. But he was now near his end. Agnes was suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to witness his last moments. She had not been long in bed when she was awakened from sleep by his distressful moanings, which she at first thought proceeded from the farm-yard; but she quickly discovered whence they came. As he was within hearing, she called to him, "Father, are you not well?"

"No," he said, "I was struck with a pain in my heart in my sleep, and I shall die presently." She immediately rose with all haste, put on a few clothes, lighted a candle, and coming to his chamber, found him sitting up in his bed crying, under great distress of mind, as well as of body, "Lord, have mercy on me, for I am a poor miserable sinner! Lord Jesus, wash me in thy precious blood," &c. He believed that he was about to pass from this world into the world unseen, to render his account to the righteous Judge of all. How was he prepared for that awful and decisive trial? This was what now absorbed his thoughts and drew from him these short, but solemn and fervent prayers. Agnes stood trembling at the sight of his pallid features, and at witnessing his deep affliction, both of body and mind. She then kneeled down by his bedside, which she had never done before, and engaged in prayer in his behalf, praying that he might be prepared to meet his God; that if he was now to die, he might die in faith—the faith that lays hold on Jesus for salvation—and in the hope that is full of glory, and that God would be with him in the swelling waters of death. He seemed to join with great earnestness in her prayers, so fervent in their tone, and so applicable in their matter to his situation as a dying man.

After Agnes had ended this prayer her father rose, put on his clothes, and sat by the fire which she had kindled. His thoughts still running in their former channel, he cried out, "Oh I want mercy for my soul! Lord, show mercy to me, for I am a great sinner! if thou dost not show me mercy, I am undone for ever!" "Father," said she soothingly, "there is mercy in Jesus Christ for sinners, the Lord help you to lay hold on it!" "Oh," he replied, "I have been against you for seeking after Jesus Christ! Lord, forgive me, and lay not this sin to my charge!" How different the feelings with which he now regarded his daughter's ardent thirst for the preaching of the Word, from what they were before!

But she would not chide him in his dying moments. Trembling with anxiety for his life, she desired him to drink something warm which she had prepared for him, in the hope that it might relieve him; but he had drunk only a little of it, when he was seized with a violent straining to vomit, his face became black, and he almost fainted away. She stood by holding his head, and he leaned upon her with all his weight. Having in some degree recovered, he repeated his cries as before:—"Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am a sinful man! Lord, spare me one week more! one day more!" He then went into another room, whither she soon followed him, and found him fallen along upon the floor. At this sight she screamed out, "Father, father," and struggled with all her strength to lift him up, till she could perceive no life in him. Unable to lift him up, she unlocked the door, and went through the snow, which was lying deep, to her brother-in-law's house.

Going to the window of the sleeping apartment of her brother-in-law, she rapped and called out, that her father was dead. Awakened by her mournful cries he immediately started from his bed and ran without delay, with two of his men-servants, to her father's house, while she followed them. The dying man had himself risen from the ground, and was sitting upon the bed, when they reached the house; but he was then almost speechless, being able to answer only a word or two, and life was evidently ebbing fast away. On her return, Agnes, at the desire of her brother-in-law and his servants, did not go into the room where her father was, and one of her brother-in-law's servants soon came, and told her that her father had departed. "Melancholy tidings!" says she, "but in the midst of my trouble I had a secret hope that he was gone to heaven; nevertheless I sat crying bitterly, to think what a sudden and surprising change death had made on my father, who went to bed well, and was in eternity by midnight!" The death of Agnes's father was

probably caused by the agitation and fever into which his physical system had been thrown by his violent and ungovernable passion. Deficient in the virtue of self-government, he had taken no pains to restrain his anger, and giving it full swing, it had left its effects—fatal as they turned out to be—on his frame, when the impulse of resentment had passed away from his mind.

The news of Mr. Beaumont's death soon spread among the neighbours, and as is usual in such cases many of them, especially the females, came to the house to testify their respect for the dead, and their sympathy with the bereaved. Among others who came was Farry, the attorney. While the rest were ministering comfort to Agnes, he exclaimed, "Mr. Beaumont's death is no more than what I looked for;" an expression of which no notice was taken at the time, but its significance afterwards appeared.

The day of the funeral was fixed for Thursday, and the relatives and friends were invited to attend. But on Wednesday Farry sent for Agnes's brother-in-law, and expressly told him that he believed that Agnes had poisoned her father, bidding him at the same time, as an officer of the parish, send for Mr. Hatfield of Potton, surgeon, to make a *post mortem* examination. Her brother-in-law was greatly startled and horrified at the charge; but believing that her father died a natural death, he was prompt in asserting her innocence.

We have already seen how Farry, because Agnes rejected his addresses, became her enemy, and did what he could to excite in her father resentful feelings against her. But so deep was his malignity, and so intense his thirst for vengeance, that, not content with this, he sought to blast her character, and to bring her to the ignominious death not only of a murderer, but of a parricide. Whenever he heard of her father's death, he formed the purpose that he would accuse her of being her father's murderer. This is evident

from his exclamation on visiting the house on hearing of the event. Mr. Beaumont's death taking place just after he had been so greatly exasperated against Agnes, and had treated her with such severity—these antecedent circumstances, Farry imagined, would excite suspicions against her, and give some plausibility to the charge, as if she had committed the atrocious deed under the impulse of a ruthless retaliation.

Agnes's brother-in-law, on returning from Farry's house to his father-in-law's, called her up stairs; but he did not at this time inform her of Farry's accusation. Having disclosed it to a devout man of their acquaintance, he and his wife, together with this man, went into an upper room, where they engaged in prayer; and having resolved that they would not tell Agnes till to-morrow what was laid to her charge, they spent the most of that night in united prayer.

Early in the morning her brother-in-law said to Agnes with tears:—"Sister, pray God help you, for you are like to meet with hard things." "What, worse," asked she, "than I have met with already?" "Yes," he replied, "Mr. Farry says he thinks that you poisoned your father." These words she felt as if a thunder-bolt had suddenly smitten her to the heart. Whatever tribulations might befall her, she had never for a moment dreamed that she would be loaded with so atrocious an imputation as that of the murder of her father. But astounding and horrifying to her as was the imputation, she still was able immediately to reply, "Blessed be God for a clear conscience!"

She and her brother-in-law, having deferred the funeral, sent for Mr. Hatfield, who, when informed of the whole matter, interrogated Agnes as to how her father was before he went to bed, what supper he ate, and other particulars. Having heard her answers, and having examined the corpse, he was entirely satisfied as to her innocence; and going to Farry's house, he expressed to him his surprise that any one

should entertain such suspicions concerning Mr. Beaumont's daughter, assuring him that they were altogether groundless. Farry persisted in maintaining that what he had said was the truth. Perceiving that no argument prevailed to convince him of the contrary, Hatfield returned, and told Agnes and her brother-in-law that it would be necessary for a coroner's inquest to be held. To this she readily agreed, and she desired him to open her father's corpse, which he declined to do, as being quite unnecessary.

"Now," says she, "I had a new work cut out, therefore went to the Lord and prayed that he would appear in this fiery trial. I saw my life lay at stake, as well as the name of God struck at."

She did not know how this plot against her life might end. God, for reasons impenetrable to her, though in perfect wisdom and righteousness, might be pleased to suffer it to succeed. Farry had told her brother-in-law that her crime—that of parricide, would be found by the jury to be petit treason, for which the penalty was death at the stake. Though therefore enjoying the peace which ever attends a consciousness of innocence, she was sometimes agitated with the most dreadful apprehensions. She might be convicted upon false evidence, and in that event how fearful the thought of undergoing so terrible a death. Yet her trust in God rose superior to these terrors, and enabled her to look the dangers of her situation calmly in the face. "Whilst thus surrounded with straits and troubles," says she, "I must own that at times I had many carnal reasonings, though I knew myself clear. I thought, should God suffer my enemy to prevail to the taking away of my life, how shall I endure burning! O the thoughts of burning were very terrible, and made my very heart to ache within me! But that scripture, which I had often thought of before my father's death, came now into my mind, 'When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee,' &c. (Isa. xliii. 2). I said in my heart,

'Lord, thou knowest my innocence; therefore, if thou art pleased to suffer my enemies to take away my life, yet surely thou wilt be with me; thou hast been with me in all my trials hitherto, and I trust wilt not now leave me in the greatest of all.' At last I was made to believe, that if I did burn at a stake, the Lord would give me his presence, and in a solemn manner resigned myself to his disposal, either for life or death."

It was very distressing to Agnes that the charge brought against her would involve another person as innocent as herself in the like fate, even her minister, Mr. Bunyan; for Farry asserted that Bunyan, to obtain her father's property, had instigated her to poison the old man, and had furnished her with the poison by which she had done the deed.

Another source of painful uneasiness to her, notwithstanding the consolation of conscious innocence, was, the fear lest her friends, acquaintances, and neighbours might believe her to be guilty, or regard her with dark and chilling suspicions, and shrink from her as a proscribed and execrable being. Some of them did so, but others of them disbelieved the the accusation, and, too generous to aggravate her sorrow by forsaking her under this sore affliction, extended to her what she so much needed, a warm-hearted sympathy. On the forenoon of Friday, the day on which the coroner was expected, some Christian friends from Gamlinghay paid her a visit, and spent several hours with her in prayer, earnestly beseeching that He in whom she trusted would be to her a very present help in this time of trouble, that He would support her when brought before the coroner and jury, and that He would, to the glory of his name, bring forth her righteousness as the light and her judgment as the noon-day. "This done," says she, "I retired, and was much enlarged in begging the divine presence this day, and that I might not have so much as a dejected countenance, or be in the least daunted

before them. I thought to stand before a company of men for the murder of my own father, though I knew my innocence, would make me sink, unless I had much of the Lord's presence to support me. I thought, should I appear dejected or daunted, people will conclude that I am guilty; therefore I begged of God that he would carry me above the fears of men, devils, and death, and give me faith and courage to lift up my head before my accusers. Immediately that scripture darted into my mind, 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger' (Job xvii. 9). Then I broke out, 'Lord, thou knowest my heart and my hands are clear in this matter.' This was such a suitable word that I could hardly have had such another."

The coroner and the jury having come to her father's house, examined the corpse. They then went to her brother-in-law's house to dinner, after which they proceeded to the inquest. The coroner first called her brother-in-law's man-servants, and having put them to oath, asked them whether they were present when Agnes's father died? What words they heard him speak? and other questions. Farry was next sworn and examined. "As you are the occasion of our coming together," said the coroner, "we would know what you have to say about this maid's murdering her father, and on what grounds you accuse her." With confusion of manner, apparently caused by a consciousness that he was attempting to establish a false accusation, he minutely related the recent difference between her father and her, adding that her father died only two nights after her re-admission; by which he meant to insinuate, as a necessary conclusion, that she had been her father's murderer. "This is nothing to the matter in hand," said the coroner, who at once perceived how unjust it would be to found any evidence of her guilt simply upon the circumstance that her father happened to die so soon after the variance between them. "What have

you to accuse this young woman of? and what evidence have you to adduce in support of your accusation?" Farry could offer nothing else as evidence, and so contradictory were the statements he made that they brought discredit upon the whole of his testimony. Then Agnes was examined. She related all the circumstances connected with the last illness and death of her father, as detailed in the foregoing narrative.

The examinations being concluded, and there being no evidence whatever to support the accusation, which was manifestly a slander got up from some feeling of deep malignity, the coroner addressed the jury in a speech favourable to Agnes, and the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. The verdict being given in, the coroner, indignant at the malice which could invent so cruel an imputation, thus addressed Farry:—"You, sir, who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yea, her life also, if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation. She has met with enough in being alone with her father, when seized with death; you had no need to add to her affliction and sorrow; and if you were to give her five hundred pounds, it would not make amends." Farry was evidently a hardened man, but he would probably look somewhat crest-fallen on hearing the verdict of the jury, and this address to himself from the coroner. The coroner, who strongly sympathized with, and was deeply interested in an intelligent and comely young woman in the flower of her youth, against whom so horrible a charge had been so falsely preferred, then came to Agnes, and taking her by the hand, said, "Sweetheart, do not be daunted, God will take care of thy preferment, and provide thee a husband, notwithstanding the malice of this man. I confess these are hard things for one so young as thou art to meet with. Blessed be God for this deliverance, and never fear but he will take care of thee." Agnes, who was rejoiced that the trial had issued as it did, desired the jury if they

were not satisfied to get her father's corpse opened; for as her innocence was known to God she would have it to be known to them also. The coroner replied, "We are satisfied; there is no need of having him opened; but bless God that the malice of this man broke out before thy father was buried."

Thus was the desperate purpose of Agnes's enemy to hold her up to the world as a detestable monster, and to bring her to an ignominious end, defeated. It was he who was the murderer—*her* murderer in intention, a cowardly murderer, more cowardly than even the midnight assassin, who at least does not attempt, by the arts of falsehood, to entrap others into becoming his instrument, but takes upon himself the risk of his deed of blood.

Agnes's feelings now took the right direction, that of gratitude to God and to the jury, unmingled with self gratulation. "The jurymen," says she, "were all much concerned for me, and were observed to weep when the coroner examined me. Indeed I have abundant cause to bless God that they were deeply convinced of my innocence."

Much as this heartless and unprincipled villain Farry, had wronged her, she was enabled to suppress the feelings of resentment and to exercise towards him a forgiving spirit. "One mercy," says she, "the Lord added to all the rest, which I cannot but mention—namely, that he kept me from prejudice against Mr. Farry; for notwithstanding he had so greatly injured me, I was helped to cry to the Lord, and that with many tears, for mercy on his soul. I can truly say that I earnestly longed after his salvation, and begged of God to forgive him whatever he had said or done to my hurt." This forgiving temper is doubtless worthy of all commendation. But without any violation of the law of Christ enjoining a cordial forgiveness of even our enemies, Agnes might have instituted legal proceedings against Farry; and though the infliction of punishment upon him would have been but a poor compensation for the wrong he had done her, it would

have served to protect society from the mischievous effects of calumny and revenge, by presenting an example that these propensities could not be gratified without bringing down upon the wrong-doer the penalties awarded to such crimes by the laws of his country. On this ground we, for our part, would have been gratified to have seen something like even-handed justice dealt out to a man who could hatch such an infernal plot of calumny and blood as this; but she was not disposed to proceed against him, and he escaped unpunished for this crime, in so far as punishment from man was concerned. Everybody, however, was not disposed to pass over his wickedness so leniently and generously as Agnes Beaumont. "There is a vague tradition in that country," says Philip, "that Farry afterwards robbed a widow, and that the widow, instead of forgiving him or praying for him as Agnes Beaumont did, first made him refund, and then dragged him into a court of justice."[1]

The funeral of Agnes's father took place on Saturday night, friends having been invited to attend after the coroner and jury had gone away.

False charges, though without even the colour of evidence, are always credited by some. This is one of the mischiefs of calumny. About a month after Agnes's father's interment, a report was in circulation at Biggleswade, a township, in a parish of the same name, about 3½ miles north-west from Edworth, that she had now confessed that she had poisoned her father, and that she had become quite distracted. The remark she makes on this is, "I have heard the defaming of many; report, say they, and we will report it" (Jer. xx. 10).

After this, another story became current in a different part of the country, that Bunyan was a widower, and that intending to marry her, he had instigated her to poison her father to obtain his property, the murder having been concerted between them on their way to Gamlinghay. But as

[1] *Life of Bunyan*, p. 535.

Bunyan's wife was then alive, this story appeared so absurd that it was rather laughed at than generally credited.

Farry's hatred of Agnes continued as unmitigated as ever. Notwithstanding her leniency, there is no evidence that he ever made her even the small reparation of retracting his malignant accusation. So intense was the desire of vengeance which had taken possession of his bosom, that he was eagerly intent on involving her in other accusations. In the following summer a fire having broken out in the village of Edworth, the origin of which no one seemed to know, he went about telling everybody that she was the person who had set the house on fire, but the imputation was so utterly improbable that it was generally regarded as a malicious slander.

Thus were the early days of Agnes overclouded with darkness and bitter sorrow. But these clouds were cleared away, and even when they enveloped her, there were intervening openings, through which she beheld a clear serene sky above. She had the testimony of a good conscience, which is a continual feast; she enjoyed the peace of God which passeth all understanding; and these afflictions yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness. On reviewing in after life these and other trying scenes through which she had passed, she thus writes:—"I can say with David, I have found trouble and sorrow: God only knows the sore temptations which I have waded through, some outward, but more inward. Oh the fiery darts which have been shot from hell against me! But on the other hand, none knows, but God, that sweet communion and consolation which he hath graciously afforded me in those hours of trouble. I have experienced such comfort and enlargement of heart, such fervent desires after Christ and his grace, as hath often made me thank God for trouble, because I found it drove me nearer to himself and the throne of his grace. The Lord has made such seasons praying, heart-searching, and soul-humbling times. I have reason to wish it was as well with my soul now as then."

She survived these trials many years. She was twice married. Her last husband's name was Story, a person of considerable substance and great seriousness. She died at Highgate, November 28, 1720, aged sixty-eight years. She descended into the grave, respected and beloved by all who knew her, as a woman of eminent virtue, piety, and intelligence; and her memory continued long embalmed in the recollections of the people of the place where she had lived. Her corpse was brought to Hitchin, at her own desire, and interred in the burying-ground adjoining the Baptist meeting-house. Her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Needham, minister of the Baptist congregation in that place, from 2 Cor. iv. 17: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." In 1812 the young people of the Baptist congregation at Hitchin, under the pastoral care of the aged and venerable John Geard, erected by subscription a stone—which was fixed in the wall of the meeting-house—"in respectful remembrance of a person so justly celebrated for her eminent piety, and remarkable sufferings." "Bunyan's memory, and that of Agnes," says Philip, "are still fresh and fragrant in Gamlinghay, and throughout all the neighbourhood."[1]

[1] *Life of Bunyan*, p. 535.

KATHARINE MATTHEWS,

WIFE OF PHILIP HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO THE DECLINING HEALTH OF MR. HENRY, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

PHILIP HENRY is a well known and popular name in Christian biography. His life, as narrated by his son Matthew, has long been regarded by all classes and denominations in the Church as one of the most precious and instructive memorials of genuine excellence to be found within the whole range of Christian literature. In his wife the Christian virtues and graces shone not less brightly than in him; and if her rare excellence of character owed much to the moulding power of his example and instructions, the healthful development of his into what it became was not a little owing to her fostering influence. Thus did each reciprocate the benefits to be derived from the happiest conjugal union—the one enhancing the true worth of the other. If he was a model of the gospel minister, she was a model of the gospel minister's wife. The memorials of such a woman ought to be interesting and useful, and to her history and character we now invite the reader's attention.

KATHARINE MATTHEWS was born, May 29, 1629. The place of her birth was Broad Oak, a house standing on the roadside between Whitchurch and Wrexham, and situated

in the township of Iscoid in Flintshire, but in the parish of Malpas in Cheshire. She was the only daughter and heir of Daniel Matthews, who was a man of considerable property, having, besides the Broad Oak estate, some lands at Brunnington.

As to the early life of Katharine no memorials have been preserved. From a brief allusion made by Dr. Benyon in her funeral sermon, we learn that in youth she had become seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and that it was under the preaching of Mr. Richard Steel, a nonconformist minister, that these impressions were first produced, or at least confirmed. "In general," said he, "she made it her business to regulate her life by the Word of God, the efficacy of which she experienced betimes in the ministry of that now happy divine, whose name is precious with some of you."[1]

Our next information concerning her relates to the affectionate intimacy formed between her and Philip Henry, minister of the parish of Worthenbury.

This young minister, who was more than two years her junior, having been born at Whitehall, London, August 24, 1631, was the son of John Henry, first keeper of the royal orchard at Whitehall, afterwards page of the back stairs to James, Duke of York, the second son of Charles I. Having studied at Oxford, and taken his degree of Master of Arts in December, 1652, he became domestic tutor and chaplain in the family of John Puleston, Esq., of Emeral Hall, in the parish of Worthenbury,[2] Flintshire, who was serjeant-at-law, and one of the judges of the Common Pleas. In addition to the duties of this situation he preached for some time once every Sabbath, afterwards twice every Sabbath, at the town

[1] Matt. Henry's *Life of Philip Henry*, Williams's edit. p. 338. Philip Henry, who survived Mr. Steel, thus describes him:—"My old and dear friend and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. A man that had been greatly useful in his generation, both in the country and at London."

[2] It lies mostly between Cheshire and Shropshire

of Worthenbury, about six miles from Wrexham, on the south side of the river Dee. Having been collated and presented by Judge Puleston to the church of Worthenbury, he was ordained minister of that parish after the Presbyterian form, September 16, 1657, by the nearest presbytery, which was in the hundred of Bradforth North in Shropshire. He was ignorant of the Welsh language; but this was no disqualification, for though this town and parish are reputed to be in Wales, the language and manners of the people are entirely English. Judge Puleston settled on him a fixed stipend to be derived from the Emeral estates, superior to the average amount of the tithes, and not subject to the fluctuations of the tithes. That judge also at his own expense built for him a house, to which Henry removed in February, 1658–9, one of his sisters becoming his housekeeper.

Katharine Matthews, whose father resided in the neighbourhood, had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Henry, and they soon became attached to each other. Her personal attractions, intelligence, and virtues had obtained for her advantageous proposals of marriage from other parties; but the puritan minister was the object of her decided preference.

Her father was however opposed to the match, and to prevent it threw in the way all the difficulties he could. What were the grounds of his disapproval it is not said. He probably desired for his daughter a husband of greater wealth, and of higher worldly position than the humble minister of a small and poor parish. But his opposition had no weight with his daughter. She persisted in maintaining that her choice was in all respects a prudent and an honourable one, which promised, as far as man could foresee, the enjoyment of conjugal happiness. Wealth and worldly distinctions she would not despise, but personal worth stood higher in her estimation. "Mr. Henry," said she, in answer to her father's objections, "is a gentleman, a scholar, an

excellent preacher, and a good man." This her father did not deny; but still continuing to remonstrate and object, he urged that the young divine with whom she had become so enamoured, was an entire stranger, that they knew nothing about him, that they did not even know where he came from. "True," replied Katharine, "but I know where he is going to, and I should like to go with him."

This being her state of mind it was likely that in the end she would get her own way. Yet her father for a time persevered in his endeavours to break off the design of marriage; and when at last, on perceiving that his opposition could not succeed without, perhaps, destroying his daughter's peace of mind, he yielded, still to show his dissatisfaction he insisted on imposing in the marriage contract hard and unreasonable conditions on Henry. In a letter to him Henry complains of these terms as inequitable; expresses a hope that he would relax their stringency; declares his readiness to comply with them, if somewhat abated, to the utmost of his power, or to marry the daughter without any marriage portion, leaving him to dispose of his estates as he chose; and implores him to extend a considerate parental indulgence to the inclination of his daughter.

"Sir,—I have received by my friend your answer to what I proposed in my last, concerning your lands at Brunnington, with which I am satisfied. I understand from him, also, that for your other lands which are at Broad Oak your demand is £800, which sum being, as I am informed, according to the present rate of lands, near their full value, makes it, in effect, no portion but a purchase. I do therefore hope, sir, it is but your demand, and that room is left for some abatement, so far, at least, that there may be equality, and withal that provision may be made for my just security in case your daughter should die without issue. Concerning both which I shall desire the interposure of no other arbitrator than your own self, to whom I would refer it. I have

had many occasions for laying out monies this last year in furnishing my house, and other ways; nevertheless I have £200 or thereabouts, which I am willing to disburse to you for the present, and shall give you sufficient bond for more to be paid within reasonable time, on the considerations before mentioned. Or, if you please to give your consent that I may match with your daughter, I shall be as willing to dispose of those monies elsewhere to her use, and you may do with your own as you think good. I assure you, sir, though you will not believe me, the Lord knows, I eye it not, having learned in that estate wherein I am to be content. Sir, I beseech you, have some respect in this matter to honest, innocent affections; though not to mine, who am but a stranger, yet, however, to hers who is your own flesh; and be pleased to consider, the same God who bids your child obey you, bids you also, in the same breath, not to provoke her, lest she be discouraged. I should much rejoice if I might hear that you are inclined yet, at last, to entertain more charitable, favourable thoughts concerning me, who do really desire to approve myself, sir, your servant in the Lord, PHILIP HENRY.

"Worthenbury, Feb. 16, 1659."[1]

This epistle, though it does not appear to have altogether disarmed Katharine's father's opposition, yet had so far a mollifying effect on his mind as to dispose him to mitigate the conditions of the marriage contract. In his answer to Henry he desired him to meet him on the 28th of February at the house of one of his tenants, where some understanding might be come to on that point. This was so far gratifying to Henry; and in his reply, as he had a previous engagement to preach on the 28th, he names a different day when it would be more convenient for him to meet with Mr. Matthews at the place appointed. The letter is as follows:—

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 65.

"Sir,—It hath been all along my desire and care, as far as I have known myself, to walk in the highway in this affair concerning your daughter. I can truly say your dislike of it hitherto hath been one of the greatest afflictions that hath befallen me; as, on the other hand, your approbation would be one of my greatest outward mercies. And I do bless the Lord, who hath been pleased thus far to incline your heart towards me, hoping he will finish what he hath begun. It falls out, sir, that I am engaged upon the service of my calling to-morrow in the work of the Lord; but upon Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, God willing, I shall not fail to be at your tenant's house, if your occasions will permit your presence there at that time, or when else you shall appoint. This, with my service to yourself, and love unfeigned to your daughter, is all at present from him who is, and desires to be thought to be, sir, yours to serve you,

"Worthenbury, Feb. 27, 1659. Philip Henry."[1]

The contract was subscribed, March 20, 1659; and it stipulated that the marriage should be celebrated on or before the 1st of May following. Fresh difficulties, however, arose on the part of Katharine's father, who renewed his opposition apparently as strongly as ever. This created a delay of nearly twelve months, to the great annoyance and trial of the patience of the two lovers. To this obstruction to the consummation of their wishes, Henry alludes, in a letter to Katharine's father, dated Worthenbury, June 13, 1659.

"Far be it from me," says he, "to blame your due paternal care; but truly, sir, my condition being such as, blessed be God! it is, and my desires and expectations being proportioned accordingly, and no way exceeding, I am apt to think it might be an easy matter to remove that obstruction. For my own part I am willing to refer it to yourself. You may deal in it as you see cause, and I shall acquiesce in your

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 66.

pleasure—only favour me in her towards whom my affections are, which is the great request and sole ambition in this present address of, sir, your friend and servant in the Lord,

"PHILIP HENRY."

At last the marriage was celebrated on the 26th of April, 1660, at Broad Oak, the bride having completed her thirty-first year, while the bridegroom was a few months short of twenty-nine years. Mr. Matthews had now withdrawn his opposition, and become so far reconciled, if not entirely friendly to the union, that he not only formally gave his daughter to Henry when the ceremony was performed, but previously settled part of his estate upon them; and at his death, which happened about seven years after, he left to them the remainder of his property. The nuptial festival being concluded, the happy pair proceeded to their house at Worthenbury.

Well would it be were all marriages to turn out as felicitously as did this. Never perhaps was there a lovelier scene of domestic affection, happiness, and piety, to be seen, than that presented by this pair at the manse of Worthenbury. Their lives were calm and peaceful, but not inactive. As a minister of the gospel, the work of which he pursued with great diligence and earnestness, young Henry found ample occupation in the labours of the study, the pulpit, and visitation from house to house. Mrs. Henry assiduously applied herself to the management of her household affairs, in which she acted with sound discretion, and she was always diligently engaged in some useful work, it being a favourite maxim of hers, that idleness is the devil's snare. Both of them had already been betrothed to their heavenly Spouse; and religion diffused its hallowed influence over the whole of their intercourse, sweetening every enjoyment, lightening every care, and enhancing the delights of their mutual interchange of sympathy, and thought, and love. Their son Matthew, who has drawn a beautiful picture of their domestic life, thus

writes in describing their joint devotional habits:—"He and his wife constantly prayed together, morning and evening, and never, if they were together, at home or abroad, was it intermitted; and from his own experience of the benefit of this practice, he would take all opportunities to recommend it to those in that relation, as conducing very much to the comfort of it, and to their furtherance in that which, he would often say, is the great duty of yoke-fellows; and that is, to do all they can to help one another to heaven."

After his death, Mrs. Henry expressed herself as filled with joy and thankfulness to God that she had known Mr. Henry, and that they had been brought together into the closest and most endearing of all relations. He, on the other hand, took all occasions to acknowledge with gratitude to God, how great and precious a gift he had received in receiving her. On one of the anniversary days of his marriage, he writes:—"A day of mercy never to be forgotten." "God has given me one," he afterwards writes, "every way my helper, in whom I have much comfort, and for whom I thank God with all my heart." On the twentieth anniversary of his marriage, he makes this entry in his diary: "April 26, 1680.—This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord more than twenty-thousand mercies; to God be glory!" In his own quaint manner he was wont to say, after they had lived together for many years, "We were never reconciled," that is to say, there had never been any disagreement between them rendering reconciliation necessary. When marrying his youngest daughter, April 26, 1688, he said, "I cannot desire for you that you should receive more from God than we have received in that relation and condition." These are high testimonies to Mrs. Henry's great worth. She "was indeed," says Williams, "a woman of uncommon excellence. She united a cheerful and tranquil mind with intellectual endowments of a superior order; and in full exemplification of an

inspired portraiture, habitually walked in all the 'commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.'"

The restoration of Charles II., which took place soon after the marriage, being speedily followed by great and long-continued trials to the nonconformists, Henry and his wife, who took the side of nonconformity, had a share of these trials, though a smaller share than many others. His friends and patrons, Judge Puleston and the pious lady of that judge, had now gone the way of all the earth, and their heir had become so entirely estranged from Henry, his former tutor, as to refuse to pay him his stipend derived from the Emeral estates, because he did not read the Book of Common Prayer, though no law for enforcing the reading of it was yet enacted. So depressed were Henry's pecuniary resources now, that, writing January 31, 1661, he says: "Things are low with me in the world; but three-pence left." Before the close of that year he was discharged from the curacy of Worthenbury by Dr. Bridgman, and on October 27, he preached his farewell sermon, on Phil. i. 27: "Only let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ." As yet, however, he might preach in other places, but after St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1662, when the infamous act of uniformity came into force, he could not preach anywhere without incurring severe penalties. Under these trials, Mrs. Henry indulged not in complaints nor in repining thoughts. She made no attempt to persuade Henry to conform that he might escape privations and hardships. Whatever he might undergo in following out his convictions of duty, she was prepared cheerfully to be a fellow-sufferer with him, and she sustained him under all his cares, temptations, and persecutions.

At the end of September, 1662, she and Henry with their family left Worthenbury, and went to reside at Broad Oak. Their first child, John, had been born at the former of these places, May 3, 1661. Within three weeks after their coming to Broad Oak, namely, on the 18th of October, their second

child, a son, named Matthew, the illustrious Bible commentator, was born. His birth, it is said, was premature, caused, it is probable, by the mother's anxiety and agitation, in consequence of Henry's ejection from Worthenbury and their removal to Broad Oak.

Mrs. Henry's other children were four daughters, Sarah (born Aug. 7, 1664), Katharine (b. Dec. 7, 1665), Eleanor (b. July 23, 1667), and Anne (b. Nov. 25, 1668). All her six children were born within less than eight years, and all of them, except John, who, as we shall see, died in his sixth year, lived to mature age and were married.

Her obligations and responsibilities as a Christian mother to train up her children for God were deeply felt by Mrs. Henry; and to her conscientious performance of the parental duties in this respect, her son Matthew bears honourable testimony in the funeral sermon he preached on the occasion of her death. "Those mothers," says he, "that are pious and religious towards God are entitled to this honour—to be called blessed by their children; 'a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised:' . . . . those that not only by such a good example as this, but by their prudent and pious instructions, teach their children also the fear of the Lord, train them up in the ways of pure religion, under the conduct of the principles of Catholic Christianity, not biased to a party, nor soured with animosity and uncharitable prejudices, and in subjection to that 'kingdom of God,' which is 'not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' . . . Such, you know, the parents were whom we are this day calling blessed." These labours of this pious mother were not in vain in the Lord. She had much comfort in all her children—the satisfying persuasion, resting on evidence which their conduct never belied, that all of them had entered in good earnest on the right way.

After the ejectment by the act of uniformity in 1662, it was the trial of many a minister that not only himself, but

those dearer to him than even his own life—his wife and children—were reduced to penury, to a destitution of even the necessaries of life. Any kind or degree of personal hardship and suffering he was prepared to endure; but how could he witness his famished and weeping wife and children crying for bread when there was none to give? Yet his affliction in such a condition was often lightened by the faith and heroism of his wife. Often did she lead him, as well as he her, to those sources of divine solace and support which can never be approached in vain. Often did she pour upon his wounded and bleeding heart the balm of heavenly consolation. Often did he acquire a firmer tone of mind from her example of patience, and constancy, and fortitude.

Mrs. Henry was happily exempted from the afflictions arising from want. She was provided in her father's house with a comfortable home, such as was the lot of few of the ejected ministers' wives; and inheriting his property upon his death, she was placed in circumstances which not only secured to her and her family every comfort of life, but which enabled her to extend her hospitality towards many of the families of the ministers who by their ejectment were stripped of their all. And how kindly, and lovingly, and cheerfully she performed the rites of hospitality was gratefully attested by many who had witnessed or shared her bounty. A large proportion of her income was bestowed in this way, and she and Henry were thankful to God who had put it in their power thus to minister to the assistance of others, remembering the words of the Lord, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Henry was thus also enabled to preach the gospel freely, which he did to the close of life.

Still Mrs. Henry did not escape the harassments which nonconformists suffered in those evil times. After the passing of the act of uniformity, Henry desisted for a long time from preaching, except to his own household on the Sabbath-day when the weather confined them to the house, or on

paying a visit to his friends; and he constantly attended with his family on the Sabbath at Whitewell chapel, which was close by, or in the neighbouring churches when there was no sermon in that place. His forbearance and moderation did not, however, shield him from molestation. In October, 1663, he and some others of his friends were arrested and brought prisoners to Hanmer, under pretence of being implicated in some alleged plot against the government; but after a few days on being examined they were set at liberty, on finding verbal security to appear when called, upon twenty-four hours' notice. In September, 1665, he was again brought prisoner to Hanmer, on the charge or suspicion of having been present at private meetings—a private meeting for prayer, as he confessed. But in this instance also, after an imprisonment of a few days, he was released, upon giving bond with two sureties to appear when called, and to live peaceably, under a penalty of twenty pounds.

In the beginning of the year 1667, Mrs. Henry with Henry and the children removed from Broad Oak to Whitchurch, a considerable town in Shropshire, and about two miles distant from Broad Oak. They made this removal partly to prevent the possibility of quarrel with Henry on the ground of the five mile act (though Broad Oak was sixty yards more than five miles from the confines of Worthenbury parish), and partly for greater convenience in sending their two sons, John and Matthew, to school. Here they dwelt above a year, except a few months in autumn, which they passed at Broad Oak.

Whilst they were resident at Whitchurch, their eldest son John, who was not quite six years of age, a child of a strong, healthy constitution and of uncommon promise, "full of action," to quote his father's words, "stirring, always doing something, and doing whatever he did with all his might," fell sick of the measles, and died on Friday, the 12th of April that year. This the first death in their family, was a

very painful bereavement to his parents. John's capacity and taste for learning, the tenderness of his dispositions, which made him melt into tears at the least sign of displeasure on the part of his parents, his patience and penitence under correction, which however he rarely needed, his warm affection towards his brother and sisters[1]—all these had bound their hearts to him by the strongest ties, and increased the severity of this affliction. But they were sustained by various alleviating and comforting considerations. They had devoted him to God, and from the tokens he had exhibited of the piety of his spirit, they had good reason to believe that he had been received into the bosom of his everlasting father—of that tender Shepherd who gathers the lambs in his arms. Previously to his illness he was much impressed with some verses which he had read in Mr. White's *Power of Godliness*, said to have been found in the pocket of a promising youth who died before he was twenty-four years of age. From his own option he committed them to memory, and was often repeating them. The lines are these:—

> "Not twice twelve years[2] full told, a wearied breath
> I have exchanged for a happy death.
> Short was my life; the longer is my rest;
> God takes them soonest whom he loveth best.
> He that is born to-day and dies to-morrow,
> Loses some hours of joy, but months of sorrow
> Other diseases often come to grieve us,
> Death strikes but once, and that stroke doth relieve us."[3]

The Sabbath intervened between the death and interment of the child. On that day his parents, though sad in spirit, attended public worship as usual, the father preaching. He was buried on the 15th of the month in which he died, towards the upper end of the middle aisle at Whitchurch church, and

[1] "When Matthew sickened first with the measles, John went to bed with him of his own accord, sooner than ordinary, and wept over him."—*Life of Philip Henry.*

[2] Little John Henry might say "not half twelve years."

[3] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 109-111.

they committed his mortal remains to the dust, in the faith of a glorious resurrection.

Mrs. Henry's son Matthew was seized with the same disorder which had proved fatal to John, and so severe were the symptoms that for a time his life was believed to be in danger; but he was mercifully recovered for a blessing to his parents and friends, and the church of Christ.

In May, 1668, she returned with Henry and the family from Whitchurch to Broad Oak, which continued from this time to be their settled residence as long as they lived.

In 1670 they were again thrown into anxiety for the life of Matthew, now a lively and gifted boy of about ten years of age. He was attacked by a lingering fever, and such was its violence, that for some time all hope of his recovery was given up; but in the course of a few days the fever abated, and the convalescence of the child was rapid.[1]

In August, 1671, Henry went to London. While there, he was seized in the beginning of September with a severe illness, which he himself at first apprehended would be fatal. "I had," says he, "the sentence of death within myself, and was, in some measure, willing to it at that time and in that place, though a stranger, had God seen good." Mrs. Henry's reply to a letter he wrote to her communicating this intelligence is characteristic and touching, attesting the strength of her conjugal affection, and pervaded by mingled affliction and submission to the will of God.

"My Dear Husband,—I received your last yesterday, and am grieved to hear of your being ill. The children and family are well, blessed be God! and myself as well as I can be whilst in fear that you are ill. I have given up all my interest in you to my heavenly Father, and am labouring to be ready for evil tidings, which, if it be, God knows how I shall bear it. I shall expect between hope and fear till to-morrow night, and whatever the issue may be, labour to justify God.

[1] Williams's *Life of Matthew Henry*, prefixed to Henry's *Commentary*, p. 2.

Yet I hope to hear of your coming, and when it will be, in your next. My dear heart, the Lord be with you, and send us a happy meeting! so prayeth your faithful and loving wife,

"September 6, 1671. KATHARINE HENRY."

The letter is addressed, "For Mr. Philip Henry, to be left with Mr. Enock Darack, at the sign of the Trumpet, within Aldersgate, London."[1]

Mrs. Henry's fears were happily disappointed. Henry soon recovered and safely reached home on the 18th of September.

He availed himself of the indulgence granted by Charles II. to dissenters, in 1672, by publicly resuming the exercise of his ministry at Broad Oak, where he formed a congregation gathered from the neighbourhood and surrounding parishes. This indulgence however did not last long, and Henry, though he suffered less than many of his brethren, was afterwards fined, and for a short time imprisoned, for alleged violation of the laws against conventicles.

At the breaking out of the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, in 1685, Henry fell under the suspicion of the government, though he was unfavourable to that undertaking from the first, and had always expressed himself hopeless of its success, as it was his belief that God would deliver these nations not by Monmouth, but in some other way. Pursuant to a general order of the lord-lieutenant for securing all suspected persons, and particularly all nonconformist ministers, officers were sent to Henry's house to arrest him upon a warrant from the deputy-lieutenants. He was arrested, and sent under a guard to Chester Castle, where he was imprisoned with several gentlemen and ministers who had been brought thither from Lancashire. Mrs. Henry witnessed his arrest with a heavy heart; his parting exhortation to her and the children was that of the apostle: "Work out your own sal-

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 126.

vation;"[1] and she followed him, if not in person, yet with her anxieties, tears, and prayers. During his imprisonment they were permitted to correspond, and she was much encouraged by his letters. The cheerful spirit in which they were written, attesting a good conscience, for it is guilt, he said, that makes a prison; and the information they gave her that his condition was more tolerable than he had expected, that he was in the enjoyment of perfect health, therefore not "sick and in prison," and that he had found very agreeable society in many of his fellow-prisoners, though strangers to him—had a sustaining effect upon her mind. Yet sometimes he could not refrain from giving expression to dark forebodings that these sufferings might be the little cloud like a man's hand which darkened the horizon, and betokened other and greater troubles. In the close of a letter to her, dated July 8, 1685, he thus writes:—"Love to Sarah and Eleanor, and to all the rest. Do what you can to get to heaven yourselves, and to help one another thither. Prepare for further sufferings, to which it may be these things are but the preamble, but all is well that ends everlastingly well. Thanks for all your love and faithfulness to me, and patience with me; the Lord will reward it."[2]

Henry's imprisonment was not of long continuance. After the lapse of three weeks he was set at liberty, without solicitation on his part, and without conditions, the magistrates by whom he was committed subscribing a document to the effect that they had nothing to lay to his charge.

At this time, Mrs. Henry's eldest son, Matthew, was studying law in Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, London, whither he had gone towards the end of April, 1685. While he was resident there, diligently employed in adding the knowledge of law to his other accomplishments, letters frequently passed between him and his parents. One of his mother's letters,

[1] Mrs. Savage's *Diary*, quoted in *Life of Philip Henry*, Williams's edition, p. 304.

[2] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 158.

written to him during this period, has been preserved. It is short, but in the brief space which it occupies, the tenderness and wisdom for which she was distinguished are happily blended.

"Dear Child,—It is much my comfort and rejoicing to hear so often from you, and, although I have little to send you but love, and my blessing, your father being absent, I write a line or two to you to mind you to keep in with God, as I hope you do, by solemn, secret, daily prayer; watching therein with perseverance, not forgetting what you have been taught, and the covenant engagements, renewed again and again, that you lie under, to walk circumspectly in your whole conversation, watching against youthful lusts, evil company, sins, and snares from the world and the devil. Your affectionate mother, K. H."[1]

With Matthew's letters from Gray's Inn his mother must have been highly gratified. Her mind, it is said, was haunted with fears as to his abandonment of the Christian ministry, but nothing could better conduce to remove such fears than these letters, which discovered not only his filial affection, his ardour in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the rapid development of his mental ability, but also his personal piety, and the entire consecration of himself and of all his acquirements to the cause of the Redeemer.

To the joy of his mother, Matthew returned to Broad Oak in the month of June, 1686. From his ardent and incessant study of the Scriptures, she soon observed that his cultivation of law as a branch of useful knowledge had in no degree shaken his original purpose of devoting his life to the Christian ministry.

Matthew was her favourite child. "I well remember," says Mrs. Savage, when lamenting his premature death, "that I have thought my dear mother had most tenderness and love for my brother, yet," she adds, with amiable self-

[1] Williams's *Life of Matthew Henry*, p. 11.

complacency, "I was so far from envying for his sake, that I complied with her, and loved him with a pure heart fervently."[1] The mother's earnest prayers for this son, and her yearning hopes regarding him, were more than fulfilled. She lived to witness many years of his useful career as a Christian minister, and she felt joy and happiness, as well she might, in having nursed, and cherished, and brought up a son who was so eminent an instrument of good to the church of Christ.

In the years 1687 and 1688, all her five children were comfortably married, with her full consent, the three eldest within the course of four months, in the former of these years, and the other two within a year and a half after. Sarah was married to John Savage, a respectable farmer and land agent residing at Wrenbury Wood, near Nantwich, in Cheshire; Katharine to John Tylston, M.D.; Matthew to Katharine Hardware, only daughter of Samuel Hardware, Esq.; Anne to Mr. Hulton; and Eleanor to Mr. Radford. Her youngest daughter Anne's marriage was celebrated April 26, 1688, the twenty-eighth anniversary of her own. On the marriage of the last of her daughters, Eleanor, she and Henry being now left alone, as in the beginning, "God," said he to her, "be better to us than twenty children!" All her four daughters were married at Whitewell chapel, and the father preached a wedding sermon for each of them in his own house. In these new relationships she found new sources of happiness, her daughter-in-law and her sons-in-law being persons of eminent Christian worth, and it added to the comfort that four of them were settled in Chester. It rejoiced her also that the affection of her children towards each other, now when they were separated and formed into distinct families, was rather increased than lessened. In the course of eight years she had not less than twenty-four grandchildren.

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 197.

Her first affliction arising from these new relations was the death of the amiable and pious wife of her son Matthew, who, when confined of her first child, died of the small-pox, February 14, 1688–9, aged twenty-five, about a year and a half after her marriage.[1] The sad event took place only a few weeks after the marriage of Mrs. Henry's daughter Eleanor to Mr. Radford. On that occasion, the wife of Matthew, as if haunted by presentiments of her approaching dissolution, said, "Now we have a full lease, God only knows which life will drop first." In the extremity of her illness she comforted herself with these words: "Well, when I come to heaven, I shall see that I could not have been without this affliction." Some time before her death she was distressed with fears as to her interest in the Saviour, but the clouds of doubt were dispelled, and she died in the joyful hope of everlasting life.

In the year 1694, Mrs. Henry was in a very weak and sickly condition. She had long enjoyed a large measure of health, but now when sixty-five years had passed over her, she felt more sensibly than before the effects of the wasting power of time. In a letter written in the course of that year by Mr. Henry to his daughter Mrs. Savage, he makes allusions to the impaired health and strength of his beloved and faithful consort. "It is as long," says he, "since we heard from you, as it is since you heard from us, and we thought it long. As yours to us brings no evil tidings from the Wood [*i.e.* Wrenbury Wood, Mrs. Savage's residence], so neither doth this to you from the Oak [*i.e.* Broad Oak]. Your mother continues to mend, through God's goodness, and bids me tell you she is better—God be praised!—to-day than she was yesterday, and yesterday than the day before. She has come down stairs, and that is, to her, like launching into a sea again, for we have at present a troublesome house of it."[2]

[1] She was married to Matthew, July 19, 1687.

[2] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 211.

Henry also now felt the infirmities and declining strength of advancing age. Some time before his last illness, when Mrs. Henry was on a visit to her daughter Mrs. Savage, at Wrenbury Wood, he had a severe attack, probably of colic, which greatly alarmed his friends. Mrs. Henry had sometimes told him that she could not endure to see him die. In a letter to Mrs. Savage at this time, informing her after his partial recovery how ill he had been, he refers to this, and then adds: "For that reason I was glad she was away, for I thought, all night, there was 'but a step.'" He further writes: "My dear love to my wife, and to yourself and husband, and all the rest. I am glad that she is acceptable to you, and am willing she should be so, while she and you please."

CHAPTER II.

FROM MR. HENRY'S LAST ILLNESS TO HER DEATH.

Henry's last illness was a complicated fit of the stone and colic, to which he was subject. It seized him on Tuesday, June 23, 1696. He rose as usual at six o'clock in the morning in his wonted health. Between seven and eight o'clock he conducted the devotions of the family—for that was his hour of morning domestic prayer. He expounded at some length the first half of the civ. Psalm and sung it; but the prayer he offered up was shorter than ordinary, probably because he felt unwell. Prayer being ended he retired to his chamber, without complaining, but soon after he was found stretched upon his bed in great agony. The remedies which, under previous attacks, had given him relief, were now altogether ineffectual,

The extreme pain he suffered, which continued without intermission, extorted from him groans; but these were immediately followed by expressions of regret, and of submission to the hand and will of his heavenly Father. "I am ashamed," said he, "of these groans. O for virtue, virtue, now when I have need of it!" alluding to the subject of his sermon on the preceding Sabbath, "Add to your faith virtue," taking virtue for Christian courage. "Forgive me that I groan thus, and I will endeavour to be silent. I groan, but I do not grumble. Yet my stroke is heavier than my groaning." To some of his grandchildren who had some time before come to see him, he said, "Oh do not put off your great work till you come to die!" To others about him he said, "You must remember the instructions and counsels which I gave you when I was in health, for now I can say but little to you; I can only refer you to what I said as that which I would live and die by." Often in the afternoon he cried out, "I faint; I am dissolved. Come, blessed angels, do your office!"

Matthew, who had been sent for, arrived at Broad Oak, accompanied by a physician, about eight o'clock at night, and found his father in great extremity of pain. "Oh son! you are welcome to a dying father," was his father's first salutation. "I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand."

He continued to grow visibly feebler. Towards ten or eleven o'clock at night his pulse and sight began to fail. He himself took notice of the latter circumstance, and expressed his belief that the solemn change was at hand, for which all of them ought to be prepared. He took an affectionate farewell of Mrs. Henry, who under all his ailments had ever been to him a tender and vigilant nurse, and who, since this illness began, had hardly ever left his chamber. He tendered to her a thousand thanks for all her love, and care, and tenderness. He left his blessing to all his children, and their

dear partners and little ones that were absent. To Matthew, who sat at his bedside, he said, "Son, the Lord bless you, and grant that you may do worthily in your generation, and be more serviceable to the church of God than I have been!" His understanding continued unclouded to the last; and speech only failed him a few minutes before his departure. His last words were, "O death! where is thy ——?" unable, through anguish of dissolution, to complete the sentence. A few minutes after, namely, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning of June the 24th, while Mrs. Henry was holding his hands as he sat in bed, and Matthew was supporting the pillow at his back, he breathed out his soul into the hands of his redeeming God, without a struggle or a groan. He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and in the thirty-ninth of his ministry. The golden bowl was broken at the fountain; for he had preached with his usual force and animation on the Sabbath preceding his decease. From the shortness of his illness, which was only about sixteen hours, none of his children, except Matthew and some of the grandchildren, were present when he died.[1] His funeral took place on Saturday, June 27; and on that day "all his children, and their yoke-fellows —ten of us," says Matthew, were assembled. His remains were accompanied to their last resting-place at Whitchurch,[2] by most of the neighbouring gentry, and by a numerous concourse of people of all classes from the surrounding country. On the morning, before the lifting of the corpse, a sermon was delivered in the chapel at Broad Oak by his beloved friend Mr. Tallents, of Shrewsbury, from Rom. viii. 23: "And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 221–224.

[2] A marble monument, with a long inscription in Latin, was afterwards erected over his grave in Whitchurch. At the end of the epitaph its erection was attributed to his son-in-law, Dr. John Tylston; but the following words were subsequently substituted for that part of the inscription:—

"Posuit hoc marmor in veris lachrymis
Katharina conjux viduata."

fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." On the following day being the Sabbath, Mr. Owen, of Oswestry, preached in the forenoon upon Elisha's pathetic exclamation on beholding the translation of Elijah, "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" (2 Kings ii. 12.) In the afternoon another sermon was preached by Matthew, the son of the departed, from Heb. xi. 4: "And by it he being dead yet speaketh."[1]

Matthew, as he himself expresses it, was "full of confusion, and like a man astonied." Many tears were shed by his sisters over the loss of such a father. The little children were greatly affected, weeping bitterly. But on Mrs. Henry the bereavement fell the heaviest. How sadly changed was everything to her about Broad Oak, now that he who had travelled with her so long in life's journey was taken from her side! It was become Allon Baccuth, the Oak of Weeping—like a wilderness desolate and solitary. But though cast down, she was not in despair. First of all that text of Scripture came with power to her soul, 1 Thes. iv. 13, 14: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." He whom she had lost was the Lord's, and the Lord had called him to himself. Whither he had gone, even to his father's house, she hoped to follow him in due time. Nor was she insensible of the many comforts still left her in the world. From the competent, and even comparatively ample fortune which she had inherited at her father's death, she was free from the distractions of worldly cares. She had four daughters and a son all well married, numerous grandchildren, and other relatives and friends, whose sympathy she experienced and whose Christian

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 225.

society she could still enjoy. Her neighbours had evinced their fellow-feeling with her and the family, and had done Henry, whose memory was enshrined in their hearts, all honour at his death, lamenting the event as the fall of a prince and a great man in Israel, and remembering with gratitude all his goodness and labours of love. Her faith in God that He would make all things work together for good to them that love Him, to them who are the called according to the purpose, yielded her strong consolation. And the prayer which Henry had offered up to God for calmness and fortitude to her in this hour of trial seemed to have been eminently answered.

Her frame of mind under this affliction may be partly gathered from a letter which she wrote to her friend Mr. Tallents, in reply to one he had written her, expressing how deeply he felt for her on this painful occasion, and suggesting to her such consolatory considerations as were fitted to mitigate her grief. The letter, which was written in July, exactly a month after her widowhood, and on the top of which Mr. Tallents wrote, "in answer to one of mine," is as follows:—

"July 24, 1696.

"Dear Sir,—It is my comfort and joy that the people of God do sympathize with me in this my great loss; and truly I have reason to acknowledge the goodness of God that did spare him so long, and does support and send reviving in the midst of trouble. Pray for me that I may be a widow indeed, trusting in God; that my children may in all things carry themselves like the children of such a father, and that we may get the good, and learn what our heavenly Father is teaching us by this sad stroke. Good sir, give my love and service to my old good friend and sister, for so I will make bold to call her, your dear yoke-fellow, and accept of the same, with many thanks to you both for past and present favours. From, sir, yours much obliged, Katharine Henry."[1]

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 224.

A few days after the date of this letter, her daughter Mrs. Savage paid a visit to her at Broad Oak, and she records in her diary, with much gratification, the calm resignation of her mother under this afflictive dispensation of divine Providence. "July 29, 1696.—We went to Broad Oak to visit dear mother: found her in health. I cannot but own the goodness of God in supporting her under this heavy stroke. It is to me the answer of my dear father's prayer, which he thus frequently expressed:—'Fit us to leave, or to be left, according to the will of God.' Dr. Preston hath an expression to this purpose—that the children of God receive no prejudice by affliction, no more than the sun by an eclipse. We think it darkened, but it really is not so." She further says: "After dear father's death, my dear mother thus comforted herself. She was especially thankful to God—1. That she ever knew Mr. Henry. 2. That she had him so long. 3. For the good hope she had of being eternally with him in glory."[1]

Afflictions often come in rapid succession, wave after wave passing over the sufferer. In 1697, the year after Henry's death, Mrs. Henry lost two of her daughters, who were cut off in early life, within three weeks of each other. In the month of August that year, three of them were successively seized with malignant fever, Katharine, the wife of Dr. Tylston, Eleanor, the wife of Mr. Radford, and Anne, the wife of Mr. Hulton. Katharine recovered, but the other two died, Mrs. Radford on the 13th of August, and Mrs. Hulton on the 6th of September. These were sore trials to Mrs. Henry. It was indeed comforting to her to reflect that her departed beloved daughters had not neglected the one thing needful, and that therefore, though taken away from her, they had entered into the rest of heaven. One of them especially, Mrs. Hulton, who had not completed her 29th year, excelled most Christians in parts and piety,

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 224.

"appearing, by some papers of her writing found after her death, to have had such an experimental acquaintance with the principles, powers, and pleasures of the spiritual and divine life, as few Christians that have more than doubled her years attain to."[1] Still, great was the struggle in the mother's heart between the sorrow of separation from children so endeared to her, and submission to the will of God and joy in their future happiness.

In the course of the year 1699, she suffered anew, in sympathy with the afflictions of her children. Her daughter Katharine lost her husband Dr. Tylston, who died April 8, a young physician of high standing in his profession, of great natural and acquired endowments, and of elevated piety, whom Mrs. Henry loved as if he had been her own son. Her son Matthew, in writing to his friend Ralph Thoresby of Leeds, as to this deceased relative, pays this tribute of friendship to his memory:—"So great a scholar, so good a man, so profitable a companion, and so true a friend, I despair to meet with again in this world. He had just completed his thirty-fifth year when his sun went down at noon."[2] In the autumn of the same year, death entered into the family circle of another of Mrs. Henry's children. Mr. Radford, the husband of her late daughter Eleanor, a man of great worth, departed this life, August 20, after a few days' illness, in the forty-first year of his age. Her grandchildren by this marriage, three daughters and a son, who by this overwhelming dispensation were made orphans and left entirely unprovided for, now became the objects of her deepest solicitude. But her anxiety about them was relieved by the dutiful conduct of Matthew, who took them to his own house, and acted towards them the part of a father, while his amiable wife[3] treated them with a kindness and assiduity truly

[1] Matthew Henry's *Life of Philip Henry*, postscript to preface, p. xli.

[2] Williams's *Life of Matthew Henry*. p. 35.

[3] Mary, daughter of Robert Warburton, Esq. of Grange, in the county of Chester. She was Matthew's second wife.

maternal. Some of them remained in the family several years, and all of them, on arriving at maturity, adorned the religion of Christ, and acknowledged with gratitude their obligations to their uncle and aunt, who had so tenderly and affectionately made up to them the loss of their parents.[1]

Mrs. Henry's life was prolonged almost eleven years after Mr. Henry's death, much to the comfort of her children, her grandchildren, and other relatives, by whom she was often visited. She continued to the closing scene to reside at her house at Broad Oak, where she was born, an eminent example of wisdom, piety, and good works. "I think I may say," observes her son Matthew, "in her sphere and capacity she was not inferior to what my father was in his. She was very happy in a constant calmness and serenity of mind, not easily disturbed; which, as it was a singular gift of the divine grace, and an instance of her wisdom, so it contributed very much to her close and comfortable walking with God, and her doing good."[2] In her widowed state she was useful to all her children, especially to Matthew. Her health continued in general good, and by her presence and sympathy she greatly alleviated the afflictions with which he was visited after his father's death, and encouraged him in his labours as a minister of the Word. To him, as he acknowledges, she was also "a skilful and faithful counsellor;" for, he adds, she "not only ordered her own affairs with wisdom, but knew very well how to advise others, and was many a time 'eyes to the blind;' one that was well versed in Solomon's proverbs, and the rules of wisdom which may be fetched from thence for the conduct of human life, and knew how to apply them and to 'use knowledge aright.'"

In all her children and numerous grandchildren she had

[1] It may here be noted that the poet Samuel Rogers was the great-grandson of Mr. Radford, by Mrs. Henry's second daughter.—*Life of Philip Henry*, p. 284.

[2] His *Life of Philip Henry*, postscript to preface, p. xlii.

much comfort, for all of them were affectionately attached to her, and regarded her with no common veneration. Though it clouded her joy, now in the evening of life, to think of the loved ones of whom death had deprived her, she was sustained by the hope of meeting them again beyond the grave, in a better world; and she enjoyed a degree of happiness, which, with all its abatements, she was thankful for, and which was the greater that the serenity of her mind was undisturbed by causes, often insignificant, which ruffle, vex, and fret the minds of others. Her intercourse with her children on the visits they paid to her at Broad Oak, was of a peculiarly sacred character. It was the exercise of the holiest affections springing from renewed and sanctified hearts, and finding expression in mutual Christian converse, and in united fervent devotions, in which, while holding communion with one another, they held communion with their God and Saviour. This appears from various entries in the diary of her daughter Mrs. Savage.

"1696. Monday, Nov. 24.—I went to Broad Oak.

"Tuesday.—One expression of Mr. Steel's[1] I had from dear mother, which I daily find the truth of. Speaking of the backwardness of our hearts to duty, he said, 'When we have time we want hearts; when we think we have hearts to seek and serve God, then we want time.' The heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it?"[2]

"1697. Friday, June 4.—My husband and I went to Broad Oak with our three little daughters. My dear aged mother hath been for some weeks much indisposed. Now, blessed be God! better. She cannot but be revived with eight of her grandchildren about her. God hear her prayers for them all, that they may in due time be trees of righteousness!

[1] Mr. Richard Steel, from whose ministry Mrs. Henry had profited much in early life. He died at London in 1692, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

[2] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 320.

"Tuesday night. 8th.—Brother Henry came to us there, and the day following preached the lecture on Job xiv. 14: 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' . . . .

"I had a comfortable time with my dear mother. We slept together, and often prayed together with comfort at our bedside. She told me of Mr. Steel's remedies against distractions, which must be so as to a great many other evils which I daily fall into—namely, these two, sincerity and watchfulness."[1] Mrs. Savage stayed at this time a fortnight with her mother.

"1698. January 5.—I went to dear Broad Oak. I found dear sister Tylston there. She and I are all that are left of four—a joyful, sorrowful meeting. . . . . Sabbath, January 9. Brother preached at Broad Oak from Col. iv. 12: 'That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.'"[2]

"1700. July 6.—At Broad Oak. Had comfort in the society of my dear mother, especially when we prayed together in that which was once my dear father's closet, and which he so solemnly dedicated to the service of God."[3]

"1702. April 8. Wednesday.—Brother Henry came to Broad Oak. He preached the lecture from Isaiah xl. 31: 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' Those that are constant to God in ways of duty, shall find him constant to them in ways of mercy. Many good lessons were taught us to-day. At death the soul shall mount, not on eagles' but on angels' wings."[4]

"1704. July 10.—My dear mother sent for me to Broad Oak, to meet my dear brother Henry, who preached the lecture that day from Solomon's Song, i. 4: 'We will remember thy love more than wine.'"[5]

In making these visits it was very pleasing to Mrs. Savage

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 159, 160. [2] Ibid. p. 162.
[3] Ibid. p. 170. [4] Ibid. p. 175. [5] Ibid. p. 180.

to observe that the Christian graces of her dear mother, notwithstanding the indications that her mortal tabernacle was breaking up, shone the brighter the nearer she approached the termination of her earthly pilgrimage.

"November, 1705.—On Wednesday I went to see my dear mother. I found her, as to her outward man, weak and feeble, but strong in the graces of Christ Jesus: the inward man renewed day by day. She abounds in humility, meekness, and contempt of the world, and the sight of her excellent carriage does very much confirm me in the substantials of religion; that God will enable those that are his to persevere to the end of their race, and will be with them in the end, preserving them to his heavenly kingdom. O that I may, by her example, do as those Christians in the primitive times—thank God, and take courage!"[1]

Matthew Henry's exposition of the Pentateuch was published at the close of the year 1706. He sent a copy of the work to his mother as soon as it appeared. Feeling now the infirmities of age increasing, and the hand of death pressing upon her, on receiving the book, she began with Deuteronomy, giving this as the reason: "I shall not live to read the whole, therefore I take this, which is the summary of the rest."[2] She did not live to see the other portions of his invaluable exposition of the Scriptures published.

In the spring of the year 1707, she became more than ordinarily infirm, and her friends were apprehensive that this might be the harbinger of the last messenger. At this time Mrs. Savage often visited her; and this amiable and pious daughter continues to express her great satisfaction in observing that under the decay of the bodily frame the spirit of her mother, in whom all the Christian graces were maturing from day to day, was fast ripening for heaven.

"Monday morning, the 28th of April [1707].—I went to Broad Oak to visit my aged mother, very sensible of the

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 182. [2] Ibid. p. 215.

honour and duty I owe her while she lives, though not in a capacity to pay it as I would. I found her weak in body, yet strong in the graces of the Spirit—faith, love, and thankfulness, contempt of the world, and longing for heaven. O that I may tread in her steps! She said to me, 'I have been a great while here, to what end should I desire to live longer?'"[1]

"Friday, May 2.—I went to Broad Oak. Found my dear mother very weak. Some days in bed all day. But, blessed be God! her faith and hope not shaken. It is a great confirmation to me of the reality of invisible things to see a holy life end so well. 'The end of that man (or woman) is peace.'"[2]

Mrs. Henry was also repeatedly visited during this her last illness by her son Matthew, though it was not in his power to come to see her so frequently as her daughter Mrs. Savage, whose notices of her mother, so full of the tenderest affection, we still quote.

"Wednesday, [May] 7th.—I went again to Broad Oak. Dear brother came from Chester. We had a very affectionate prayer at meeting at our dear mother's bedside. He had this in pleading with God for mercy for her: 'Her children do rise up and call her blessed; Lord, do thou command the blessing!'"[3]

"May 11.—I heard yesterday that my dear mother continues as she was. Lord, support! Put under thy everlasting arm!"

On Friday the venerable mother was again visited by Mrs. Savage, who found her still declining, yet in the possession of all her faculties. That afternoon her son Matthew came and prayed with her and the family, all coming to her bedside as she desired. The chapter in the ordinary course of reading at family worship was 1 John v. When he came to

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 187 [2] Ibid. p. 187.
[3] Ibid. p. 188.

the eleventh verse, "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life," she listened attentively, and said, "And that is enough." She joined in singing some verses of the 23d psalm. Afterwards Matthew prayed—short, but full of pious affections, and she solemnly blessed them all. "And," says Mrs Savage, with solemn feeling, "it was the *last* time."[1]

On Sabbath, May 18, Mrs. Henry was still declining. Finding her memory fail, she said to Mrs. Savage, "This day I am afraid of speaking much, lest I should not speak well." She often spoke with much cheerfulness of the happiness she was almost arrived at. When some were about to pray with her, she requested them not to desire the prolongation of her life, for she was "full of days." "I have," said she, "as many of the comforts of this life as I can desire, and now want nothing but the comforts of a better."[2]

On Wednesday, Mr. Pell, minister of the congregation at Broad Oak, died of consumption at Whixall. She had sent to him this message some weeks before: "Desire Mr. Pell not to be angry if I get to heaven before him." But it turned out that she, though seventy-eight years of age, while he was only twenty-five, survived him a few days. Towards the end of the week she continued to sink. "Her memory often failing," says Mrs. Savage, who was with her at that time, "she did not speak with that coherence she always used to do. As one said, on a like occasion, it could not but grieve me to hear one that was not wont to speak an impertinent word, let drop some now when so near eternity. But God's way is in the sea. It is a quickening to us to be busy, while senses, and understanding, and memory are continued, because we know not how they may fail us."[3]

Saturday, May the 24th, was her last day on earth. When asked how she did, she sometimes said, "Pretty well," but

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 189 [2] Ibid. p. 189.
[3] Ibid. p. 190.

more frequently, "Pray for a poor, dying, senseless creature." She was undisturbed with doubts as to her future happiness. "She lived and died," says her son Matthew, "rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and in a pleasing expectation of the glory to be revealed."[1] Shortly before her departure she said, "I hope I know in some measure by experience what it is for a believer to have eternal life abiding in him," and for this she blessed God. About a quarter past twelve o'clock that night, she gently expired, without even a groan, and thus, at the entrance of the Sabbath, the day of rest, she entered upon her everlasting Sabbath—upon the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Her two daughters, Mrs. Tylston and Mrs. Savage, and Matthew's wife, were with her at the time of her death.[2]

Matthew, who was absent, received the sad tidings on the morning of the Sabbath, and, after preaching as usual in his place of worship, "in much weakness and heaviness," says he, "because Christ would not suffer him whom he called to preach the gospel to go first and bury his father," he went in the evening to Broad Oak, "where," he adds, "we wept and prayed together."[3] "A poor beheaded family," said he in one of the prayers he offered up, as they knelt in humble reverence at the throne of grace, and poured forth before Him, who is the hearer of prayer, the sincere but resigned sorrows of stricken and bleeding hearts; "but thou, O Lord! art the ever-living head of all the families of the earth."[4]

"Lord! thou art righteous," exclaims Mrs. Savage. "I will lay my hand on my mouth. She hath finished well; come to her grave in a full age, like a shock of corn in its season. Lord! make me to know my end. I find this stroke, coming so gradually, much easier borne by me than that of dear

[1] His *Life of Philip Henry*, postscript to preface, p. xlii.

[2] Matthew's *Diary*, quoted in his Life of his Father, Williams's edition, p. 337.

[3] Ibid. p. 337.

[4] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 190.

father eleven years ago. O what a glorious Sabbath do they keep together in heaven, who kept so many solemn, comfortable ones on earth! What glorious sights are open to the eye of the soul of a believer, while we are closing the eyes of the body with floods of tears! I heartily bless my God for all the good I have got, though far short of what I might, from her excellent example, especially humility, contentedness, contempt of the world, zeal and life in holy duties. . . . . She hath run out a comfortable race, having, from her youth, chosen the narrow way, not suffering the concerns of earth to swallow up the main matter, yet she hath been continued head of a large family for sixty years. Lord, grant some one may stand up to do something towards filling up the gap! She hath left only three children, and twenty-two grandchildren. O that the prayers that are upon the file for them may descend in showers of blessings! Amen! Amen!"[1]

Mrs. Henry's funeral took place on the 28th of May, when her remains were conveyed to Whitchurch by a respectable concourse of friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, and consigned to the silent dust, close by her beloved husband's. Before the company set out with the corpse Dr. Benyon, minister at Shrewsbury, formerly minister of the congregation at Broad Oak, and the immediate successor of Philip Henry, preached an affecting sermon from Heb. vi. 12: "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." In this discourse he honourably commemorated and held up for imitation the virtues and graces by which Mrs. Henry was adorned; intermingling with his commemoration of her, a tribute of Christian friendship to the memory of Mr. Pell.

"Shall I run eleven years backwards," says he, "to the ever-memorable consort of that excellent person, whose dear remains we are now going to inter? I would do so, did I

[1] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 191.

not think his bright graces and endearing service must needs have left impressions upon you that cannot wear off so long as you have souls to retain them; and yet I cannot but excite you to follow him in his second self; for they both thought, and spoke, and did the same things in religion, and 'being dead yet speak.'

"I must add, too, that divine Providence hath ordered the melancholy event of an intervening death—Mr. Pell's—to enforce the instruction of the other two more powerfully. . . . . He entertained the prospect of death with great composure. It was his dependence on Christ that made him able to do so. He often said he had nothing else to trust to, and he trusted to that so far as to say, cheerfully, when he found his expiring hour was at hand—'Come now, death, and do thine office!' How agreeable was the reflection that the excellent believer, whose funeral we now attend, made on the report of this hopeful preacher's death: 'And,' said she, '*is* Mr. Pell got to heaven before me?' It was like her."[1]

The sermon being concluded, the funeral procession proceeded from Broad Oak to Whitchurch. Matthew was of course chief mourner in this last office of filial affection, which he "desired to do in the actual belief and expectation of the resurrection of the dead, and the 'commandment' which will be given 'concerning the bones.'"[2] Mrs. Savage, her sister Mrs. Tylston, and other female relatives, formed part of the procession. "We accompanied the dear remains," says Mrs. Savage, "to the ship of the grave. . . . . I cannot here omit Mr. Baxter's epitaph, which he placed on his dear wife's mother's grave in Christ Church. London:—

'Thus must thy flesh to silent dust descend,'[3] &c.

Upon this I was thinking, while we stood by dear mother's grave in Whitchurch."[4]

[1] *Life of Philip Henry*, p. 337, 338.
[2] Ibid.
[3] See p. 163.
[4] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 192.

On Wednesday, June 4, Matthew preached a funeral sermon on the death of his mother at Broad Oak, from Prov. xxxi. 28: "Her children arise up and call her blessed."[1] In offering this tribute of filial piety to her memory, many old and tender associations were brought fresh to his remembrance, subduing and melting the heart—all her tenderness towards him in his years of childhood and throughout his life, her lessons of wisdom and piety, her calm but deep and constant devotion, her abundant and self-denied charity, her exemplary deportment in all situations and under all circumstances, which invested her character not only with the graces which called forth love, but with the dignity which commanded respect. The encomiums he pronounced upon her were the expression not of boastful exaltation, but of the grateful feelings of his heart to God, by whom he had been so highly favoured and honoured in a mother so pre-eminently excellent. "It is a comfort to us, and we reckon it a great instance of the distinguishing mercy and favour of our God, that we are the children of those whom we have reason to call blessed. The greatest honour that some children can do to their parents is only, like Shem and Japhet, to conceal their shame and cast a mantle over their follies; but, blessed be God! we need not that."

It is worthy of notice, as an evidence of Mrs. Henry's charitable disposition, that while she did not die encumbered with debt, she left little money, though her annual income was comparatively large, and this not because she expended it on luxury and superfluity, or upon herself, but in deeds of charity, which she did quietly without sounding a trumpet. In her funeral sermon Matthew commemorates her as "'rich in good works,' yet without noise or ostentation." And

[1] This sermon he wrote out in full afterwards, designing it for the benefit, not only of her children, but of her grandchildren. It was circulated in manuscript among them, and, in compliance with the urgent request of many of his friends, he added it to a new edition of his father's life. His *Life of Philip Henry*, postscript to preface, p. xlii.

in his diary he says, "I find with the profits and rents of this current year that there will be little more than to discharge my dear mother's funeral and legacies; but no debts at all. She lived with comfort; bore her testimony to the goodness of God's providence, which she had experienced all her days; did not increase what she had, nor coveted to lay up; but did good with it, and left a blessing behind her."[1]

Mrs. Savage, who heard the funeral sermon preached by her brother at Broad Oak on the occasion of her mother's death, after referring to it, adds, "Surely if ever any children in the world had reason to rise up and call a parent blessed, we have. So wise, so kind, so tender, charitable, prudent, provident, and above all, so pious. Sure we can never say enough in her praises; all that knew her will with us bear record. What we have to do is to rise up and study daily in everything to follow her example; that we be not slothful, for we all know she was not. These things do, for the present, make a good impression on me. God grant it do not wear off, but that they may sink into my heart, that I may now be gathering, and lay up for myself in store a good foundation —forasmuch as I see d of those who are holy and useful!"[2]

[1] Williams's *Life of Matthew Henry*, p. 44.

[2] Williams's *Life of Mrs. Savage*, p. 193. A portrait of Mrs. Henry, taken from an original painting, may be seen in Matthew Henry's Life of his Father, Williams's edition.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY,

WIFE OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.[1]

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO THE EXECUTION OF LORD RUSSELL.

LADY RUSSELL shares in the celebrity of her illustrious husband, Lord William Russell. One of the most interesting and admirable characters to be found in English biography—so exalted in piety, so pure in virtue, so tender in love, so great in suffering, so faithful and constant in grief, so devoted to all her duties as a wife and a mother, she has taken her place on the imperishable page of history. To trace her life, to describe how she lived, and acted, and suffered, must therefore be neither an ungrateful nor an uninstructive task.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY was born about the year 1636. She was the second daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachel de Ruvigny, daughter of an ancient noble Huguenot family in France, and sister to the Marquis de Ruvigny, who was long at the head of the Protestant interest in that kingdom. When an infant she lost her mother by death.

With respect to her early life we have almost no infor-

[1] Our principal authorities for this sketch are—Miss Berry's *Life of Lady Russell: Letters of Lady Russell*, Lord Russell's edition, in 2 vols., London, 1853; and Lord Russell's *Life of Lord William Russell*.

mation. She doubtless acquired such accomplishments as at that period were accounted indispensable to ladies in her condition of life; and, as appears from some of her own papers, her religious education was not neglected. Her father, who, as Clarendon describes him, "was a man of exemplary virtue and piety, and very regular in his devotions," was careful to imbue her mind with the lessons of Christian truth and duty. It may also be reasonably concluded that she owed to his instructions and example the liberality of sentiment towards nonconformists which, though she continued a conscientious member of the Church of England, she entertained and practised through the whole of her life; for the same historian remarks that he "was not generally believed by the bishops to have an affection keen enough for the government of the Church; because he was willing and desirous that something more might have been done to gratify the Presbyterians than they thought just."

The good seeds sown in Rachel's mind did not for some time spring up and produce their appropriate fruits. "Alas!" says she, "from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones; even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well; yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law to please her."

Rachel grew up a young lady remarkable for elegance of form, and for personal beauty; her countenance was open, intelligent, reflective, expressive of great benignity and warm affections; and the favourable impression produced by her external appearance was heightened by her graceful manners.

About the year 1653, when only seventeen years of age, she was married to Lord Francis Vaughan, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Carberry, in Ireland. After the celebration

of the nuptials she went to reside with her father-in-law, at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, Wales. The marriage, as was common among persons of rank in those times in forming matrimonial alliances for their children, had been brought about rather by the negotiations of the parents than by the free choice of the young people themselves; but she enjoyed the affection of her husband, and they lived happy together. By her virtuous and amiable qualities she also acquired the confidence and attachment of his relatives. She was, indeed, beloved and spoken of in terms of the highest commendation by all who knew her, for the sweetness of her temper and the goodness of her heart. One of her friends, writing to her in 1665, says, "There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your ladyship is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honour you; neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise."

Yet at the time of her marriage, and for some years after, if serious thoughts sometimes intruded into her mind, she was yet indifferent about religion, and addicted to the amusements common to those of her rank. In reviewing this period of her life, after recording her marriage, she thus writes:—"I was too often absent from the public prayers, taking very slight causes for being so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the park, visiting, plays, &c., trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B.'s, where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk; when at my father's the sermon was longer, and the discourse more edifying: and too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England." It was, it would appear, during the latter years of her married condition, that her mind was first brought in reality under the benign influences of the grace of God.

To Lord Vaughan she had only one child, born in 1665,

which died soon after its birth. About the year 1667 she became a widow after a union of fourteen years.

In the same year she lost her father. He had been thrice married. By his third wife he had no children. By his second, out of four daughters only one survived him, who became heir to her mother's fortune. He left his entire estates to his two daughters, the only surviving children of his first marriage.[1] Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, the wife of Edward Noel, son of Baptist, Viscount Campden, and created afterwards Earl of Gainsborough, inherited Titchfield, in Hampshire, at which was her father's seat; while the share which fell to Lady Vaughan was the domain of Stratton, also in Hampshire. After the death of her husband, Lady Vaughan resided for some time with her sister Lady Noel, at Titchfield, where she had passed the days of her infancy, childhood, and youth.

She had not been long a widow when William Russell, second son of William, fifth Earl of Bedford, three years her junior, was attracted by her charms, and her other recommendations, for she was a rich heiress and had no children. In the summer of 1667, Lady Percy, her half-sister,[2] in a letter to her thus writes:—"For his [Mr. Russell's] concern, I can say nothing more than that he professes a great desire, which I do not at all doubt he and everybody else has to gain one who is so desirable in all respects." On the score of family position he was Lady Vaughan's equal, but being a younger son he had neither title nor fortune. He, however, succeeded in gaining her affections, and their marriage took place about the end of the year 1669.

In early life Mr. Russell had not escaped the contagious influence of the corrupt court of Charles II., having been noted, to give one example, for fighting duels. At the time of his

[1] Two sons, Charles and Henry, by the first marriage, died young, and a daughter, Magdalene, died in infancy.

[2] The wife of Jocelin Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland.

marriage he could not be charged with irregularities; but it was not till after that event that he became a truly Christian man; and to his wife he appears to have been indebted for that all-important change upon his character. As he had no title she was still called Lady Vaughan, in conformity with the aristocratic usages of English society at that period, according to which a widow continued to bear the name of her first husband, provided her second was of inferior rank. This title she retained till Mr. Russell, upon the death of his eldest brother Francis, in 1678, succeeded to the title of Lord Russell, when she assumed that of Lady Russell.

During the fourteen years of their union—a union ennobled and sanctified by genuine religion, Lord and Lady Russell enjoyed no common degree of domestic happiness. Her intelligence, virtue, piety, and affection were duly appreciated by Lord Russell, who loved her with an ardour of attachment corresponding to her worth; while Lady Russell, who was endowed with a heart peculiarly fitted to estimate, and peculiarly susceptible to enjoy the blessings of the conjugal relation, returned his tenderness and love with equal, and if possible, with greater intensity of affection. Take the following effusion of pure and virtuous love, and love reciprocated, filling the soul with joy to overflowing, in a letter from Lady Russell, addressed to Mr. Russell at Stratton, and dated London, September 23, 1672:—"If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right, when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell, what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of; such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love; . . . but my best life, you that know so well how to love, and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to."

All her mercies and comforts she traced to God, and she believed that whatever the history of herself and her husband might be, it would all be as God willed and ordered. But what its particular character might be, belonged as yet to the secret decrees of Heaven, which only time would reveal. She little dreamed of the peculiar character of the great afflictions which, in succeeding years, were to try her faith, and patience, and fortitude to the uttermost. While therefore freely but temperately enjoying the present, while not making the present miserable by being over-solicitous about the future, or living in the dread of calamities which might never come, she yet judged it wise for her and Mr. Russell, from their ignorance of the future, to reckon upon the uncertainty and instability of earthly felicity—to prepare for vicissitudes, that should their fortunes change to the worse, sorrow and anguish might not overtake them by surprise and overwhelm them. One thing was certain, they were born mortal, and should the days of either of them be shortened, whichever of them might be called to mourn for the other, they should now so live as that the sorrow of the survivor might be mitigated by the hope that the departed had gone to those mansions of felicity where he or she would neither sin nor suffer any more. Such preparation for the eventualities of the future would fit them for a more rational enjoyment of the present, and would deaden the blow of the heaviest afflictions whenever they might come.

This is the strain of her reasoning in the remaining part of the letter, the begining of which we have already quoted. "What have I to ask, but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission without a murmur to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence, having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in? He knows best when we have had enough here. What I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may

not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support his servants under whatever trials he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it; 'tis from my opinion that, if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long, though when we change 'twill be for the better, I trust, through the merit of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears. Death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with."

Lord and Lady Russell generally passed the summer season at their country seat at Stratton, of which she speaks as of an earthly paradise; and their winters they generally spent at their residence in London—Southampton House,[1] situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square.

It was only on rare occasions, when personal or state affairs required Lord Russell's absence from home, that they were separated from each other. During his absence from her they regularly corresponded. Her letters to him, many of which have been preserved, are written in a negligent style, and in homely phrase—evidently in the language which first occurred to her, without any attempt at ornament or rhetorical embellishment. But they are cheerful and lively, and full of tenderness. They evince the warm interest she took in all his concerns, and in all great public affairs. Whatever it might gratify or entertain him to hear about, as the health and amusements of their children, all the news public and private, little incidents and anecdotes, things tri-

[1] Her grandson gave it the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1800.

vial and things important, she was careful to send him in these unpretending, but free and affectionate communications. They extend as published from May, 1672, to October, 1682.

Time did not abate their mutual affection. After ten or twelve years of their wedded life had passed away that affection was ardent as ever, or rather strengthened by the bonds of inviolable fidelity, of mutual confidence never interrupted, of the dear pledges of their union, of the remembered endearments of the past, and these still continued, distilling fresh the quintessence of nuptial felicity. Take the following extracts from Lady Russell's letters to Lord Russell, as illustrating how her married state, delectable as ever, after a succession of years was still yielding the choicest flowers of paradise. Writing to him from London, June 12, 1680, she says:—"My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more; and if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats; they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you."

Again, in the same year when she was still in London while he was at Stratton, writing to him, she says:—"These are the pleasing moments, in absence, my dearest blessing, either to read something from you or be writing something to you; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you; but it is not my talent; and so I hope not a necessary signification of the truth of it; at least not thought so by you."

In another letter to him from London, dated September 6, 1680, when he was at Woburn, she says:—"My girls and I

being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. 'So will I,' said she, 'and while you write, I will think what I have to say;' and truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done."

Again, September 30, 1681, when he was in London, she thus writes from Stratton:—"To see any body preparing and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going without saying something to my best life, though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet, to allow myself so much before the time. . . . Your boy will please you; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand; they fancy he wanted you; for as soon as I alighted [on her return from London] he followed, calling papa; but I suppose 'tis the word he has most command of, so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were in remembrance of the happy 29th September,[1] and we drank your health, after a red-deer pye, and at night the girls and I supped on a sack-posset; nay, master would have his room, and for heat burned his fingers in the posset; but he does but rub his hands for it. . . . . Would fain be telling my heart more things—any thing to be in a kind of talk with him; but I believe Spencer stays for my despatch. . . . 'Tis written in bed, thy pillow at my back, where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more, I trust, in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies, or ill-wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by, R. Russell."

While Lady Russell thus enjoyed so high a degree of matrimonial happiness, the idea sometimes haunted her mind that it might be perilled or blighted by the difficulties into which Lord Russell might be brought by the strong measures

[1] Lord Russell's birth-day.

against the court which he introduced into the House of Commons, or supported in that house; and as the future showed, these were no illusions or imaginary terrors. So strongly was this idea sometimes impressed upon her mind, that, great as was her modesty, she earnestly implored him to pause and to consider the consequences of his assuming so determined an attitude as he did against the government. On the 14th of March, 1677–8, he made and carried the following motion in the House of Commons: "I move that we may go into a committee of the whole house to consider the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of Popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin."[1] Lady Russell did not differ materially from him in her sentiments on religion and politics; she was equally with him a friend of the Protestant religion and of liberty, and equally ready for intrepid self-sacrifice when duty demanded, but she was more cool and cautious in giving her sanction to measures projected for redressing grievances, or averting threatened political thraldom from the nation. Being informed that Lord Russell intended to make this motion, at which, as was to be anticipated, the government would take great offence, as it actually did, alarmed at so bold a step, she wrote him, while the house was sitting, the following note, urgently dissuading him from making the motion: "My sister[2] being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night, that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the house: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have done, or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day. R. Russell."

[1] Journals of the House of Commons.

[2] Lady Allington.

There is reason to believe that she had on previous occasions remonstrated with him for pursuing too rash a policy, and that he had frequently, as in the present instance, concealed from her what he intended to do as to political matters, which sometimes caused her no little anxiety. He preserved the above note, and indorsed it with the time and place of his receiving it—"March the —, 1677–8, while the house was sitting"— from which it may be inferred that it impressed him; but we are of Guizot's opinion, that he did not on this day, nor probably at any other time, follow the advice she gave him as to his political conduct.

These apprehensions as to the troubles in which he might involve himself and her from his political course of action, passed away from her mind. But even when they did so, the thought still recurred that her conjugal happiness was surely too great to last long; or at least that it would be true wisdom on her part, as that happiness, however long continued, would not last for ever, to regulate and moderate the enjoyment by often and seriously reflecting that it would come to an end, as this would be a good preparation for whatever might happen. Thus she writes in a letter to Lord Russell, from London to Woburn, dated August 24, 1680: "Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul. It is my great care (or ought to be) so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or may be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other."

It is one of our greatest blessings that the future is hidden from our view. Were all the calamities to befall us in the future to be foreseen by us, life would be insupportable from the misery and anguish which the foresight of them would create. At the very time when the storm was gathering around *him*, who of all others was the dearest to her, Lady Russell was delighting herself with the hope of many coming

years of domestic felicity. In a letter which she wrote from Stratton to Lord Russell at London, dated September 25, 1682, she says, "I know nothing new since you went, but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more; happy still, and entirely yours, R. Russell." How greatly did the future disappoint these anticipations! How soon was the calm succeeded by the tempest! How little did Lady Russell dream, when writing these affectionate words, of the appalling calamity—one of the most touching recorded in history when viewed in all its circumstances—the arrest, trial, condemnation, and execution of Lord Russell under the accusation of high treason!

Lord Russell, as noted in the Introduction, was present at some secret meetings held to devise measures for excluding the Duke of York from the throne, and for preserving the Protestant religion and the liberties of the kingdom.[1] Upon the discovery of these meetings by the government, he was arrested on the 26th of June, and committed to the Tower on the false charge of conspiring the murder of the king and the Duke of York.

Only eighteen days elapsed between his imprisonment in the Tower and his trial; and that interval, so full of anxious suspense, was employed by Lady Russell in indefatigable efforts to obtain all the information she could in relation to his trial, and to provide as far as possible for his defence. The day before his trial she sent to him the following brief

[1] "The recent historical work of Mr. Macaulay, splendid and powerful as it is, does not appear to me to give a correct account of the conduct of Lord Russell in the memorable transactions which led to his trial and condemnation. . . . It would not be difficult to show, that while Lord Shaftesbury and some of his friends were urging on resistance, Lord Russell was opposed to any attempt of the kind. Lady Russell says truly, he was guilty of misprision of treason at most. . . . Lord Somers and the Whig statesmen of the Revolution declared that Lord Russell had been murdered, and posterity has ratified that declaration."—Lord John Russell. Preface to *Letters of Lady Russell.*

note: "I had, at coming home, an account that your trial, as to your appearing, is not till to-morrow. Others are tried this day, and your indictment presented, I suppose. I am going to your counsel, when you shall have a further account from———." In another note, in which she asks his permission to be present with him at his trial, she presents a noble example of intrepidity and firmness, combined with the tenderest conjugal affection. "Your friends, believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richardson's, and then resolve: your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Margaret." Her object in desiring to be present was to support him by her sympathy, and to assist him by taking notes of the evidence. He gratified her wishes by giving his consent.

On Friday, July 13, he was placed within the bar of the Old Bailey to undergo his trial for high treason. Lady Russell accompanied him to the bar. The indictment was read, which in substance accused him of conspiring the death of the king, inasmuch as he conspired to raise an insurrection, and to seize the king's guards. He pleaded, "Not guilty."

After objections as to some points of legal form had been raised by Lord Russell and overruled by the court, a scene of a very touching character took place. He first asked, whether he would be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, and of any papers he had. "By all means," was the answer of the court. He next inquired, "May I have somebody to write to help my memory?" "Yes, a servant," said Sir Robert Sawyer, the attorney-general, courteously. "Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please for you," said Sir Francis Pemberton, the lord chief-justice, with still greater courtesy. "My wife is here, my lord, to do it," rejoined Lord Russell, in a tone indicating his

high sense of her superior merits; and she stood up by his side, as if to signify to the court that she was ready to afford him this assistance, while the lord chief-justice replied, "If my lady please to give herself the trouble." This simple but affecting scene, which has often engaged the pen of the historian and the pencil of the artist, at once turned the eyes of the numerous spectators—for the court was crowded to excess—upon Lady Russell standing beside her husband; and the spirit of noble heroism which this bespoke, as well as the devotion it displayed towards a husband whom she loved so well, and who was generally regarded as a patriot and a martyr—all this combining with the high esteem entertained for her on account of her personal virtues, and as the daughter of a respected nobleman—sent through the whole assembly a thrilling sensation of admiration and sympathy. It seems to have had a mollifying effect even upon the officials and judges of the court.

Lady Russell listened with attention to the examination of the witnesses, to Lord Russell's address to the court, to the solicitor-general's speech in favour of the prosecution, followed by one on the same side by Jeffreys, who, though less brutal on this than on other occasions, was sufficiently inhuman, and lastly, to the summing up of the evidence by the lord chief-justice, which, though not violent, was still unfavourable. In hearing all this she had sufficient self-control to keep in check the tender emotions, and to conduct herself with becoming calmness and dignity. But trying as was this day, there were mitigating circumstances which made it a less severe test to her faith, patience, and fortitude than some of the subsequent scenes through which she had to pass. She derived some consolation from the firmness displayed by Lord Russell. It was so far comforting to her to find that the lord chief-justice "seemed to be convinced that the evidence against him was insufficient; and that although he did not interpose with becoming vigour by re-

pressing the unfair arts of Jeffreys, who was leading counsel for the crown, and although he did not stop the prosecution as an independent judge would do in modern times, yet he could not be accused of any perversion of the law, and instead of treating the prisoner with brutality, as was wished and expected, behaved to him with courtesy and seeming kindness,"[1]—with respect and kindness, indeed, so marked as to alarm the government lest Lord Russell should be acquitted. And though not without gloomy apprehensions as to the issue, she might have some hope that the jury would protect him from the meditated vengeance of the government, by bringing in a verdict of acquittal.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

On Saturday, July 14, Lord Russell was brought to the bar to receive his sentence, which was pronounced in the usual form by the recorder, Sir G. Treby, who had sat beside him in the House of Commons as an exclusionist. The doom was afterwards changed by the king, in virtue of the royal prerogative, from hanging to beheading.

After his condemnation, Lady Russell laboured with unremitting diligence to save his life, small as was her prospect of success. In her efforts she was aided, but without effect, by her father-in-law, the Earl of Bedford, and by others in high rank who had influence at the court.

The Earl of Bedford is said to have offered £50,000, some say £100,000, for a pardon to his son, which however the king refused, saying, "I will not purchase my own and my subjects' blood at so easy a rate." The Duke of Monmouth interposed with his father the king in behalf of the noble lord, who, he said, had been cruelly dealt with; but he received this decisive answer—"I would save his life, but am forced to consent to his death, otherwise I must break with my brother. Say no more about it." The father of Lord Dartmouth also seconded Lady Russell's endeavours by his

[1] Lord Campbell.

earnest intercessions. He told the king that the pardoning Lord Russell would lay an eternal obligation upon a very great and numerous family; that the taking of his life would never be forgotten; that his father being still alive, it would have little effect on the rest of the family, except to excite their resentment; and that some regard was due to Southampton's daughter and her children. "All that is true," answered the king, "but it is as true that if I do not take his life he will soon have mine."[1]

In her strenuous exertions Lady Russell was also encouraged and assisted by the excellent Lady Ranelagh, who evinced the greatest anxiety to save Lord Russell from the scaffold. The Duke of York was naturally the most inexorable of the two brothers; and as it was especially contemplated by the conspirators to set him aside from the succession, it was reasonably believed that his indignation at this personal wrong, joined to his constitutionally implacable temper, interposed the strongest barrier in the way of obtaining a pardon from the king, and that were it possible to disarm his wrath, and to inspire him with the relentings of compassion, hopes might be entertained of the extension of the royal clemency. Accordingly, although Lady Russell was probably far from flattering herself with the expectation that in this quarter a gracious ear would be lent to any representation, yet that no means might be left untried, she was very desirous that Lord Russell should make an appeal to the Duke of York; and in reference thereto she consulted Lady Ranelagh, who, it might be supposed, had court influence, as one of her nieces was married to the Earl of Rochester, the Earl of Clarendon's second son, and consequently the brother of Anne Hyde, the Duke of York's first wife. Lady Ranelagh in a letter to the Earl of Bedford thus writes on the subject:—"This is to beg your lordship to let my Lady Russell know that her lord's address to the duke ought to be

[1] Lord Russell's *Life of Lord William Russell*, vol. ii. p. 74.

by way of petition, and that the sooner it is presented the better. . . . From your lordship, some good news of the petition, carried by my Lady Russell, would be very welcome to, my lord, your lordship's humble servant, K. Ranelagh."

Complying with the earnest desire of Lady Russell, as also of his father and friends, Lord Russell, though he does not appear to have entertained any hope whatever of escaping his doom, drew up a petition to the king and another to the Duke of York, dated Newgate, July 16, 1683, praying each of these personages for favour and mercy, and offering to live wherever his majesty should determine, and never again to meddle in the affairs of England without his majesty's sanction or command. Lady Russell was present with him in the prison when he wrote out this last petition; and leaving him about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, she delivered it to the Duchess of York to be communicated to the duke, earnestly imploring her highness to support its prayer. The petition to the king was also presented. But neither the king nor the duke was to be propitiated, though, by the earnest entreaties and persuasions of Lady Ranelagh, the prayers of these petitions were seconded by the Earl of Rochester and other eminent statesmen. An answer was soon returned that the sentence was to be left to take its course.

When now she had relinquished all hope of saving Lord Russell's life, Lady Russell was incessant in her endeavours to obtain a delay of the execution of the sentence. Her generous friend Lady Ranelagh recommended to her what had been suggested by another friend, an attempt to surprise the king, and to intercede at least for a reprieve, as we learn from the following letter written to her by that lady, dated "Tuesday night" [July 17]:—"I have, madam, just now obtained from my Lord Rochester (who has really been very affectionate and faithful in your service), a promise that he will speak to his majesty to get a reprieve for a month, which I urged by saying none of the rest could be tried in that

time. I am advised by another that, if it were possible, your ladyship should, by some means or other, surprise his majesty, and cast yourself at his feet, though in the gallery or park, to beg, if not his life, a reprieve; for he avoids seeing and hearing you yourself, because he fears if he did both he could not deny you. That he may not be able to do so is the hearty prayer of your ladyship's humble servant,

"K. Ranelagh."

Lady Russell, it would appear, followed this advice. On Wednesday or Thursday, finding access to the king, she threw herself at his feet, and with bursting heart and streaming eyes pleaded with him, from the merits and loyalty of her father, to save the life of her husband. The king was unmoved and inexorable. At last she implored that, if Lord Russell's doom was irrevocably sealed, a short reprieve from Saturday to Monday[1] might be granted him; but even this slender request, made in circumstances so affecting, by the daughter of the best friend the king ever had, was cruelly denied.

On Thursday, July 19, she went to the prison to inform Lord Russell of the failure of her efforts to obtain for him even a respite from Saturday till Monday. This moved him somewhat, as was observed in his countenance, but he only said, that he thought such a thing was never denied to common felons. Lady Russell having left, he said to Burnet, who attended him as his chaplain in prison, "I wish she would give over beating every bush and running hither and thither for my preservation. But when I consider that it will be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards to reflect that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, I am satisfied."

[1] On Tuesday, July 17, having been informed, probably by Lady Russell, who had been told, though on authority not quite certain, that Saturday was the day appointed for his execution, he had expressed a desire to obtain a reprieve of two days, that he might finish the paper he intended to leave at his death.

We must not, however, here omit to record what redounds so much to her credit, that, earnestly desirous as she was to preserve the life of a husband so endeared to her, Lady Russell never for a moment, even when her fears and agitations were the greatest, tempted or wished him to make abject submissions, or to do aught which would compromise his integrity, to save his life. Tillotson and Burnet were hopeful that, provided he would make a declaration that it was unlawful to resist the authority of the sovereign in whatever circumstances, the king would grant him a pardon. They therefore, especially the former, endeavoured by such reasonings as the subject admits of—fallacious as will now be generally allowed—to induce him to make a declaration to that effect. From the moderation with which Lord Russell expressed his sentiments, Tillotson thought, but mistakenly, that he had succeeded in convincing him, and he requested Lord Halifax to make this known to the king. Such is the moral nature of man, that even when doing injustice, whatever the power with which he is invested, he endeavours to persuade himself and others that he is acting justly. Tyrants have never rested their tyranny upon their power to do whatever they chose, but have ever attempted to rest it upon right. This characteristic of human nature, as well as the opinions he inherited from his father and grandfather, explains how Charles held so pertinaciously, and enforced so rigorously, the belief that passive obedience and non-resistance were the most settled of all the duties of subjects to their rulers, and hence it was, that when informed by Lord Halifax that Lord Russell was about to give his sanction to these favourite maxims, he was more moved by this in the direction of placability than by any other consideration. Tillotson having communicated to Lord Russell the encouraging report Halifax brought from the king, his lordship immediately replied, "You mistook me; I was not so clearly convinced as you supposed. I have been of opinion, and I am not yet

convinced of the opposite, that a free nation like this might defend their religion and liberties when an attempt was made to invade or take them away, though under pretence and colour of law. If I have sinned in this, I hope God will not lay it to my charge, since he knows it was only a sin of ignorance." From this opinion he never swerved, and he declined to make any declaration to the contrary, even though such a declaration should save his life—a magnanimity which, as his illustrious descendant observes, "ought to make his memory dear to every friend of freedom." Of this his determination, Lady Russell, who would have him on no account to violate his conscience, expressed her entire approbation; for she entirely agreed with him in the sentiment that the duty of submission to rulers is not absolute or unconditional. Tillotson was aware of this, and after the death of Lord Russell he apologized to her for having pressed his lordship with such importunity on the point, as if he feared that his importunity had been carried so far as to have been disagreeable or displeasing to her.[1]

Her maternal uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny, on hearing of the arrest of Lord Russell, deeply sympathized with his niece, and purposed coming over to England to visit her, for which he had obtained permission from the French monarch. In a letter to her after Lord Russell's arrest, dated Paris, July $\frac{14}{21}$, 1683, he thus writes: "I have a great longing, my dear niece, to be with you. The king, who arrived only three days ago, has had the goodness to consent to my journey. If I could ride post haste, I would soon be at London. I am purchasing some horses, and I will make all the expedition which my age permits me. May God comfort and strengthen you! Ruvigny."[2] He besought Louis XIV. to interpose in behalf of Lord Russell with the King of England. Louis did so, probably coldly enough, through his ambassador

[1] Lord Russell's *Life of Lord William Russell*, vol. ii. p. 81—87.
[2] Miss Berry's *Life of Lady Russell*, p. 13.

Barillon at London; and Ruvigny at the same time wrote a letter to Barillon, earnestly requesting his friendly assistance, and informing him that he intended to come over to England. Barillon on the 29th of July (or on the 19th, according to the old style then in use in England) showed to Charles Ruvigny's letter, and told him the message in favour of Lord Russell, which his master the King of France had commanded him to deliver. Charles said in answer. "I am well convinced that the king, my brother, would not advise me to pardon a man who would have given me no quarter; I do not wish to prevent M. de Ruvigny from coming here, but my Lord Russell will be beheaded before he arrives. I owe this example both for my own safety and the good of my kingdom."[1] The report of this answer, which extinguished all hope, was no doubt the reason why Ruvigny did not, as he had intended, come over to England.

On Thursday, July 19, two days before his execution, Lord Russell wrote a letter to the king, intended to be delivered after he had suffered, humbly asking his majesty's pardon for anything he had either said or done, that might look like want of respect to his majesty, or duty to his government; forgiving all concerned in his death from the highest to the lowest, and hoping that his majesty's displeasure against him would end with his life, and that no part of it would fall on his wife and children. Lady Russell, who, hoping against hope, was still intent on saving, if possible, a life so dear to her, sent a note to Dr. Burnet, desiring him to obtain from Lord Russell permission for her to show this letter to the king, whom possibly she thought it might incline to mercy. Burnet returned to her the following answer: "Madam, my lord is in so wonderful a temper that I dare not attempt diverting him from those thoughts with which he is so full. But I will presume to offer my advice,

[1] *Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France*, quoted in Guizot's *Married Life of Lady Russell*, p. 33.

that you shall send your copy of his letter to the king. You may say you dare not send the original, because it were the transgressing his orders; but by the copy, that is more in your power, the king will see what it is; and if it has no effect, upon sending back your copy, you will send the original. I think you may do this, and it is the last thing. I am, your faithfullest servant, GILBERT BURNET." In conformity with this advice, Lady Russell appears to have sent a copy of the letter to Charles before Lord Russell's execution, but it had no effect in disposing the royal mind to clemency.

Her strenuous efforts in his behalf, and the greatness of mind she exhibited in passing through these trying scenes, were duly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged by Lord Russell. In his prison interviews with Burnet, in which he often spoke of her, and always in terms of the highest eulogy, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of her spirit; and the thought of the shock which the final parting would give to the feelings of both, and of the crushing effect which his death would have upon her mind, caused him deep anxiety. "The parting with her," he said, "is the greatest thing I have to do, for I am afraid she will hardly be able to bear it. The concern about preserving me fills her mind so now, that it in some measure supports her, but when that shall be over, I fear the quickness of her spirits will work all within her." "I never saw his heart so near failing him," says Burnet, "as when he spake of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse."

On Friday morning, the day before his execution, when he received the sacrament administered by Tillotson, dean of Canterbury, she was present. Having dispensed the sacrament, Tillotson withdrew, leaving her and Burnet alone with him. She heard the two sermons preached to him by Burnet, the first on Rev. xiv. 13: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the

Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them;" and the second on Psalm xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Each sermon occupied half an hour in length, and there was an interval of about two hours between their delivery.

Whilst Lord Russell had been engaged in writing the paper he intended to leave behind him as his dying speech, he consulted Lady Russell as to the most delicate passages, and now he expressed great satisfaction that this paper was finished. After dinner having read it over and subscribed it, and four copies he had ordered to be made, he gave her directions for getting it printed and circulated after his death.

About five o'clock in the evening, she brought to him their three children—two daughters, the one aged nine years, the other seven, and a son three years old, that he might see them for the last time. "I saw him receive them," says Burnet, "with his ordinary serenity." But Burnet, that he might not by his presence impose a restraint upon their interchange of endearing emotion, left the prison, after which Lord Russell warmly embraced his children, pronounced upon them his dying benediction, and dismissed them tenderly, but without agitation.

At his desire Lady Russell remained with him till after supper. "Stay and sup with me," said he to her affectionately; "let us eat our last earthly food together." She was struck with the cheerfulness with which during and after supper he conversed with her and Burnet, who had returned to him at eight o'clock, on various topics, as on examples of calmness and fortitude in meeting death, and particularly about his daughters, their education and prospects. Now came the scene of the final parting between her and Lord Russell—a scene to which, as there could hardly be a trial

demanding higher powers of self-possession, both of them had looked forward with deep anxiety. He requested Burnet, the only one present with them, to pray, as he had done before supper, ere she finally left him. How touching to them must that prayer have been! At ten o'clock they embraced each other for the last time. Taking her by the hand, Lord Russell said, "This flesh you now feel, in a few hours must be cold." He kissed her four or five times. There were neither shrieks nor passionate exclamations, neither sobs nor tears, either on her side or on his, but a composed silence, each, from the dictates of the truest wisdom and the purest tenderness, restraining the expressions of grief that they might spare, as much as possible, each other's feelings. How noble, sublime, and heroic, does the character of Lady Russell appear as presented in this scene! In those moments of unutterable agony, when most women, unable to control themselves, would have given outlet to the bitterness of their distress in agonizing tears, and in all the heart-rending forms in which overwhelming, uncontrollable sorrow tumultuously vents itself, this admirable woman, that she might not do anything to unman him from whom she was to be separated, that rather she might fortify him for his last manifestation of patriotic virtue when made a spectacle on the scaffold, maintained, as she had hitherto done, her courage and self-control, though in the effort the finer affections of the human heart must have been strained to the uttermost. This her rare power of self-command excites the more surprise, and is the more to be admired, as from their ardent mutual love and from the uncommon domestic felicity they had enjoyed, it might have been expected that the torrent of her distress, too violent to be restrained by all the powers of reason and religion, would have overflowed all its banks.

As she left his prison, he followed her with his eyes in silent anguish, and after her departure he said to Burnet, "Now the bitterness of death is past," and expatiated with

glowing delight upon her great worth, and the great blessing she had been to him. "What a misery," said he, "it would have been to me if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired me to do a base thing for the saving of my life; whereas, otherwise, what a week should I have passed, if she had been crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard!" referring to the perfidy of the despicable Lord Howard, the principal witness against him, who, having been apprehended on suspicion of being one of the conspirators in the Ryehouse Plot, became informer against his friends to save his own life. He added, "There was a signal providence of God in giving me such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to me; but her carriage in my extremity is beyond all. I am glad that she and my children are to lose nothing by my death; and it is a great comfort to me that I am to leave my children in such a mother's hands; and that she has promised to me to take care of herself for their sakes"—"which," says Burnet, "I heard her do."[1]

Having left the prison, Lady Russell retired in silent anguish to the solitude of her dwelling, where her beloved consort was never again to cheer her with his presence. This night she probably lay sleepless upon her bed, weeping and praying that God would be present to sustain and to comfort him; unable to banish from her memory the scenes through which she had already passed, especially the final parting, his last words, his last look, the last pressure of his hand and lips upon hers, and oppressed with an unutterable load of sorrow, as she thought of his approaching fate, which doubtless lay heavier upon her heart than it did upon his. He was calm in mind. At one o'clock he sunk into a sound and refreshing sleep, in which he was found, when his servant, in obedience to his orders, came and awoke him at

[1] Burnet's *Journal.*

four o'clock in the morning. While his servant was preparing some articles of his apparel for him to dress, he again fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the coming of Burnet, to whom he said, "I have slept heartily since one o'clock." His first thoughts on awaking were of Lady Russell. He desired Burnet to carry to her his most affectionate remembrances, to tell her that he was well, and had slept well, and that she would have a place in his last prayers. Taking out his watch, which he was to give as a gift to Burnet on the scaffold, he wound it up and said, "I have done with time: now eternity comes."

Lord Russell was executed at Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the morning of July 21, 1683, in the forty-fourth year of his age. On the scaffold he displayed, as he had done from the time of his apprehension, an unshrinking fortitude, a calm submission, a steadfast faith, and a Christian magnanimity, which threw a brilliant lustre over the tragic close of his life. His address to the vast crowd assembled was short, and he placed in the hands of the sheriff a copy of the paper which he had written in prison to be circulated after his death. It has been said that the Duke of York proposed that the execution should take place in Bloomsbury Square, before the windows of his own house; which, from the known character of James II., who delighted in spectacles of cruelty, is probable enough.

Lord Russell's remains were entombed in the family vault at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER WIDOWHOOD TO HER CORRESPONDENCE AS TO THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Amidst this scene of desolation there were doubtless around Lady Russell sympathizing friends, who did what they could

to minister to her the support and comfort she so greatly needed, although we are not particularly informed on this subject. One dear friend she indeed had not to whom to disburden the deep sorrows of her heart, her beloved and favourite sister Lady Noel, who was now in her grave; and her half sister Lady Northumberland, with whom she had always lived on very amicable and affectionate terms, was at this time abroad. But, to make up for all losses of this kind, she had the throne of grace to go to; and to Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow, she could unbosom her inmost feelings, and confide all her distresses and fears. His assistance she did not invoke in vain. Divine grace came to her aid in this the hour of her greatest need, and she was carried, if not triumphantly, yet creditably, through all its sorrows and agitations, her faith coming forth not only unscathed, but refined and strengthened from the furnace. There were various circumstances calculated to alleviate, and which in some degree did alleviate her anguish. She could not reproach herself for any deficiency or tardiness of effort to save the life of him whom she mourned, fruitless as all her exertions had been. During the whole of the closing scene he had displayed—what it had been her earnest desire and prayer that he should, if die on the scaffold he must—the utmost magnanimity, all ending without any stain being brought upon his courage or his Christian principle, the curtain falling upon one of the most memorable triumphs of constancy, fortitude, and faith which the world ever beheld. The cause in which he had fallen a sacrifice was the noblest of causes—that of the liberties of his country and the Protestant religion. He had left the world in the confident hope that he was about to enter upon the blessedness of heaven; and from the consecration of his heart to God and his faith in Christ, she had reason to believe that his dying hope was well founded. The current of public feeling ran strong in affection towards him, and in sympathy towards

her. In a letter to one of her correspondents many years after, she says, "There was something so glorious in the object of my greatest sorrow, I believe *that* in some degree kept me from being then overwhelmed."[1] In another of her letters, written after the execution of Lord Russell, when her wounds were still bleeding, she says, "Having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope that he has found those mercies he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity." Yet, from the shock given to her mind, from the confusion and bewilderment into which she was thrown, and from a strong disposition to dwell on the circumstances, which aggravated her calamity, or which kept open the sluices of sorrow, she felt a difficulty in taking full advantage of these alleviating considerations.[2]

Exasperated at the demonstrations of sympathy with the fate, and veneration for the character, and admiration of the heroism of Lord Russell given by the public, the court would not allow any mark of respect to be shown to his remains; yet permission to put an escutcheon over his door was obtained through Lord Halifax, though to the great dissatisfaction of some of the courtiers. The king also, a few days after the execution, sent Lady Russell an assurance that he did not mean to profit by the forfeiture of Lord Russell's personal estate. To Lord Halifax she made due acknowledgments for the favour he had shown her. She also,

[1] Letter to Burnet, October 16, 1690.

[2] These facts we learn from her correspondence, and indeed her subsequent history is chiefly derived from her own letters. Those of them written at and after this period are in point of composition much superior to those written at an earlier period of her life. Many of them are delightful compositions, pervaded by the best spirit of Christian piety and resignation, and may almost be regarded as models of the epistolary style. In perusing them we are admitted to a knowledge of her inmost thoughts and feelings, as she unfolds them to her confidential friends, and to an insight into her character, as if we had been personally and intimately acquainted with her.

through the uncle of her deceased husband, the Honourable John Russell, then colonel of the first regiment of foot guards, expressed her gratitude to the king for his relinquishment of her husband's forfeited estate.

The paper which Lord Russell had delivered to the sheriff on the scaffold was so quickly printed that it was selling through the streets an hour after his execution. Forming as it did a complete vindication of himself from the accusations under which he had been condemned, it tended to alienate the minds of the people from the government. Its circulation, therefore, especially so soon after his execution, roused the resentment of the government. "That paper," they said, "was not written by Lord Russell; it is the manufacture of a different person, and Tillotson or Burnet has probably had a hand in writing it." Under this suspicion both these eminent men were summoned to appear before the privy council. Tillotson at once cleared himself to their satisfaction, and was soon dismissed. Burnet, who was more suspected, was longer detained. He underwent a lengthened and close examination, but the suspicion was not confirmed. He frankly acknowledged that he had kept a journal of what had passed during the time he had attended Lord Russell in prison to administer to him the consolations of religion, and at the king's command he satisfied his majesty's curiosity, and that of the council, by reading his journal. It was nothing more than a faithful narrative of what had taken place; but such was the excellent spirit displayed by Lord Russell in prison, that this candid, impartial record of what he said and did presented his character in too favourable a light to please the court—portrayed him rather as a patriot and martyr than as a traitor, and the Duke of York indignantly affirmed that it was "a studied panegyric." Burnet persisted in maintaining, and offered to declare upon oath, that the speech was written by Lord Russell himself, and not by him.

Lady Russell warmly contradicted the report that Lord

Russell's dying speech was written by another person, not by himself. This she did in a letter to the king, written a few days after the death of his lordship; nor did she forget to do justice to his friend Burnet by emphatically attesting the accuracy of his journal, which had been impeached, and by vindicating his loyalty to his sovereign in all his interviews with her husband.

"May it please your majesty," says she, "I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the most solemn manner to attest, that during his imprisonment I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, which was spoken in my presence, is exactly true, as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable as to believe that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not, at the point of death, do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so."[1]

[1] *Life of Lord Russell*, vol. ii. p. 123-125.

Among the friends who offered her consolation by letter at this season of distress, two ought to be particularly named, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who had formerly been her father's chaplain, and who was now rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and a canon of Windsor, and the celebrated John Howe, men of very different sentiments, political, ecclesiastical, and religious, but who each felt for her the deepest sympathy, and regarded her, from the exalted Christian excellence of her character, with a respect amounting to veneration.

Howe's letter to her is one of the happiest specimens to be found of consolatory epistolary writing. Our limits will admit of only a few extracts.

"The cause of your sorrow, madam," says he, "is exceeding great. The causes of your joy are inexpressibly greater. You have infinitely more left than you have lost. Doth it need to be disputed whether God be better and greater than man? or more to be valued, loved, and delighted in? and whether an eternal relation be more considerable than a temporary one? . . . . The principal causes of your joy are immutable, such as no supervening thing can alter. You have lost a most pleasant, delectable, earthly relative. Doth the blessed God hereby cease to be the best and most excellent good? Is his nature changed? his everlasting covenant reversed and annulled? which is ordered in all things and sure, and is to be all your salvation and all your desire, whether he make your house on earth to grow or not to grow (2 Sam. xxiii. 4). . . .

"Whereas, madam, you cannot avoid . . . to have the removal of that incomparable person for a great theme of your thoughts, I do only propose most humbly to your honour, that you would not confine them to the sadder and darker part of that theme. It hath also a bright side; and it equally belongs to it, to consider whither he is gone, and to whom, as whence, and from whom. Let, I beseech you, your mind be more exercised in contemplating the glories of

that state your blessed consort is translated unto, which will mingle pleasure and sweetness with the bitterness of your afflicting loss, by giving you a daily intellectual participation (through the exercise of faith and hope) in his enjoyments. He cannot descend to share with you in your sorrows; you may thus every day ascend, and partake with him in his joys. . . .

"Nor should such thoughts excite over-hasty, impatient desires of following presently into heaven, but to the endeavours of serving God more cheerfully on earth, for our appointed time: which I earnestly desire your ladyship would apply yourself to, as you would not displease God, who is your only hope, nor be cruel to yourself, nor dishonour the religion of Christians, as if they had no other consolations than this earth can give, and earthly power take from them. . . . I shall only add that consideration which cannot but be valuable with you, . . . that of those dear pledges left behind: my own heart even bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent too. And even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage. You will always naturally create in them a reverence of you; and I cannot but apprehend how the constant deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children, and, if that be sad and despondent, depress their spirits, blunt and take off the edge and quickness, upon which their future usefulness and comfort will much depend."

Howe did not put his name to this letter, but from the style and thought, and other circumstances, the author was soon discovered. She sent Howe a letter of thanks, telling him that he must not expect to remain concealed, and promising to endeavour to follow the good advice he had given her. She often corresponded with him afterwards.

The earliest information we have under her own hand of the state of her mind on this melancholy occasion, is given

in a letter she wrote September 30, 1683, two months after the tragedy, to her friend Dr. Fitzwilliam. The letter is dated from Woburn Abbey, whither she had retired with her children from her desolate residence in London, early in the month of August. It presents a touching picture of a Christian soul struggling to rise from the waves of sorrow which were rolling over and threatening to overwhelm it, and to resign itself, with an humble spirit, to the will of its sovereign, yet gracious Father in heaven. Fitzwilliam had sent her a letter full of religious counsel and comfort, accompanied with some forms of prayer, which he hoped might be useful in elevating her mind to God. "You that knew us both," says she in her reply, "and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till, by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? . . . Lord! let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this, sure, hinders my comfort: when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will

not injure myself to say I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world; in which I have no other business but to rid my soul from sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve."

Here we must not forget to mention, as what reflects honour on Lady Russell's high Christian character, that though, on considering Lord Russell's doom in all its circumstances, she could not but in the exercise of calm deliberative judgment pronounce it to have been a judicial murder, yet her sorrow was unmingled with the passion of resentment, so apt to be kindled and to rankle in the soul under deep, overwhelming, irreparable injury. Neither at the time nor afterwards, does she in her correspondence ever vilify the instruments, or expatiate on their tyranny, injustice, and cruelty. No bitterness, irritation, or rancour escapes her against the Duke of York, whose implacable vengeance, it is probable, by preventing the exercise of the royal clemency, left Lord Russell to the tender mercies of the public executioner. Towards the authors of her sorrows she cultivated and cherished only a subdued and forgiving spirit. This sanctified temper of mind is the constant feeling she manifests. Nothing at variance with it is to be found in any part of her correspondence, not even in the freest and most unrestrained effusions of her heart in her letters to her most intimate friends.

Soon after her great calamity she resolved personally to apply herself to the task of conducting the education of her

children; a resolution which she carried out with such energy, perseverance, and success, that her accomplished daughters appear to have had no other instructress than herself. Dr. Burnet, in a letter to her, dated February, 1684, says, "I am very glad you mean to employ so much of your time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess; for, as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirit."

In the bringing up of her children it was her chief anxiety that they should become good, rather than great in the world. In a conversation she had with the Earl of Rochester, on his coming to her house to visit her, when seconding the efforts of her uncle Ruvigny for the removal of Lord Russell's attainder, she said, with truly enlightened motherly solicitude, "I do assure your lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great than to see them so. I will do what I can that they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow." And in a long letter to her children,[1] pervaded by the wisest and tenderest exhortations of maternal piety, she says, "My children, believe your mother, there is nothing now in this world can touch me very sorely but my children's concerns (bating religion); and although I love your bodies but too well, yet, if my heart deceives me not, 'tis as nothing in comparison of your more precious souls. When I have the least jealousy that any of you have ill inclinations, or not so good as I would gladly have them, or fear that you tread though never so little out of the right path, O how it pierces my soul in fear and anguish for you! If you love, or bear any respect for, the memory of your father, do not endanger a separation from him and me in the next life. . . . O my beloved children! take care we meet again; do but experience the pleasure of a well-spent

[1] Discovered in 1850, and published for the first time in her *Letters*, Lord Russell's edition, vol. ii. p. 72–85.

life, and the pure delights of meditating on the future state of eternity. That you may do so, and love it, to my last breath you will have the prayers of a truly loving mother. Consider, my dears, that all the innocent delights of life you may take, and no anxiety of mind with them; but if they shut out religious thoughts and performances, and devour and take up all our time, then indeed we sin; and conscience will sting at some time or other, and be a sore remembrancer."

Deep as was her grief for Lord Russell, and permanent as it was, being the pervading feeling of her mind during the forty years of her widowhood, though mitigated by the consolations of religion and the lapse of time, she did not surrender herself to inactivity, or become neglectful of any of the duties incumbent upon her, whether they related to her household, her children, her relatives, or others. All these duties she was anxious to perform, and the greatness of the pressure of her sorrow being considered, it was a proof of her strong good sense and conscientiousness of spirit, that she did not allow herself to be thereby diverted from, or to become remiss in their performance.

In the spring of the year 1684, Lady Russell visited the tomb of Lord Russell at Chenies in Buckinghamshire. Her object in doing this was not merely to gratify the promptings of sorrowful affection, but chiefly to elevate her soul above this world and its brief scenes of anguish, to that better world, where the disappointments and griefs of earth never intrude to interrupt its happiness or to dissolve its fellowship. "I had considered," says she in a letter to Fitzwilliam, "I went not to seek the living among the dead. I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but to quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society. There I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time."

In the spring of the same year Lady Russell intended to go to Stratton, for the purpose especially of making final arrangements in reference to the last will and testament of her sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel. She and Lord Russell, as has been already observed, had been accustomed to spend their summer months at Stratton; and the prospect of re-visiting that place, the scene of her former happiness, excited in her mind painful sensations, knowing, as she did, that it would open afresh her wounded heart, by recalling to her memory departed joys, which were never to return. She affectingly describes her feelings in these words:—"I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place, Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content, considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy. But I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell, that his figure is not present to me? Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve *that* shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation on me."

Meanwhile her mother-in-law, the Countess of Bedford, became dangerously ill, and died on the 10th of May at Woburn. This was followed by the illness of her infant son. From these events the visit to Stratton was deferred. This last affliction especially caused her deep anxiety; and it served the important purpose of impressing upon her mind the conviction, that in this world she had still left her objects which she could not lose without a large addition being made to her sorrow. While thanking God for the recovery of her boy, she confesses that she had learned this lesson from his sickness. "He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment."

In the end of June she removed from Woburn to Totteridge in Middlesex, for the sake of a change of air and of the advice of a London physician to her son. She was accompanied by her eldest daughter, and left the youngest at Woburn with her grandfather.

She resided at Totteridge about two months. It was her purpose to go from thence to Stratton in September; but in consequence of the expected arrival of the court in the vicinity of Stratton, whither Charles was wont to retire in autumn to devote himself to the amusement of the chase, she went straight from Totteridge to Woburn in that month.

Her stay at Woburn was, however, brief. The physicians having recommended that her son should reside in London during the winter, it was her intention to remove with him soon to the metropolis. This was a new trial to her fortitude. It was in London that she had passed through the most trying scenes of her life, and she dreaded what, from the power of association, might have been anticipated, that the tumultuous tide of sorrow would, upon her approach to the spot where she had lately suffered so much, return in all its strength, and rush upon her soul with an overwhelming flood not to be resisted or controlled. In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam she informs him that it was her intention "to try that desolate habitation of mine in London this winter. The doctors," she adds, "agree it is the best place for my boy, and I have no argument to balance that, nor could take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but by God's permission I will try how I can endure that place—in thought a place of terror to me; but I know, if sorrow had not another root, *that* will vanish in a few days." This journey she protracted as long as possible, justifying her delay from a natural shrinking at encountering the sight of the scene of the tragedy which had cost her such terrible anguish. Writing to the same correspondent in November, from Woburn, shortly before starting for London, she says, "I

have, you find, sir, lingered out my time, and I think none will wonder at it that will reflect, [that] the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas, doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me."

In the year 1685, Lady Russell's uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny, with his wife and a niece, Mademoiselle de Ciré, arrived in London from France. His principal object in undertaking this journey appears to have been to endeavour to obtain from James II., who had succeeded his brother Charles II., who died February 6, that year, the removal of Lord Russell's attainder, for the sake of the children, in whom, on his niece's account, he took a deep interest. To testify her affection and respect for her uncle, she protracted her stay in London till the beginning of August, a longer period than she had originally intended. Mademoiselle de Ciré unhappily became ill of the small-pox, shortly after her arrival, and fell a victim to the disease. She breathed her last in Lady Russell's residence in London. "She died (as most do) as she lived," says Lady Russell, in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, "a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her; ever magnifying the goodness of God that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence."

To save her children from the infection of this pestilential and loathsome distemper, Lady Russell removed them first

to their grandfather's mansion, Bedford House, in the Strand, and then to Woburn. Having done this, she returned to London to minister consolation to her sorrowing uncle and his wife, and to take, as she believed, a last farewell of them, before their departure from England.

Her uncle, who, to use her own words, was "as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever anybody had," had, during his stay in London, been assiduous in interceding with the lord-treasurer[1] and the chamberlain to the queen,[2] for the removal of Lord Russell's attainder; but, from the obduracy of the king, all his efforts were unavailing. He returned to France without accomplishing his object. On his departure, Lady Russell left London for Woburn, to rejoin her children. Here she remained with Lord Bedford till the Christmas following.

At the time of the perfidious revocation of the edict of Nantes by the French king, Louis XIV.,[3] Lady Russell's letters display the kind of feeling which, from her Christian character and sentiments, might have been expected—horror at the tidings which every day was bringing of the savage cruelty with which the Huguenots were persecuted; sympathy with the sufferers, whose only crime was, that they would not abandon their faith for Popery; and contempt for the folly, not less than detestation at the wickedness, of the French monarch in his ferocious attempts to exterminate from the soil of France the most virtuous, industrious, and deserving of his subjects.

Describing that monarch in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, dated Woburn Abbey, November, 1685, she says—"The king of a miserable people, but truly the most miserable himself, by debasing, as he does, the dignity of human nature; and though, for secret ends of Providence, he is suffered to make those poor creatures drink deep of a most bitter cup, yet

[1] Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester. [2] Lord Godolphin.
[3] The date of the act of Revocation is October 22, 1685.

the dregs are surely reserved for himself. What a judgment is it upon an aspiring mind, when perhaps half the world knows not God, nor confesses the name of Christ as a Saviour, nor the beauty of virtue, which almost all the world has in derision, that it should not excite him to a reformation of faith and manners; but [that he should] with such a rage, turn his power to extirpate a people that own the gospel for their law and rule! How infamous to his fame is the one! how glorious to his memory would the other have been! But he is too wicked to be an instrument of so much good to his degenerate age."

In another letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, same month, she thus writes:—"I read a letter last night from my sister at Paris. She writes, as everybody that has humane affections must; and says, that of 1,800,000 [Huguenots], there are not more than 10,000 esteemed to be left in France, and they, I guess, will soon be converted by the dragoons, or perish. So that near two millions of poor souls, made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigour of that savage man."

Again, writing on the same subject to the same correspondent, January 15, 1685–6, she says:—"The accounts from France are more and more astonishing; the perfecting the work is vigorously pursued, and by this time completed, it is thought. . . . . It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations [that] are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers and sent into monasteries; their mothers to another. The husband to prison or the galleys. These are amazing providences, doctor! God, out of infinite mercy, strengthen weak believers!"

Among the many French Protestants whom the revocation of the edict of Nantes brought to England, where they found a sanctuary, was Lady Russell's maternal uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny,[1] who, by the special favour of Louis XIV.,

[1] Her uncle was a nobleman of accomplishment and ability, and a Protestant from sincere conviction. In 1659 he was appointed by Cardinal

was permitted with his family to remove to England. The last days of this venerable nobleman were embittered by the calamities of the reformed church of his native country, over which so portentous a cloud had gathered as to extinguish all hope of its preservation. He took up his abode at Greenwich. Early in the year 1686, Lady Russell notices in her letters her intention of going there to pay him a visit. His high rank, and the esteem in which he was held by the Protestants of France, attracted thither many of his poor exiled countrymen, who formed themselves into a church. Evelyn records in his diary that he assisted at a French sermon, preached at Greenwich, to a congregation of above a hundred French refugees, of which M. de Ruvigny was the chief, and that he had obtained for them the use of the parish church after the English service was over.

Sympathizing with the expatriated French Protestants, many of whom were suffering from poverty, Lady Russell proposed, as an act of Christian beneficence, as well as for the improvement of her son, who was now between five and six years of age, to look out from among them for some scholar to instruct him in the knowledge of the French tongue. His grandfather was of opinion that the boy was too young "to be put to learning in earnest:" she was of a

Mazarin (prime minister of Louis XIV.), deputy-general of the national synod of the reformed churches in France. He was the only man from whom that monarch would listen to a statement of the grievances of the Huguenots. After the restoration of Charles II. he was employed by Louis in affairs of diplomacy at the English court. He foresaw that, in disregard of all faith and legal securities, nothing less than the extermination of the Huguenots would satisfy the French king and his jesuitical counsellors; and, prepared to sacrifice country, honour, wealth, ease, rather than abandon his faith, he took early measures to obtain for himself and his children letters of naturalization in England. In a letter to his niece, Lady Russell, January, 1680, he writes:—"I send you our letters of naturalization, which will be safer in your hands than in mine. I beg you and your sister also [Lady Elizabeth Noel] to preserve them; they may be of use, for nothing can be more uncertain than the future." His worst fears were but too truly realized in the revocation of the edict of Nantes, five years after.

different opinion. "I think," says she, "perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman; so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who should learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows."

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE'S EXPRESSIONS OF CONDOLENCE WITH HER TO HER DEATH.

Those generous friends of liberty, civil and religious, William, Prince of Orange, and his princess Mary, daughter of James II., deeply lamented the fate of Lord Russell, and cordially sympathized with Lady Russell.

When Dyckveldt was despatched to England as minister plenipotentiary from the states of Holland, he received special commands from these illustrious personages to wait on Lady Russell, and to present to her their heartfelt condolences. On his arrival in London in the beginning of the year 1686–7, he delivered this his commission. In an interview with Lady Russell, notes of which, written by herself at the time, have been preserved, he told her, "I am come, by express orders of the Prince and Princess of Orange, to condole with you on your loss, and to assure you of the lively interest they take in it, both as having a great and just regard for the two families to which you belong, and as considering your lord's death as a great blow to the interests of the Protestant religion. I have to assure you, at the same time, that there is nothing in their power which they are not ready to do, either for you or your son. I do not

deliver this message," continued Dyckveldt, "in my private capacity, but have been commissioned to deliver it in my character as ambassador."

This compassionate interest in her condition was very soothing to Lady Russell, and she wrote a letter to the Princess of Orange, expressing her gratitude for such honourable and considerate attention. This letter, which, if it still exists, must be mouldering in some of the state-paper offices in Holland, drew from the princess a friendly and an affectionate answer. In this answer, dated Honsleerdick,[1] July 2, 1687, the princess, while thanking her for her letter by Mons. Dyckveldt, and the marks of kindness which she showed both to the prince and herself, says:—"I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given you by all people, both before I left England and since I have been here; and have had as much pity, as any could have, of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve well."

In June this year, Lady Russell accomplished the journey she had long intended to make to Stratton. She still dreaded, that her visit to this place, by recalling images of earthly felicity now passed away for ever, would revive that mental anguish which time had in some measure mitigated. Such was the effect. Writing from Stratton, she describes her feelings as "indeed brimful with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before. The poor children," she adds, "are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible; and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that, I would cherish a cheerful temper

[1] A seat of king William's in Holland.

in them with all the industry I can; for, sure, we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit." Here Lady Russell evinces her strong good sense and Christian wisdom. Her children were too young when their father fell on the scaffold to be affected by it at the time, as she was, or to have afterwards her recollections. While, therefore, she was pleased that her eldest daughter gave signs of being impressed by such reminiscences as she had, yet her desire for her children's happiness made her anxious not to sadden their spirits, but rather to foster in them, as most suitable to their age, a cheerful disposition.

She made strenuous endeavours by meditation, prayer, and mental effort, to promote the same disposition in her own well-disciplined though still sorrowing heart. There were three days especially which she devoted to meditation and prayer, the day of Lord Russell's arrest, the day of his trial, and the day of his "release from all the evils of this perishing world." In a letter from Stratton, written at this time, on the day before the anniversary of his arrest, she thus writes:—"To-morrow, being Sunday, I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unprofitable passion." That her griefs might not do so, she resolves, after having given some hours to privacy in the morning, to live in her house as on other days, doing her best to be tolerably composed. "It is my first attempt to do this," she adds, "for all these sad years, I have dispensed with seeing anybody, or till late at night. Sometimes I could not avoid *that*, without a singularity I do not affect."

She remained at Stratton with her children till the end of this year, when she removed to London.

That Providence whose ways to her had been so dark and mysterious, was now about to cause light to spring up unexpectedly in the midst of darkness, in regard to the outward prospects of her family. The Earl of Devonshire, formerly Lord Cavendish, who had been the intimate friend

of Lord Russell, and who, in the generosity of his friendship, had offered to change clothes with him, and to remain a prisoner in the Tower while he should make his escape, an offer which Lord Russell was too generous to accept—this nobleman, steadfastly cherishing the memory of his friend, and regarding Lady Russell and her children with increasing interest and affection, proposed to her that a matrimonial alliance should take place between his eldest son, then scarcely sixteen years of age, and her eldest daughter Rachel, who was fourteen. This proposition, which she calls "a glimmering of light, I did not look for in my dark day," so gratifying from the motives which prompted it, and from the distinction it would confer upon her daughter, was cordially assented to by Lady Russell. Difficulties which arose as to the legal settlement of the property of the parties caused some delay; but these difficulties were at last overcome, and the marriage was celebrated June 21, 1688. "This very solemnity," says she, in regard to an event which drew from her tears of mingled joy and grief, "has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, they making me too tender, though in retirement they are pleasant; and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure if departed souls know what we do, he [Lord Russell] approves of what I have done; and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings." So completely did he live in her heart, that whatever happened to her, whether of joy or of sorrow, her thoughts turned towards him, and she could hardly conceive of him in the heavenly mansions, where she now believed him to be, as ignorant of the condition of herself and her children, or as not feeling for them still the emotions of paternal affection.

Lord and Lady Cavendish having stayed with her at Southampton House about three weeks after their marriage, accompanied her and the Earl of Bedford to Woburn. Her return to the quiet and seclusion of the country from the

bustle and excitement of London society, was to her a great relief. "The pensive quiet I hope for here, I think, will be very grateful to my wearied body and mind; yet," she adds, "when I contemplate the fruits and labour of these last six months, it brings some comfort to my mind, as an evidence that I do not live only to lament my misfortunes, and be humbled by those heavy chastisements I have felt, and [which] must for ever in this life press me sorely. That I have not sunk under the pressure, has been, I hope, in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state, and form the children of a loved husband before I go hence."

In the month of August, Lord Cavendish, to finish his education, set out on his travels for the Continent. He first went to Brussels, thence into France and Italy, and returned to England at the close of the year 1690, after an absence of above two years.

Lady Russell remained at Woburn with her father-in-law, the Earl of Bedford, till near the close of the year, with the exception of a visit of two days which she paid to London in the beginning of October.

Great political changes were then deeply agitating men's minds. The memorable Revolution of 1688 was on the eve of its accomplishment. Lady Russell cordially wished success to the enterprise, though not without fears lest, should it fail of success, which the best and greatest undertakings often do, still greater misery might be entailed upon herself, her children, and her country.

Previously to the final flight of James II.,[1] she went with the Earl of Bedford to London. It was probably at this time that James, when now the current of public opinion had so strongly set in against him, applied to the earl for his support. "My lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service." "Ah, sire," said the earl with a deep sigh, "I am old and feeble: I can do you but little service;

[1] He finally fled from England for France on the 23d of December.

I once had a son that could have assisted you, but he is no more." This affecting reply, which was wholly unexpected, went like a sword to the conscience of James, and for some minutes deprived him of the power to speak.

The measures adopted for placing the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne of England were crowned with success; those principles of civil and religious liberty, so closely associated with the memory and fate of Lady Russell's husband, had now triumphed; Popery, whose political ascendency she dreaded, was now deprived of its chance of becoming dominant, and therefore of proscribing the Protestant religion. This great revolution, happening at the very time when men were looking forward with dismay to the future, excited in her breast, as it did in the breasts of hundreds of thousands, grateful surprise and amazement. "Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him who is the dispenser of all providences." Yet even when James II., who had remorselessly left her husband to his fate, had fled trembling for his life, after having humbled himself so far as to implore the assistance of the father whose son he had murdered, and was wandering a contemptible fugitive in a foreign land, she raises no shout of triumph over his fall, nor even insinuates that it was the just recompense of his tyranny and cruelty.

In effecting these changes, the Russell and Cavendish families bore a distinguished part. This it was extremely gratifying to Lady Russell to witness, as being the course becoming them to take as the friends of liberty, and the course approved by her own judgment and feelings. It was in vain for her to regret, but yet she could hardly avoid regretting that Lord Russell had fallen a sacrifice so near the period of the overthrow of the tyranny which he had unsuccessfully resisted, and of the triumph of those liberal principles for

which he had died a martyr. Nor could she help indulging the thought, vain though it was, of the prominent part he might have taken in establishing the new dynasty, of which he would have proved himself one of the most loyal and efficient supporters.

William and Mary being established on the throne, a bill was passed in parliament, and received the royal signature, by which the execution of Lord Russell was pronounced to be "murder," and his attainder was reversed, inasmuch as his lordship was, "by undue and illegal return of jurors (having been refused his lawful challenge to the said jurors, for want of freehold), and by partial and unjust constructions of law, wrongfully convicted and attainted for high treason."

Lady Russell's friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, remained steadfast in his loyalty to James II., and gave proof of his sincerity by resigning his lucrative preferments, rather than take the oaths to the new government. His scruples appeared to her to be groundless, and the extravagant views he seemed to entertain of the unlimited power of the sovereign struck her with surprise. "I am very sorry the case stands with you as it does, in reference to the oath, and still wonder (unless I could find kings of divine right) why it does!" But from her knowledge of his intelligence and piety, and from her charitable Christian spirit, she was disposed to give a respectful consideration to his difficulties, to put the best construction on his motives; and she assures him that, whatever might be the course his honest convictions should lead him to follow, her friendship would remain sincere and undiminished as ever. She adds, "Whilst, in the meantime, I see those whose sincerity and ability I have equal value for, point blank contrary one to another; yet both will be, I doubt not, accepted at the great day of trial. I will take leave, sir, to wish you converted."

From her virtues so greatly tried, and so matured by years and experience, and from the sympathy which her severe

afflictions excited, as well as from the veneration in which the memory of her husband was held, Lady Russell secured the favour and cordial affection of the new sovereigns, William and Mary. From the influence she was in consequence believed to possess, numerous applications were made to her for patronage. Her delicacy of feeling prevented her from taking undue advantage of the friendly footing on which she stood with the court, but from her obliging temper she was serviceable in this way to some deserving persons. Writing to Queen Mary in favour of one of Lord Carberry's family, she says: "It is a sensible trouble to me when I do importune your majesty, yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can." She used her interest with the court through Dr. Tillotson, to procure a pension for Mr. Samuel Johnson, who had been some time domestic chaplain to Lord Russell, and who had suffered much during the reign of James II., for his publications in opposition to the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance.[1] The application was successful, King William having granted Johnson £300 a year for his own and his son's life, with £1000 in money, and a place of £100 a year for his son.

In the year 1689 we find Lady Russell, who was then in the fifty-third year of her age, complaining of the weakness of her sight. It has been said that she wept herself blind; but this is an incorrect statement, for though she often wept over her affliction in secret, yet the cause of the badness of her sight was a cataract on her left eye.

In the year 1692 the increasing impairment of her powers

[1] His work entitled *Julian the Apostate*, published in 1682, in furtherance of the bill of exclusion against the Duke of York, was intended to expose these doctrines. He was repeatedly fined in heavy sums, was imprisoned, condemned to stand in the pillory, and to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. This last punishment, which was inflicted with great rigour, he bore with uncommon fortitude. *Biograph. Britan.*

of vision was such as to threaten her with the loss of sight altogether. This affliction she bore with unmurmuring patience and resignation. "While I can see at all," says she in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, dated November 5, 1692, "I must do a little more than I can, when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance,[1] which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant; but still I have full hope I shall rejoice in that He will not deny me his great grace to strengthen me with might by his Spirit in the inner man." In another letter to the same correspondent she thus writes: —"Alas! my bad eyes serve me now so little, that I could not read your papers, and tell you that I have done so, in one day. It is mortifying; yet I hope I do not repine, but on the contrary rejoice in the goodness of my God to me that, when I feared the utter loss of sight, has let me thus long see the light, and by it given me time to prepare for that day of bodily darkness, which perhaps must soon overtake me."

The operation of couching was successfully performed on Lady Russell's eye on June 28, 1694, after which her sight gradually improved; and during the latter years of her life she wrote even without the use of spectacles.

After the Revolution her family, whose fortunes had sunk so low, again rose on the wheels of revolving events. Her children obtained wealthy and honourable matrimonial alliances, and the families to which she was most nearly related were advanced to new dignities in the state.

In the summer of the year 1693, her youngest daughter Katharine was married to Lord Roos, the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, which she calls "the best match in England."

In the following year King William raised the Earl of Bedford and the Earl of Devonshire to the rank of dukes; an elevation which they well deserved, for the important

[1] She means correspondence with absent friends.

services they had rendered to their country and to the Revolution government. In the letters-patent conferring this title on her father-in-law, the Earl of Bedford, it is stated as not the least among the reasons for conferring it upon him, "that from his loins sprung that ornament of our age, William, Lord Russell, whose superlative merits we think it not sufficient to have transmitted to posterity upon the credit of public annals, but will have them recorded in these our royal letters-patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his most consummate virtue; nor shall his name ever perish so long as men are disposed to pay due honour to one of such virtuous manners, such greatness of soul, and so public a spirit, that his love of country was superior to his love of life." Another reason was "to excite the emulation of a worthy grandchild, born to so great hopes, that he may with the more vigour tread in the steps of his truly great father." The homage thus paid to the merits of Lord Russell, and the friendly interest thus shown in her son, must have been highly gratifying to Lady Russell.

In May, 1695, her son, Lord Tavistock, then only fifteen years of age, was married to Miss Holland, a young lady of opulent fortune, the only daughter and heiress of John Holland, Esq., of Streatham in Surrey, by a daughter of Sir Josiah Child. How strikingly contrasted the prosperity of her family now with the fate of James II., the murderer of her husband, who had been compelled to abdicate his throne and seek refuge in a foreign kingdom! The contrast was noticed; and many could not help regarding Providence, as awarding to the latter a righteous retribution, for his flagitious conduct as a ruler, and as recompensing, in the former, suffering and sorrowing patriotism, virtue, and piety.

But the future was not to be to Lady Russell and her family a course of unclouded prosperity. Severe as had been the afflictions of her former life, Providence, in the mystery of its sovereignty and wisdom, willed that she should pass

through new and successive scenes of domestic trial. The Duke of Bedford having died in 1700, her son succeeded him in all the possessions and honours of his house, and was blessed with a wife in all respects worthy of his family, and with promising children. But this son, who had been the object of her unremitting solicitude, was in 1711 seized with the small-pox; a disease which then, and often before and after, until the discovery of vaccination, spread its ravages with the appalling mortality of a plague among all orders and classes of society indiscriminately. To escape the contagion, his wife and children were sent away from him. On his death-bed he was attended only by his mother, who ministered to him to the last. She received his dying words. She comforted him in the prospect of leaving this world by pointing his thoughts to the Saviour of sinners. He died of the malignant distemper in the prime and vigour of manhood, amidst the most brilliant prospects of earthly prosperity and greatness. He had not reached the thirty-first year of his age.

Thus did affliction again bring Lady Russell low. All her hopes in regard to him were buried in the tomb; and strong as was her trust in God, maternal affection made her suffer. "Alas!" says she in a letter to her cousin, Lord Galway, in which she records the particulars of her son's last illness, "my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement, and I think I am incapable of saying or doing anything I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more." On this melancholy occasion Burnet wrote her a consolatory letter, dated May 30, 1711.

While the wound inflicted by this stroke was still fresh, another of her dearest earthly comforts was taken from her. In November following, her youngest daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died in childbed, after having become the mother of nine children. To save her eldest daughter, the Duchess

of Devonshire, who was at the time confined, from the shock which the sudden information of the death of her sister might give her, Lady Russell concealed it from her; and to calm her fears in writing to her, said, "I have just seen your sister out of bed." She had seen her laid in her coffin.

To the last Lady Russell interested herself in whatever related to the welfare of her daughters, grandchildren, and nieces. She maintained with them all an affectionate intercourse, and by them all she was treated with the respect and honour due to her advanced age, and her matured Christian wisdom, experience, and virtues.

Lady Russell was visited with her last illness in September, 1723, at her residence in Southampton House, London. Her only surviving child, the Duchess of Devonshire, on receiving intelligence to this effect at Chatsworth, with an earnest request from her mother to come and see her before she died, immediately left for London. This we learn from a letter written by Lady Rachel Morgan,[1] daughter of the duchess, from Chatsworth, to her brother Lord James Cavendish, on the 26th of that month. "The bad accounts we have received of grandmama Russell have put us into great disorder and hurry. Mama has left us and gone to London. . . . I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. I should be very glad that mama should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmama asked for her." The satisfaction wished for in this letter was mercifully vouchsafed to the mother and her daughter; but their last communings have not been recorded. We have indeed no information whatever respecting Lady Russell's state of mind, or the words she uttered during her last sickness. By the grace of God she had borne with faith, and patience, and fortitude the great trials of her life, and now, when summoned to the en-

[1] The wife of Sir William Morgan, of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire.

counter with death, to which she had often looked forward with desire as the termination of her troubles, it cannot be doubted that the same strength was sufficient for her. This world had been to her a vale of tears; and welcome must that event have been, which now introduced her sanctified spirit, through the blood of Jesus Christ, her only hope, into that better world, where the sorrow that had so long bowed her down here, and all her distempers, would be cured, and where all the perplexities and mysteries of the present would be unriddled. She was watched over with affectionate attention by her daughter, after her arrival; and she expired in her arms at five o'clock on Sabbath morning, September 29, aged eighty-six. On Tuesday morning, the 8th of the following month, her corpse was carried from Southampton House to the place of interment at Chenies in Buckinghamshire, where the remains of her husband, whose tragic fate she had mourned to the last, had been deposited more than forty years before.

ALICE BECONSAW.

WIFE OF LORD JOHN LISLE.[1]

AS has been stated in the Introduction, George Jeffreys, Lord Chief-justice of England, began his bloody assize in the west against the Monmouth rebels at Winchester, with the trial of this lady for having entertained and concealed a nonconformist minister who had been in Monmouth's army. Her trial furnishes an example of the corrupt administration of justice in those times; and it strikingly brings out some of the peculiar qualities of the infamous judge who presided—his irascible temper, and the outrageous violence of his language and manner on the bench towards witnesses, prisoners, and even juries. Jeffreys had marked her out for destruction. The circumstance of her being the widow of a regicide may perhaps in part account for his relentless purpose; or he may have been impelled simply by the natural cruelty of his disposition; or his intention may have been, as this was the first case on the circuit, to strike dismay into the hearts of the people of the west by the first sweep of vengeance.

ALICE BECONSAW was the daughter of Sir White Beconsaw, who was descended from an ancient and respectable family, and related to some of the most illustrious of the noble families of England.

Alice was married to John Lisle, son of Sir William Lisle of

[1] Our principal authority for this sketch is *State Trials*, Howell's edit. vol. xi. p. 298–382.

Wooton, in the Isle of Wight, Knight, who left him a good estate. The date of their marriage is uncertain. Her husband was educated at Oxford for the profession of law, and acted a conspicuous part in the transactions of his day. He was a member of parliament for Winchester in the reign of Charles I., and took the side of the parliament in opposition to the monarch, subscribing the Covenant in 1643. He was one of the judges of the high court of justice by which Charles was tried and condemned, sitting close beside, and constantly attending the president, the bold and determined Bradshaw, during the whole of the trial, and when sentence of death was passed upon the sovereign. But his name does not appear among those who signed the warrant for execution. It was in opposition to the wishes and feelings of Mrs. Lisle that he acted so prominent a part against Charles I. Like the wife of Bradshaw, she is said to have been much affected at the death of the monarch, over whose unhappy fate, as she herself testified, she wept bitterly.

In 1649 and 1650, Lisle was elected a member of the council of state, and one of the commissioners of the great seal. In 1653 he was still a member of the council of state; and under Cromwell's administration he accepted many places, though in his political sentiments a republican. He represented the town of Southampton, of which he was recorder, in the parliaments summoned in 1654 and 1656; and being raised to the peerage by Cromwell, he sat as a member of the House of Lords. Having succeeded Bradshaw as lord-president of the high court of justice, he unhappily became the instrument of Cromwell's severity; and as president of that court he condemned the unfortunate Colonel Gerard, Mr. Vowel, Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, and others, by which he brought upon himself much popular odium. After the Restoration he prudently withdrew to the Continent, and fixed his residence at Lausanne, in Switzerland. He thus escaped being arrested, tried, and

probably executed as a regicide. In his absence he was proscribed by the parliament and his estates confiscated. While at Lausanne, as he was going to the church, August 21, 1664, he was shot dead by two desperate Irish cavaliers, employed, as was supposed, by the Duchess of Orleans, sister to Charles II., in revenge of her father's death; and the assassins, being well mounted, safely made their escape into France. He was interred within the church of that town.[1] Lady Lisle[2] was thus left a widow, with at least a son and two daughters.

Lady Lisle had been brought up religiously by her parents, and she was a woman of eminent piety and charity. Often had she imparted joy to the humble dwellings of the widow and the orphan, the sick and the dying. Free from political and religious sectarianism, her benevolence was not contracted or exclusive in its objects. Whoever was in necessity and misery became the recipient of her bounty, according to her means. She afforded protection and relief equally to the distressed royalists and to the persecuted nonconformists, receiving them into her house, supplying them with food, and affording them shelter. For these her benevolent sympathies and beneficent deeds, she was much esteemed and honoured by all who knew her. Yet, such were the evil times in which she lived, that these solid and substantial proofs of Christian excellence, to which so much importance is attached by God that they will be made the special touchstone of piety in the judgment of the great day, became the occasion of bringing her to a violent death.

After the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, on the 6th of July, 1685, the most active search was made by the government up and down the country for rebels who were lurking in concealment, and such as were arrested were

[1] Ludlow's *Memoirs*. Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* Somers' *Tracts*, vol. vii. p. 134.

[2] Her husband being a lord only of Cromwell's creation, his title was not recognized by the government of the Stuarts, but she was notwithstanding usually designated Lady Lisle.

treated with the utmost rigour. The nonconformist minister, for giving shelter to whom Lady Lisle was proceeded against and executed as a traitress, was John Hicks. He and his fellow-fugitive, whom she harboured at the same time, namely, Richard Nelthorp, a lawyer already outlawed for his share in the Ryehouse Plot—though the harbouring of the latter is not included as a charge in her indictment—had attended Monmouth on his expedition into England. A few days after the capture of Monmouth, Hicks having got as far as Warminster, being personally acquainted with Lady Lisle, thought of finding an asylum in her house at Moyle's Court, in the parish of Ellingham, in the county of Southampton. He accordingly, on Friday, July 24, 1685, sent a messenger to a baker named Dunne, who resided in Warminster parish, near the mansion of Lord Weymouth, for the purpose of engaging him to go to her house, which was about twenty-six miles distant, and to inquire whether she would be willing to afford shelter to her old friend.

Dunne having undertaken the mission, set out on his journey on horseback, on Saturday the 25th. He passed through several towns and villages, as Deveral, Chilmark, Fovant, and Chalk; and on reaching Salisbury Plain, being unacquainted with the remaining part of the road, he called at the house of a man named John Barter, who, upon being promised half a crown, accompanied him, riding on his own horse, to the house of Lady Lisle, and was informed by him, as they were riding along, that the object of his journey was to ascertain whether Lady Lisle would receive into her house a man by whom he had been sent, for he did not tell Barter any name. Upon their arrival at her house, while Barter remained in the kitchen, Dunne was admitted to see her, and explained to her his errand. She asked him whether or not Hicks had been in the army. He told her that on that point he was unable to give her any information. She next inquired whether Hicks had with him any other person.

He answered that he had. She then, without hesitation, expressed her readiness to extend to them the rites of hospitality, and desired them to come to her house on Tuesday evening. She also asked Dunne, and was answered in the negative, whether Barter knew anything of the business, by which, as Dunne at his examination steadily affirmed, was only meant whether Hicks was a nonconforming minister or not.

Dunne having thus obtained assurances from Lady Lisle of her readiness to befriend the fugitives by receiving them into her house, immediately proceeded homeward. Before parting with Barter, he engaged him to be waiting on Tuesday at Salisbury Plain, to conduct him and the two persons who would accompany him from thence to the residence of Lady Lisle. Of Dunne's fidelity there seems to be no room for doubt; but in employing Barter as a guide, and in his intercourse with him, he did not observe the caution requisite when embarked in a service of such difficulty and danger. Having arrived at his own house on Sabbath evening, he informed Hicks's messenger, who had come to him to learn the result of his mission, that her ladyship had evinced the most friendly disposition, and had directed them to come to her house on Tuesday evening.

Meanwhile Barter, tempted doubtless by the love of gain, was impatient to communicate to the government the suspicions he had formed that the parties concerned were rebels in quest of a hiding place. On Monday morning he went to Colonel Penruddock, and informed him where he had been on the Saturday, that he believed the parties of whom he told him were rebels, and that it would be easy to make them prisoners upon Salisbury Plain on Tuesday, as he had engaged to meet them there on that day between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning, and act as their guide to the house of Lady Lisle. He further gave the colonel to understand that, if he did not find them on Salisbury Plain, he was to con-

clude that they had gone to Lady Lisle's house. The colonel agreed to come to the place mentioned with a body of soldiers to arrest them.

About seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, Hicks and Nelthorp came to Dunne's house, whence, after having stayed in it about three hours, they set out on their journey, accompanied by Dunne as their guide. Having met with Barter at the place appointed, they all rode on together for about ten miles, when Hicks and Nelthorp desiring to go by a private path, with which Barter was or professed to be unacquainted, he refused to accompany them farther, and received before leaving them five shillings from Nelthorp. Having left them, he went directly to inform Colonel Penruddock that they were on their way to Lady Lisle's house. Meanwhile by the guidance or direction of others the fugitives safely found their way to their intended destination.

Upon their arrival at her house, Lady Lisle cordially welcomed Hicks, and Nelthorp as his friend. Whether Hicks had introduced Nelthorp to her under his real name or under his assumed one of Crofts is uncertain. It was not proved on her trial that she knew his real name. And there was no evidence that she knew that either Hicks or Nelthorp was in Monmouth's army.

Early on Wednesday morning Colonel Penruddock, acting on the intelligence he had received, took with him a number of soldiers, and proceeded to Lady Lisle's house to apprehend the suspected rebels. On arriving at her house, to prevent their escape he beset it, placing some of his men at the back gate and some at the front gate. They had invested the house almost half an hour before any one appeared to answer them. At last some ladies, whom Penruddock supposed to be Lady Lisle's daughters, upon hearing the noise looked out at the window. "There are rebels in the house," he cried out, and demanded in the king's name that they should be delivered up to him. Then the steward, Carpenter, came

out. Penruddock with his soldiers went in and immediately apprehended Hicks and Dunne, both of whom they found in the malt-house, whither they had betaken themselves upon hearing the noise, and the latter of whom had hid himself in a small hole, and covered himself with some sort of stuff. After Hicks and Dunne were arrested, Lady Lisle now making her appearance for the first time, Penruddock said to her, "Madam, you have done very ill in harbouring rebels, and giving entertainment to the king's enemies." "I know nothing of them. I am a stranger to it," she replied. "Pray madam," returned Penruddock, "be so free and ingenuous with me, and so kind to yourself, as, if there be any other person that is concealed in any part of the house (for I am sure there is somebody else), to deliver him up, and you shall come to no further trouble." She denied that there was any one else in the house, and said, "I know nothing of them;" but Penruddock with his soldiers persevered in searching, and at last discovered Nelthorp concealed in a hole by the chimney.

Penruddock had now secured Hicks, Nelthorp, and Dunne; and having arrested also Lady Lisle, he conducted them all to the county jail of Southampton. Passing over an account of the fate of the others, we shall confine ourselves to the history of the fate of Lady Lisle.

It was purposed by the government to bring her to trial for high treason without delay. Precisely a month after her arrest—namely, on Thursday, August 27, 1685, she was arraigned and tried before Jeffreys and the grand jury for the county of Southampton at the sessions of oyer and terminer, held at the city of Winchester, upon special commission from his majesty. The indictment having been read charging her with high treason, Lady Lisle pleaded "Not guilty."

By reason of her age and infirmities, and especially because she was dull of hearing, she desired that some friend of hers

might be allowed to stand by her and inform her of what passed in the court during the trial. One Matthew Brown was appointed by the court for this purpose.

From the importance of the case and the quality of the prisoner, the jury were selected from men of the best consideration in the county. Having been sworn, they were addressed as to the crime of which the prisoner was impeached by Mr. Mundy and Mr. Pollexfen, who were counsel for the king.

When Pollexfen was delivering his address, Lady Lisle rose up to speak, as if unable to remain silent under such false accusations. "My lord," said she, "as for what is said concerning the rebellion, I can assure you I abhorred that rebellion as much as any woman in the world"——

Here Jeffreys, interrupting her, commanded her, at this stage of the proceedings, to be silent.

In introducing Dunne as one of the witnesses, Pollexfen acquainted his lordship "that this fellow is a very unwilling witness;" and therefore humbly desired his lordship "to examine him a little the more strictly." Dunne was reluctant to give his testimony, apparently from two conflicting sentiments—a dread, on the one hand, of involving himself in the guilt of perjury, by saying anything untrue; and a dread, on the other, of being in any way the means of bringing Lady Lisle to the scaffold. Jeffreys, therefore, as a preliminary to Dunne's examination, warns him not to prevaricate or to conceal the truth, in a characteristic strain of solemn admonition.

"Now, mark what I say to you, friend. I would not, by any means in the world, endeavour to fright you into anything, or any ways tempt you to tell an untruth, but provoke you to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth—that is the business we come about here. Know, friend, there is no religion that any man can pretend to can give a countenance to lying, or can dispense with telling the truth. Thou hast

a precious, immortal soul, and there is nothing in the world equal to it in value. There is no relation to thy mistress, if she be so; no relation to thy friend, nay, to thy father or thy child, nay, not all the temporal relations in the world can be equal to thy precious immortal soul. Consider that the great God of heaven and earth, before whose tribunal thou, and we, and all persons are to stand at the last day, will call thee to an account for thy rescinding his truth, and take vengeance of thee for every falsehood thou tellest. I charge thee, therefore, as thou wilt answer it to the great God, the Judge of all the earth, that thou do not dare to waver one tittle from the truth, upon any account or pretence whatsoever. . . . That God of Heaven may justly strike thee into eternal flames, and make thee drop into the bottomless lake of fire and brimstone, if thou offer to deviate the least from the truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . I tell thee, God is not to be mocked, and thou canst not deceive him, though thou mayst us. But I assure you, if I catch you prevaricating in any the least tittle (and perhaps I know more than you think I do; no, none of your saints can save your soul, nor shall they save your body either), I will be sure to punish every variation from the truth that you are guilty of."

This address, delivered with the vehemence for which Jeffreys' elocution was noted, especially when he launched the thunders and lightnings of Heaven's vengeance against perjury, being ended, he proceeded to interrogate Dunne. After putting some questions to him, thinking him not sufficiently ingenuous in his answers, and that he did not speak the truth or the whole truth, he reiterated his remonstrances and warnings.

"Mr. Dunne, Mr. Dunne," he said, "have a care, it may be more is known of this matter than you think for."

"My lord," answered Dunne, "I tell you the truth."

"Ay," returned Jeffreys, "be sure you do, do not let me take you prevaricating."

"My lord," Dunne replied, "I speak nothing but the truth."

"Well," said Jeffreys, who doubted this, "I only bid you have a care. Truth never wants a subterfuge; it always loves to appear naked, it needs no enamel, nor any covering; but lying, and snivelling, and canting, and Hicksing always appear in masquerade. Come, go on with your evidence."

Still Dunne's answers did not satisfy Jeffreys, and, indeed, he was not free in giving his evidence; he varied in his answers; and sometimes he appeared to prevaricate. This was more than Jeffreys could stand. Becoming furious with passion, he broke forth into a rancorous abuse of the nonconformists, to whom Dunne belonged, as a parcel of canting, snivelling, hypocritical villains, knaves and rascals who were always making a parade of their piety, but who had not in them a single grain of truth or honesty. By his coarse buffoonery, it seemed, as if he meant to convert into a comedy —and a comedy the whole proceedings may have been to him—a trial which was to terminate in so woeful a tragedy. "It seems," he vociferated, "the saints have a certain charter for lying; they may lie, and cant, and deceive, and rebel, and think God Almighty takes no notice of it, nor will reckon with them for it. You see, gentlemen, what a precious fellow this is, a very pretty tool to be employed upon such an errand, a knave that nobody would trust for half-a-crown between man and man, but he is the fitter to be employed about such works. What pains is a man at to get the truth out of these fellows, and it is with a great deal of labour that we can squeeze one drop out of them. A Turk has more title to an eternity of bliss than these pretenders to Christianity, for he has more morality and honesty in him. . . . I would have everybody that has but the least twang of saintship to observe the carriage of this fellow, and see how they can cant, and snivel, and lie, and forswear themselves, and all for the good of the old cause. They will stick

at nothing, if they think they can but preserve a brother or sister saint, forsooth; they can do anything in the world but speak truth, and do their duty to God and their governors."

Such is a specimen of Jeffreys' savage scurrility, which he was wont to call "giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue." Any ordinary man would have been ashamed to have degraded himself by pouring forth a storm of abuse like this before a public auditory, particularly in the robes of a judge; but Jeffreys had a brow of brass. He was probably muddled, as he generally was, even on the bench, with the potations of brandy which it was his daily habit to drink; and this would render him the more irascible and insolent.

One of the questions which he put to Dunne was: "Did not you tell him [Barter], that you told my lady, when she asked whether he was acquainted with the concern, that he knew nothing of the business?"

Dunne answered, "My lord, I did tell him so."

"Did you so?" returned Jeffreys, "then you and I must have a little further discourse. Come now, and tell us, what business was that? and tell it us so that a man may understand and believe that thou dost speak truth."

Jeffreys suspected that *the business* referred to was that Lady Lisle knew that Hicks and Nelthorp were in Monmouth's army; and delighted at the thought that he would now be able to convict her of knowing that these men whom she entertained were rebels, he questioned and requestioned Dunne as to what that business was, and not getting free answers, hectored and menaced him in his own peculiar style.

"Does your lordship ask," inquired Dunne, "what that business was?"

"Yes," said Jeffreys, "it is a plain question. What was that business that my lady asked thee, whether the other man knew; and then you answered her, that he did know nothing of it?"

Dunne paused a while.

Jeffreys again plied him for an answer to the question. Dunne made no answer, but stood as if pondering.

"He is now studying and musing how he shall prevaricate," said Jeffreys, with a malicious sneer, while he made another attempt to get an answer; but Dunne still remained silent and seemed to muse.

Jeffreys having renewed the attempt, Dunne at last answered, "I cannot mind it, my lord, what it was."

L. C. J.—"But mind me, prithee: thou didst tell that honest man there, that my Lady Lisle asked thee, whether he knew anything of the business, and thou saidst, No. What was that business?"

Dunne.—"That business that Barter did not know of?"

L. C. J.—"Yes, that is the business. Be ingenuous, tell the truth. Oh! how hard the truth is to come out of a lying Presbyterian knave. Prithee, friend, consider the oath that thou hast taken; and that thou art in the presence of a God that cannot endure a lie, and whose holiness will not admit him to dispense with a lie. . . . I charge thee, therefore, as thou wilt answer it to that God of truth, and that thou mayst be called to do, for aught I know, the very next minute, and there thou wilt not be able to palliate the truth; what was that business you and my lady spoke of?"

Then he paused for half a quarter of an hour, and at last said: "I cannot give an account of it, my lord."

"O blessed God!" roared out Jeffreys, a blasphemous exclamation, with which he often began his furious sentences; "was there ever such a villain upon the face of the earth? To what times are we reserved? Dost thou believe that there is a God?"

Dunne.—"Yes, my lord, I do."

L. C. J.—"Dost thou believe that that God can endure a lie?"

Dunne.—"No, my lord; I know he cannot."

L. C. J.—"And dost thou believe then that he is a God of truth?"

Dunne.—"Yes, my lord, I do."

L. C. J.—"Dost thou think that that God of truth may immediately sink thee into hell-fire if thou tellest a lie?"

Dunne.—"I do, my lord."

L. C. J.—"Dost thou believe that he does observe everything that thou thinkest, sayest, or doest; knows the secrets of thy heart; and knows whether thou tellest a lie or not, though perhaps it may be hid from us; and knows whether thou dost prevaricate or not?"

Dunne.—"I know the Lord does know all things."

After lecturing Dunne still further in a similar strain, and making renewed attempts, but in vain, to get him to answer what the business was of which he spoke, Jeffreys, in whom the angry passions had now risen into fierce agitation, turning himself to the jury thus addressed them:—"I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carriage of this fellow, and withal you cannot but observe the spirit of that sort of people, what a villanous and devilish one it is. Good God! that ever the thing called religion (a word that people have so much abused) should ever wind up persons to such a height of impiety that it should make them lose the belief that there is a God of truth in heaven that sees, and knows, and observes, and registers, and will punish and take vengeance of falsehood and perjury. . . . A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this; nay, a Pagan would be ashamed to be thought to have no more truth in him. O blessed Jesus! what an age do we live in, and what a generation of vipers do we live among!" . . . Then casting a savage scowl upon the witness, Jeffreys proceeded—"And thou, wicked wretch, how durst thou appear to give testimony before even an earthly tribunal with so much impudence and falsehood, when every lie will cost thee so dear, and except a sincere hearty repentance and the

infinite mercy of the great God interpose? I charge you once more, as you will answer it at the bar of the great Judge of all the world, that you tell me what that business was you and the prisoner talked about."

Still Dunne, though he saw Jeffreys thus maddened with vexation and wrath, would make no answer.

"Jesus God!" bellowed Jeffreys, "was there ever such a fellow in the world as thou art. Prithee, let me ask thee once again, Dost thou believe that there is a God? that this God is spotless truth and purity itself? Dost thou believe that thou hast a precious and immortal soul, that is to live in everlasting bliss or eternal misery after this life, according as thou carriest it here. . . . Thou wretch! all the mountains and hills in the world heaped upon one another will not cover thee from the vengeance of the great God for this transgression of false witness-bearing. What hopes can there be for so profligate a villain as thou art, that so impudently stands in open defiance of the omnipresence, omniscience, and justice of God, by persisting in so palpable a lie? I therefore require it of you in His name to tell me the truth."

The court rang with Jeffreys' fearful maledictions, which, uttered with his terrific voice and infuriated visage, made not only those against whom they were directed, but all who heard him, shudder "as if the thunder of the day of judgment had broke over their heads."[1] Dunne was thrown into such confusion as almost turned his head.

"I cannot tell what to say, my lord," he answered.

"Good God!" exclaimed Jeffreys, "was there ever such an impudent rascal? Well, I will try once more and tell thee what I mean. You said you told that honest man (for truly he seems so to be) that my lady asked you whether he knew of the business, and you told her he did not. Prithee, be so free as to tell us what that business was?"

Dunne paused, but would make no answer.

[1] North's *Lives*.

After being still further interrogated and abused, Dunne said that the business which he told Lady Lisle Barter did not know was, whether or not Mr. Hicks was a nonconformist. "That cannot be all," rejoined Jeffreys; "there must be something more in it." "Yes, my lord," replied Dunne, "it is all: I know nothing more." Having unsuccessfully renewed the attempt, Jeffreys, his choler nowise abated at his numerous failures, demanded, "Why, dost thou think that after all this pains that I have been at to get an answer to my question, that thou canst banter me with such sham stuff as this?" And still further to expose him to derision he cried out—"Hold the candle to him, that we may see his brazen face."

In reading the examination of this refractory witness, which affords so complete a specimen of the peculiar style in which Jeffreys was accustomed to bully witnesses and prisoners at trials, the reader must be struck at his remarkable fluency in this species of rhetoric. This, we believe, contributed not a little to produce an impression among Jeffreys' contemporaries that, though deficient in acquired learning, he was a man of great natural abilities. That he was possessed of good natural abilities, which, had they been properly cultivated, and governed by wisdom, equity, and benevolence, would have enabled him to fill with credit to himself and advantage to his country the high offices to which he was elevated, we have no disposition to deny. But his natural abilities have probably been exaggerated; and as to the kind of eloquence of which we have given some *morceaux*, we cannot admit that it affords any proof whatever of great natural ability. Passion, malignity, arrogance, and an imperious temper often supply bad men of small mental endowments, who cultivate the capacity for invective, with no inconsiderable power in the use of pungent, rancorous, abusive language, which better men more highly gifted would restrain. Jeffreys' coarseness and brutality of nature made him culti-

vate this sort of oratory; by long practice and by constant repetition in his orgies with his drunken companions—who were all of the bantering and scoffing class—as well as on the bench, he acquired a ready command of its language; its most biting words and phrases became to him stereotyped, and as familiar as the letters of the alphabet. His volcanic eruptions of fire and sulphur—of ribaldry, blasphemy, and imprecation, were therefore no proof of mental power. They indicated the badness of his heart rather than the cleverness of his head. In a lampoon of the day it is said of him with perfect truth, that he "had neither learning, law, nor good manners, but more impudence than ten carted whores, as was said of him by King Charles II."[1] He was the coarse buffoon without genuine humour or wit. His was the horse-jockey species of badgering and baiting—the swaggering, shameless dialect of the lowest in the lowest dens of intemperance and debauchery. How low had the bench sunk, when in its highest place its gravity and dignity were thus supplanted by the loathsome cant of the bacchanalian and the debauchee!

During the course of the trial, Lady Lisle made several efforts to speak; but in every instance in which she did so, she had to encounter the discourtesy and insolence of Jeffreys. When Colonel Penruddock was giving his evidence, she rose up, and, addressing the judge, said, "My lord, I hope I shall not be condemned without being heard." "No," returned Jeffreys, "God forbid, Mrs. Lisle; that was a sort of practice in your husband's time; you know very well what I mean: but, God be thanked! it is not so now; the king's courts of law never condemn without hearing." This scornful allusion to her husband, for whose conduct she was in no respect responsible, even granting the allegation to have been true, was as impertinent as it was insulting and cruel.

All the witnesses having been examined, Jeffreys, turning to Lady Lisle, thus addressed her:—"You that are the prisoner

[1] Seward's *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*, vol. ii. p. 98.

at the bar, now is your time to make your defence. You hear what is charged upon you, and you see what a kind of shuffling here has been to stifle the truth; and I am sorry to find the occasion to speak it, that under the figure and form of religion such practices should be carried on. What have you to say for yourself?"

Lady Lisle.—"My lord, that which I have to say to it is this:—I knew of nobody's coming to my house but Mr. Hicks, and for him I was informed that he did abscond by reason of warrants that were out against him for preaching in private meetings (but I never heard that he was in the army, nor that Nelthorp was to come with him); and for that reason it was that I sent to him to come by night; but for the other man, Nelthorp, I never knew he was Nelthorp—I could die upon it; . . . but as to Mr. Hicks, I did not in the least suspect him to have been in the army, being a Presbyterian minister that used to preach and not fight."

Here Jeffreys interrupted Lady Lisle. The Presbyterians being to his mind all canting knaves, scoundrels, hypocrites, rascals, liars, rebels, who covered all kinds of wickedness under a mask of sanctity, Lady Lisle no sooner spoke of Hicks as a "*Presbyterian* minister" than his blood rose, and unable to restrain his indignation, he broke out—"But I will tell you there is not one of those lying, snivelling, canting Presbyterian rascals but one way or other had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion—upon my conscience I believe it—and would have been as deep in the actual rebellion, had it had any little success, as that other fellow Hicks; their principles carry them to it. Presbytery has all manner of villany in it: nothing but Presbytery could lead that fellow Dunne to tell so many lies as he has here told; for show me a Presbyterian, and I will engage to show a lying knave."

To this outburst of rage and invective Lady Lisle calmly replied—"My lord, I abhorred both the principles and practices of the late rebellion."

"I am sure you had great reason for it," growled Jeffreys.

"Besides, my lord," said Lady Lisle, "I should have been the most ungrateful person living, should I have been disloyal, or acted anything against the present king, considering how much I was obliged to him for my estate."

"Oh then!" exclaimed Jeffreys, "ungrateful! ungrateful adds to the load which is between man and man, and is the basest crime that any one can be guilty of."

He now allowed her to resume her defence, and she thus proceeded:—"My lord, had I been tried in London, I could have had my Lady Abergavenny, and several other persons of quality, that could have testified how much I was against this rebellion, and with what detestation I spoke against it during the time of it, for I was all that time at London, and stayed there till after the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded; and if I had certainly known the time of my trial in the country, I could have had the testimony of those persons of honour for me. But, my lord, I am told, and so I thought it would have been, that I should not have been tried as a traitor for harbouring him [Hicks] *till he was convicted for a traitor*. My lord, I would take my death of it, that I never knew of Nelthorp's coming, nor anything of his being Nelthorp; I never asked his name; and if he had told it me, I had then remembered the proclamation. I do assure you, my lord, for my own part I did abhor those that were in that horrid plot and conspiracy against the king's life; I know my duty to my king better, and have always exercised it. I defy anybody in the world that ever knew the contrary to come and give testimony."

Here Lady Lisle, it would appear, made a pause; upon which Jeffreys interjected—"Have you any more to say?" Lady Lisle went on:—"As to what they say of my denying Nelthorp to be in my house, I was in great consternation and fear of the soldiers, who were very rude and violent, and could not be restrained by their officers from robbery, and

plundering my house. I beseech your lordship to make that construction of it; and I humbly beg of your lordship not to harbour an ill opinion of me, because of those false reports that go about of me, relating to my carriage towards the old king, that I was any ways consenting to the death of King Charles I., for, my lord, that is as false as God is true. My lord, I was not out of my chamber all the day in which that king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any woman then living did; and this the late Countess of Monmouth, and my Lady Marlborough, and my Lord-chancellor Hyde, if they were alive, and twenty persons of the most eminent quality, could bear witness for me. And I do repeat it, my lord, as I hope to attain salvation, I never did know Nelthorp, and never did see him before in my life; nor did I know of anybody's coming but Mr. Hicks, and him I did know to be a nonconformist minister; and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants. I was come down but that week into the country, when this man came to me from Mr. Hicks, to know if he might be received at my house; and I told him, if Mr. Hicks pleased, he might come upon Tuesday in the evening, and should be welcome; but withal I told him, I must go away the Monday following from that place, but while I stayed I would entertain him. And I beseech your lordship to believe, I had no intention to harbour him but as a nonconformist; and that I knew was no treason. It cannot be imagined that I would venture the hazard of my own life, and the ruin both of myself and children, to conceal one that I never knew in my life, as I did not know Mr. Nelthorp, but had heard of him in the proclamation. And for that white-headed man that speaks of my denying them, as I said before, he was one of them that rifled and plundered my house, and tore open my trunk; and if I should not be convicted, he and the rest of them may be called to account for

what they did, for they ought not to have meddled with my goods. Besides, my lord, I have a witness that can testify what Mr. Nelthorp said when he was examined before"——

Here Jeffreys interrupting her said, "Look you, Mrs Lisle, that will signify little; but if you have any witnesses, call them, we will hear what they say. Who is that man you speak of?"

"George Creed is his name; there he is," she answered.

"Well, what do you know?" said Jeffreys to Creed.

"I heard Nelthorp say," replied Creed, "that my Lady Lisle did not know of his coming, and did not know his name; nor had he ever told his name till he named himself to Colonel Penruddock when he was taken."

"Well, this is nothing," returned Jeffreys, "she is not indicted for harbouring Nelthorp, but Hicks." And again addressing Lady Lisle he asked, "Have you any more witnesses?"

"No, my lord," she answered.

"Have you any more to say for yourself?" he inquired.

"My lord," proceeded Lady Lisle, "I came but five days before this into the country——"

Jeffreys again interrupted her. "Nay," said he, "I cannot tell when you came into the country, nor do I care; it seems you came time enough to harbour rebels."

"I stayed in London," continued Lady Lisle, "till all the rebellion was past and over; and I never uttered a good word for the rebels, nor ever harboured so much as a good wish for them in my mind. I know the king is my sovereign, and I know my duty to him, and if I would have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due, and I owed all I had in the world to him. But though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the king's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither; it was I that bred him up to fight for the king."

"Well, have you done?" cried Jeffreys, who now seemed impatient to address the jury.

"Yes, my lord," replied Lady Lisle.

"Have you a mind to say anything more?" he added.

"No, my lord," she answered.

"Then command silence," said Jeffreys; which was done by proclamation.

Jeffreys now addressed the jury at great length. More than the half of his address was occupied with preliminary matter. Coming to the particular case in hand, he found it fully proved that the prisoner had harboured and entertained Hicks, in the full knowledge that he was in the army of the rebels; and in the course of the summing up of the evidence he burst out, after his usual manner, into violent exclamations against such of the witnesses as had not pleased him, against Lady Lisle, and against Nelthorp and Hicks.

In summing up the evidence he made one important omission, of which Lady Lisle complained in the paper she left behind her at her death, namely, his not laying before the jury, what was customary in judicial proceedings, a summary of her own defence.

At the close of his address to the jury, Lady Lisle, who it is probable augured from it the worst, rising up, began to speak to Jeffreys, "My lord, if your lordship please"—— when he immediately interrupted her, "Mistress, you have had your turn, you cannot now be heard any more after the jury is charged." "My lord," returned Lady Lisle, "I did not know Nelthorp—I declare it—before he was taken." "You are not indicted for Nelthorp," said Jeffreys; "but we are not to enter into dialogues now, the jury must consider of it."

The jury exhibited a feeling which did them some credit. One of them put a question for information to Jeffreys:— "Pray, my lord, some of us desire to know of your lordship in point of law, whether it be the same thing, and equally treason, in receiving him [Hicks] *before* he was convicted of

treason, as if it had been *after?*" for Hicks had not yet been tried. To this Jeffreys answered, "It is all the same, that certainly can be no doubt; for if in case this Hicks had been wounded in the rebels' army, and had come to her house and there been entertained, but had died there of his wounds, and so could never have been convicted, she had been nevertheless a traitor."

The law, as explained by Sir Matthew Hale, was that whoever knowingly received and harboured a traitor, was in the eye of the law a principal traitor, not simply an accessory; yet this much he partook of an accessory, that he should not be tried till the principal should be convicted. Thus, bad as was the law in making a receiver a principal traitor, it provided that, before Lady Lisle could be convicted of high treason, the man for harbouring whom she was indicted, should *first be convicted*[1] as a traitor; which Hicks had not been at that time. Yet such were Jeffreys' baseness and injustice, that he instructed the jury that it was, notwithstanding, perfectly competent for them to bring her in guilty of high treason. Thus were both the common forms of law and the law itself openly trampled upon, by a murderer in the robes of a lord chief-justice.

After Jeffreys' explanation the jury withdrew to consider their verdict. But though he had told them, that such was the completeness of the evidence, that they could come to no other conclusion than that she was guilty, the jury were doubtful. They remained in consultation for some time. Accustomed promptly to get verdicts entirely to his mind, Jeffreys was chafed at the length of time during which the jury were absent. He expressed the utmost astonishment at their delay in coming to a decision upon a case, which he considered so plain, that they might have decided upon it without retiring. So great did his impatience become, that

[1] *Pleas of the Crown*, chap. xxii. p. 238. Quoted in *State Trials*, Howel's edit. vol. xi. p. 371.

he was about to send them a threatening message that if they did not come quickly he would adjourn, and order them to be shut up all night, when, after about half an hour's absence, they returned to court. But obsequious as juries were in those corrupt times, the jury could not agree to a verdict of guilty. It was evident that had they been left to the free exercise of their own judgments, they would have returned a verdict of acquittal; but they were overawed by the frowns and threatenings of Jeffreys.

The following conversation between the foreman of the jury and Jeffreys, when the jury came into the court after having considered their verdict, is only one example among many, which shows how juries were driven, by the terror of his menaces, into giving a verdict against their judgment and conscience.

Foreman.—"My lord, we have one thing to beg of your lordship some directions in, before we can give our verdict in this case. We have some doubt upon us whether there be sufficient proof that she knew Hicks to have been in the army." If there was not sufficient proof of this, as there was not, she could not be convicted of treason. It was creditable to the intelligence of the jury that they had serious doubts on this point, and creditable to their integrity that they had the boldness to express them, in opposition to the opinion given by Jeffreys in summing up the evidence.

L. C. J.—"There is as full proof as proof can be, but you are judges of the proof; for my part I thought there was no difficulty in it."

Foreman.—"My lord, we are in some doubt of it."

L. C. J.—"I cannot help your doubts. Was there not proved a discourse of the battle and of the army at supper-time?"

Foreman.—"But, my lord, we are not satisfied that she had notice that Hicks was in the army."

L. C. J.—"I cannot tell what would satisfy you. Did

she not inquire of Dunne whether Hicks had been in the army? And when he told her he did not know, she did not say she would refuse him if he had been there, but ordered him to come by night, by which it is evident she suspected it; and when he and Nelthorp came, she discoursed with them about the battle and the army.[1] Come, come, gentlemen, it is a plain proof."

Foreman.—"My lord, we do not remember that it was proved that she did ask any such question when they were there."

L. C. J.—"Sure you do not remember anything that has passed? Did not Dunne tell you there was such discourse, and she was by, and Nelthorp's name was named?[2] But if there were no such proof, the circumstances and management of the thing are as full a proof as can be; I wonder what it is you doubt of."

Here Lady Lisle, again rising up and making another attempt to speak, said, "My lord, I hope"—when Jeffreys, with a frown, cried out, "You must not speak now."

Then the jury, after consulting together for nearly a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of "Guilty."[3] The

[1] During the course of the supper, or of the conversation in the evening, there was, according to Dunne's testimony, which, however, was the only testimony on this point, some discourse about Nelthorp, the battle of Sedgemoor, and Hicks and Nelthorp's being in the army; but the purport of that discourse he did not remember.

[2] Dunne, the only witness on this point, was doubtful whether Nelthorp was called Nelthorp or Crofts, though he thought that it was the former, and that Hicks, being asked by Lady Lisle who that gentleman was, said it was Nelthorp. None of the other witnesses, neither Mr. Carpenter, her steward, nor his wife, could testify that they ever heard Nelthorp named in Lady Lisle's presence.

[3] In the text here we have followed the State Trials. If, however, we are to credit the public prints of the time, this is not a *full* account of what took place at this stage of the trial. According to them the jury were so dissatisfied with the evidence that they *thrice* brought her in *Not guilty;* and it was only as the effect of Jeffreys' menaces, who in a transport of rage, threatened them with an attaint of treason, and as often sent them back for consultation, that at last, overcome with fear, they brought

death-sealing verdict having been recorded, Jeffreys, inexpressibly delighted—for now he had his victim bound to the horns of the altar—addressing the jury, expressed his surprise that there should have been any hesitancy or doubt among them as to her guilt, "for," adds he, "I think in my conscience the evidence was as full and plain as could be, and if I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty." Then the court adjourned till the next morning, which was Friday, the 28th of August.

During the trial Lady Lisle exhibited astonishing firmness and composure. The wanton and outrageous behaviour of Jeffreys was certainly calculated to harass and agitate her feelings in no common degree; but she heard him utter against herself and her party the most virulent reproaches, apparently with comparative indifference. Burnet says that she was so little moved that in the course of the trial she fell asleep. If she did so, which is likely enough, this was probably the effect of exhaustion, not of unconcern. The goodness of her defence is no sufficient reason for inferring, as Ralph[1] seems to do, that the anecdote of her falling asleep upon her trial is not true; for she may, notwithstanding, have heard the greater part of the examination of the witnesses.

On Friday morning, Lady Lisle and some other prisoners who had been capitally convicted, were brought to the bar

in a verdict of "Guilty." Coke (Detection, &c., vol. iii. p. 339, edit. 1719), and the English Historians, Kennet (vol. iii. p. 433, 2d edit. 1713), Rapin (vol. ii. p. 750, edit. 1743), and Echard (p. 1068, fol. edit. 1720), state the matter similarly. Oldmixon (vol. i. p. 706, edit. 1730), says that at the third time they brought in a verdict of guilty. And the author of the *Life and Death of George Lord Jeffreys*, says, "The jury were dissatisfied once and again, but my lord's threats and other managery so disposed the jury, that at last they brought the lady in guilty." The jury did not venture to recommend her to the mercy of the crown; for they well knew that such a recommendation would have been in vain.

[1] *History of England*, vol. i. p. 889.

to have passed upon them their respective sentences. Jeffreys began with professions of compassion for all the prisoners, and particularly for Lady Lisle, whom yet he stigmatized as "one who all your lifetime have been a great pretender to and professor of religion." He concluded with pronouncing her sentence, which was, "that you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burned alive till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy upon your soul!" With the greatest composure Lady Lisle heard the sentence of death pronounced upon her.

After he had passed sentence on the rest of the prisoners, Jeffreys, addressing Lady Lisle, told her that his majesty had been pleased to remit the time of all executions to him, so that, wherever he found any obstinacy or impenitence, he might order the executions with what speed he should think best. "Therefore," he added, "Mr. Sheriff, take notice, you are to prepare for the execution of this gentlewoman this afternoon: but withal, I give you, the prisoner, this intimation:—We that are the judges shall stay in town an hour or two; you shall have pen, ink, and paper brought you, and if in the meantime you employ that pen, ink, and paper, and this hour or two well (you understand what I mean), it may be you may hear further from us, in a deferring the execution." This has been understood as a hint to her to make discoveries, or to offer Jeffreys a bribe.

The prisoner was then removed from the bar.

The judicial procedure at Vanity Fair against Faithful, before a jury composed of personified vices, has been considered as one of the most remarkable passages in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and it has been justly observed[1] that Bunyan intended to satirize the mode in which state trials were conducted under Charles II., which were merely forms prelimi-

[1] Macaulay.

nary to hanging, drawing, and quartering. But, in the history of the trial of Lady Lisle we have a more graphic picture of a corrupt and relentless judge than in the trial of Faithful, depicted by the celebrated allegorist. The procedure against Faithful was moderate, decorous, and mild, compared with the flagrant unfairness, the ferocious violence, and the sanguinary spirit displayed by Jeffreys in the trial of this lady. Bunyan, though he had experienced in his own person, and had observed in the case of others, the coarseness and violence, the injustice and cruelty with which prisoners were treated by judges, had not found in his day, bad as the judges then were, one in whom all the worst qualities of a mal-administrator of justice were so completely united as in the person of Jeffreys. What a contrast between Jeffreys and Sir Matthew Hale! In the latter the strictest regard to equity, mingled with a godlike meekness and love, presided over the administration of justice; in the former the fierce and savage passions, unchecked by better influences, overriding justice, and remorselessly setting all humanity at defiance, realized the inspired description of a class of judges, "who turn judgment to wormwood, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock;" "whose eyes and hearts are for to shed innocent blood, and for oppression and for violence."[1]

The sheriff was to prepare to carry the sentence into execution on the afternoon of the day on which it was passed. By the extreme barbarity of the whole proceedings, the feelings of the clergy of Winchester Cathedral, devoted as they were to the crown, were shocked, and their sympathies and indignation excited. To save from death the aged and venerable victim, they made an earnest appeal to Jeffreys. Self-willed as he was, he did not deem it prudent to lend an altogether deaf ear to the intercession of so respectable a body of the royalist party. He consented to reprieve her till Wednesday, the 2d of September, which was five days.

[1] Amos v. 7 and vi. 12. Jer. xxii. 17.

Her friends availed themselves of this interval in endeavouring to obtain for her the exercise of the royal clemency. With this view, two royalist peeresses, Lady St. John and Lady Abergavenny, sent a letter to the Earl of Clarendon, lord privy-seal at Windsor, two days after the passing of the sentence. They begin with vindicating Lady Lisle from many falsehoods reported concerning her, which might hinder the king from showing her mercy, particularly the report that she was an enemy to the adherents of Charles I. during the civil war, whereas they assure his lordship that she favoured them in their greatest extremities, as they themselves had experienced, as well as some others, since dead. They further state that for some years past they had often been in her company, and had never heard her say anything but what became a loyal subject. They desire that his lordship would be pleased to represent these things to the king, and to intercede for her reprieve. But the answer of the king when the Earl of Clarendon read the letter to him was, that he would do nothing in the matter, having left all to the lord chief-justice.

Louis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and commander-in-chief of the royal forces which had defeated Monmouth, was offered a thousand pounds if he could obtain her pardon. To gain the bribe, if from no better motive, he went and begged her pardon from the monarch; but notwithstanding his influence at court from his recent victory, his pleadings were in vain.[1]

The unfavourable reply of James II. in all these instances might have been anticipated. It was in vain to appeal in any case to the clemency of a monarch of so severe and unrelenting a character, who seldom if ever tempered justice with mercy. All such appeals had as little potency in mollifying his heart as if addressed to the nether millstone. The hopes which hung on a man to whom the torture and

[1] Burnet's *Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 317, 318.

murder of his victims afforded pleasure and amusement, were suspended on a feebler support than a slender thread. In the present instance he entirely approved of the verdict and sentence which consigned Lady Lisle to death. He was indeed the master-mover of the whole plot of the western assize, though he did not prominently appear in the tragedy. His instructions authorized all that was done. He was the incessant prompter to cruel and bloody measures, and on the part of Jeffreys there was no hanging back from the dreadful work.

Knowing that her doom was inevitable, that the sovereign had determined to leave her to die the death of a traitor, in petitioning James she simply prayed that the mode of her death might be altered, and that she might be respited for four days.

"To the king's most excellent majesty:

"The humble petition of Alicia Lisle,

"Humbly sheweth:—That your petitioner lieth under a sentence of death for harbouring one John Hicks, and is sentenced to be burned on Wednesday next: That she is the daughter of Sir White Beconsaw, descended of an ancient and honourable family, and related to several of the best families of the nobility of this kingdom.

"Wherefore your petitioner humbly begs your majesty, that execution may be altered from burning to beheading, and may be respited for four days. And your petitioner shall pray, &c."

This petition was presented to the king on Monday the 31st of August. The royal answer was that his majesty would not reprieve her a single day, but, what was astonishing clemency for him, that he would in condescending compliance with her request alter the manner of her execution, were there precedents to sanction such a course. Various precedents were laid before his majesty. In cases of felony the punishment according to law was hanging, and yet

the Duke of Somerset in the reign of Edward VI. and Lord Audley in the reign of Charles I., who were convicted of felony, were beheaded. In regard to cases of treason, Queen Catherine Howard and the Countess of Salisbury in the reign of Henry VIII., and Lady Jane Grey in the reign of Queen Mary, who had been pronounced by the verdict of juries guilty of treason, were all beheaded. These precedents being laid before him, his majesty signed a warrant to the sheriff of the county of Hamptonshire, altering the manner of Alicia Lisle's execution from burning to beheading, and further signifying it to be his pleasure, that her head and body should be delivered to her relations, to be privately and decently interred.

The reply of the king could hardly take Lady Lisle by surprise. Small as were the two favours she asked, she must, from his well-known character, have been doubtful whether either of them would be granted. In her preparations for her fate she was assiduously assisted by the ministers of Winchester. Her mind was in a frame becoming her awful situation. That she would quit the stage of this world and put off the garment of mortality by a violent death, was what, till a few short weeks before, she could never have dreamed of. But she bewailed not her death as a misfortune. She indulged not in passionate complaints and representations. She resigned herself to the absolute disposal of Him who had numbered her days, and for reasons best known to himself had appointed the manner and circumstances of her death, not less than the manner and circumstances of her life. Not that she meant, in expressing her belief that her death, in its manner and circumstances, was by the appointment of Heaven, to extenuate or vindicate the inexorable cruelty and violence of the tyrant on the throne and the judge on the bench, who were its instruments, but simply to dispose her mind to submit with humility and reverence to her lot. She heartily forgave her enemies; but with her dying breath

she maintained that she suffered unjustly. In the prospect of her doom she does not appear, like many martyrs, to have had vouchsafed to her transporting raptures of endless life; but she had a peaceful conscience and a tranquil hope; and that hope rested on a foundation, the strength and worth of which have been often tested in the hour of death—on the righteousness of Christ embraced by faith.

The execution took place in the afternoon of Wednesday the 2d of September, in the market-place of the city of Winchester, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators. As her frail form was seen moving with a slow but undismayed step to the scaffold, the sight at once chilled with awe, and moved with compassion, the hearts of the assembled multitude. At the place of doom she behaved with calm, unshrinking courage. She made no attempt to speak, but she delivered to the sheriff a paper, which may be considered as her dying speech; and a little after, her head was severed from her body by the fatal axe. Her remains were delivered to her relations, by whom, rolled in their bloody shroud, they were deposited with becoming respect and solemnity in Ellingham Churchyard, near Ringwood, in Hants.[1]

The paper which she delivered to the sheriff is as follows: —"Gentlemen, friends, and neighbours, it may be expected that I should say something at my death, and in order thereunto I shall acquaint you, that my birth and education were both near this place, and that my parents instructed me in the fear of God, and I now die of the Reformed Protestant religion; that if ever Popery should return into this nation it would be a very great and severe judgment; that I die in expectation of the pardon of all my sins, and of acceptance with God the Father, by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, he being the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. I thank God, through Jesus Christ, that I do depart under the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh

[1] Toulmin's *Hist. of Taunton*, Savage's edit. p. 503.

better things than that of Abel, God having made this chastisement an ordinance to my soul. I did once as little expect to come to this place on this occasion as any person in this place or nation; therefore let all learn not to be high-minded, but fear. The Lord is a sovereign, and will take what way he sees best to glorify himself in and by his poor creatures; and I do humbly desire to submit to his will, praying to Him that I may possess my soul in patience. The crime that was laid to my charge was for entertaining a nonconformist minister and others in my house, the said minister being sworn to have been in the late Duke of Monmouth's army; but I have been told, that if I had denied them, it would not at all have affected me; I have no excuse but surprise and fear, which I believe my jury must make use of to excuse their verdict to the world. I have been also told that the court did use to be of counsel for the prisoner; but instead of advice, I had evidence against me from thence; which, though it were only by hearsay,[1] might possibly affect my jury, my defence being but such as might be expected from a weak woman; but such as it was I did not hear it repeated again to the jury, which, as I have been informed, is usual in such cases. However, I forgive all the world, and therein all those that have done me wrong; and, in particular, I forgive Colonel Penruddock, although he told me that he could have taken these men before they came to my house. And I do likewise forgive him who desired to be taken away from the grand jury to the petty jury, that he might be the more nearly concerned in my death. As to what may be objected in reference to my conviction, that I gave it

[1] Jeffreys affirmed to the jury, what was proved by none of the witnesses on the trial, that the persons whom she had harboured had confessed to him that they had told her that they had been with the Duke of Monmouth. This was mere hearsay evidence, for they were never brought forward as witnesses; and on the part of Jeffreys, as Burnet observes (*History of his Own Times*, vol. ii. p. 318), this was "the turning a witness against her, after which he ought not to have judged in the matter."

under my hand that I had discoursed with Nelthorp, that could be no evidence against me, being after my conviction and sentence. I do acknowledge his majesty's favour in revoking my sentence. I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in mercy, as well as justice; and that he may reign in peace; and that the Protestant religion may flourish under him. I also return thanks to God and the reverend clergy that assisted me in my imprisonment.

"ALICIA LISLE."[1]

The men to whom, so fatally to herself, she had extended the rites of hospitality, were not long in sharing her fate. Hicks was executed October 6, 1685. Nelthorp suffered on the 30th of the same month. In his last speech, after giving expression to his ready and hearty forgiveness of his greatest enemies, he adds, "I most humbly beg the pardon of all that I have in the least any way injured; and in a special manner humbly ask pardon of the Lady Lisle's family and relatives, for that my being succoured there one night with Mr. Hicks brought that worthy lady to suffer death. I was wholly a stranger to her ladyship, and came with Mr. Hicks; neither did she (as I verily believe) know who I was, or my name, till I was taken."[2]

In the year after the revolution, namely in 1689, at the humble petition of her daughters, Triphena Lloyd and Bridget Usher, Lady Lisle's attainder was reversed by the parliament, on the grounds that Hicks, for entertaining whom she was condemned and executed for high treason, had not been convicted, and that the verdict had been "injuriously extorted and procured by" Jeffreys' "menaces and violences, and other illegal practices."

[1] *Western Martyrology.* [2] Ibid. p. 135.

ELIZABETH GAUNT,

WIFE OF WILLIAM GAUNT.

ELIZABETH GAUNT, wife of William Gaunt, yeoman, of the parish of St. Mary White-Chappel, in the county of Middlesex, fell a victim, like Lady Lisle, for deeds of charity, to the vengeance of the government, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion.[1] A devout and kind-hearted matron of the Baptist persuasion, she devoted herself to the duties of charity, expending much of her time and means in the relief of the poor and distressed. She was a constant visitor of the prisons, and relieved the inmates whether they were there for religion or for crime. As might have been expected from her religious creed, as well as from her compassionate disposition, she especially afforded succour to such as suffered for their opposition to Popery and arbitrary power. Not a few of the Scottish Covenanters, including ministers, who had been driven by the fiery persecution from their native country, and who had sought safety in exile, had, while lurking in London, found a refuge under her hospitable roof. She concealed them from their persecutors, provided for their support, procured for them supplies of money, and assisted them in making good their escape to the Continent.[2] In these good works she is said by a contemporary writer to have been "the most industrious and indefatigable woman living," and to "have outstripped every

[1] *State Trials*, Howell's edit. vol. xi. p. 382–466.

[2] *Western Martyrology*, 5th edit. London 1705, p. 136, 137.

individual person, if not the whole body of Protestants, in the city of London." "Were my pen," says the same writer, "qualified to represent the due character of this excellent woman, it would be readily granted that she stood most deservedly entitled to an eternal monument of honour in the hearts of all sincere lovers of the reformed religion."[1] In following such a course of life in those days, she not only had to practise self-denial, but to encounter peril. She thus incurred the hatred, and became exposed to the implacable fury, of the Papists, and the ready instruments of arbitrary power.

It is painful to think that Mrs. Gaunt's charity became the occasion of bringing her to the stake, and that she perished, through the ungrateful and cruel treachery of the man whose wants she had supplied, and whose life she had saved.

This man, who was named James Burton, had been concerned in the Ryehouse Plot. By his own confession he had been present at the Mitre Tavern, Aldgate, where the design of assassinating the king was discussed, though he affirmed that he and others opposed this design, and that

[1] In a "True copy of a Letter sent to the Rev. Mr. William Veitch, Minister at Dumfries, answering Some gross Calumnies in his Pamphlet, entitled *A Short History of Rome's Designs*, &c., by Mr. John Hepburn, Minister of the Gospel at Orr, in Galloway, 1719," the following allusions are made to Mrs. Gaunt:—"In the stories ye relate concerning me while I was at London, there are almost as many lies as sentences; I shall point at the more obvious ones; as, 1st. Your calling Mrs. Gaunt my landlady, whereas I was not quartered in her house, but several of our Scotsmen were, as Mr. Alexander Shields, &c. And though she was an Anabaptist, she was reputed an honest woman in the main, and for her opposition to a popish interest promoted by the Duke of York, then on the throne, was with other worthy persons, cruelly put to death under that tyrannical government. It is to me very strange that ye should tell of her sufferings, as said is, and with the same breath should brand her, as ye do, with the crime of entertaining in her house emissaries of Rome, while making their pies: these look very contradictory like. Secondly, Your allegiance that I desired Mrs. Gaunt to borrow me twenty guineas to bribe a courtier withal, to escape without swearing, &c., is wholly false. I never employed her on any such errand." Pamphlets, Advocates' Library, vol. $\frac{3}{5}\frac{3}{1}$ no. 6, p. 9. There is a MS. copy of the above letter among the Wodrow MSS. vol. xii. 8vo, no. 61.

their opposition broke up the meeting. It became known to the government that he was one of the conspirators. He was proclaimed an outlaw, and a reward of £100 was offered for his apprehension. To avoid being arrested he fled from his own house, and concealed himself as he best could, until he found an opportunity of leaving the country. It was in these circumstances that, according to his own confession, Mrs. Gaunt, to whom he was a neighbour, did everything in her power to secure his safety and escape.

The following particulars as to her concern in his escape are collected from his depositions at her trial, and by comparing them with her own admissions in her dying testimony, they appear to be in the main correct. About two months after he had betaken himself to hiding, she made inquiries at his wife where he was, and having met with him, engaged him to accompany to Holland some of her friends whose safety she was anxious to secure. They had provided horses, she said, to carry them to Rochford Hundred, where a vessel was ready to transport them, and she named an evening when she would call for him. She called at the evening appointed, and conducted him to a chamber in the upper flat of a small brew-house in Half-moon Alley, in Bishopsgate Street. In this chamber were Richard Rumbold, commonly called Colonel Rumbold, and his brother. Burton and Colonel Rumbold slept there all night—for the other Rumbold was not to go with them—and in the morning they went to White-Chappel, whence they rode down on horseback to Rochford Hundred. Here they waited two days for the sailing of the vessel. But the vessel being small and leaky, as well as insufficiently manned, and the captain having told them that he was bound for Ostend, not for the Brill in Holland, they hesitated to embark, and returned to London, where they parted. After Burton had lain concealed for many months longer, Mrs. Gaunt, whose good-will and friendship he had never ceased to cultivate, offered him a passage to Holland with two other persons.

He gladly accepted her offer. She hired a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he embarked in a ship bound for Amsterdam. He complained to her that having been under hiding for a long time, he was in great need of money, upon which she promised that she would get him a little, and on parting with him she put into his hands five pounds.

After an absence of two years in Holland, he returned to England, and, joining Monmouth's army, was in the battle of Sedgemoor. About three weeks after Monmouth's defeat, he fled to London to his wife, with whom he stayed two nights. Her house, it is probable, had been often searched, and afraid for his safety should he remain long with her, she prevailed upon Mrs. Fernley, the wife of John Fernley, a barber, with whom she had some acquaintance, to receive him under her roof for two or three nights. On Friday evening, about ten o'clock, he betook himself to this friendly dwelling. Fernley was a poor man, and greatly in debt. He knew that a reward of £100 was offered to whoever should arrest Burton; but he was too good a man to betray a fugitive who, in peril of his life, had thrown himself upon his protection. Burton stayed here till he was apprehended, about eight o'clock on Sabbath evening, by a party of constables who had got information, by whom it is not said, that a suspected person was harboured at Fernley's house. Fernley was at the same time seized for giving shelter to a traitor.

Burton was now in the hands of the government, and, from its inexorable temper, he could hardly doubt that his fate was sealed. There remained for him only one means of saving his life. The king had unequivocally declared that those who concealed the rebels were the worst sort of traitors, inasmuch as they were preserving characters who might afterwards do much greater mischief; and he protested that he would sooner pardon the rebels themselves than those who protected and sheltered them. Burton knew this; it was the only ground—and good holding ground it turned out to be—into

which he could throw the anchor of his hope, and with unparalleled baseness he resolved to purchase his own life by becoming a witness against Fernley, who was already a prisoner, and by giving such information against Mrs. Gaunt, who was yet at liberty, as should lead to her arrest and trial. Whether he himself, or the government, first made the proposal is uncertain, and is of no great importance. The agreement was made between them. He pledged himself to the treachery, and the government in return promised him his life. In making choice between the alternatives—being himself executed as a traitor, or becoming the betrayer of his benefactors—and in choosing the most terrible of the two, his conscience, one may suppose, would at first recoil with horror. But choose it he did, with all the guilt and infamy it entailed.

Upon the information he gave, Mrs. Gaunt was arrested and thrown into prison. She was brought to trial at the sessions-house, in the Old Bailey, Monday, October 19, 1685, the day on which Fernley, William Ring, and Henry Cornish were tried before the same court for similar offences. The judge who presided at the trial was the Lord Chief-justice Jones,[1] not Lord Jeffreys, as some writers have asserted.

Her indictment, which was read, was to the effect that she, as a false traitor, had secretly, wickedly, devilishly, and traitorously entertained, concealed, comforted, and sustained James Burton, well knowing him to be a false traitor, and that she had given him £5 for his maintenance. Thus there were two counts in the indictment—her harbouring Burton and her giving him money. She pleaded "Not guilty."

A jury was then called and sworn. The attorney-general, the prosecutor for the crown, opened the case by an address to the jury. He concluded with these words:—"In the

[1] Sir Thomas Jones, who was made lord chief-justice on the elevation of Jeffreys to be lord-chancellor. "He showed immediately," says Oldmixon, "that he was Jeffreys' most worthy successor, and initiated himself in the same bloody rites."—*History*, vol. i. p. 706.

former trial [that of John Fernley] you had an account of her husband, and in this you will hear that she and her husband were the great brokers for carrying over such traitors, as my Lord Shaftesbury and others; these have taken care to convey them over at all times. We will produce our witnesses. Call Burton and his wife."

Burton was called, sworn, and examined. What a melancholy spectacle did this unhappy man now exhibit, in appearing the principal witness against a woman from whom he had received so much substantial and disinterested kindness in the time of his extremity! What good man or good woman would have exchanged the position of Mrs. Gaunt for his? By whatever means he might attempt or contrive to lull conscience asleep, or to drug it into moral insensibility, he could hardly, one would suppose, be entirely free from self-reproach and a consciousness of self-degradation. Yet in his appearance before the court he exhibited a forehead of brass and a heart of stone. Incapable of generosity himself, the villain had the baseness to attribute her generous anxiety to secure his escape to Holland to an interested motive, of which he had no evidence whatever. "Her husband," he said, "was concerned in Rumbold's plot, and knowing his danger, and that if taken I could make some discoveries against him, she endeavoured, for this reason, as I believe, to get me conveyed beyond sea." His examination being ended, his daughter, Mary Gilbert, a widow, was called, sworn, and examined, and lastly his wife. These were the only witnesses. In reviewing their depositions, it is perfectly plain that there was no competent legal evidence of Mrs. Gaunt's guilt of either count in the indictment. As to the first count, that she *knew* that Burton was a rebel, the proof completely broke down. He testified that in all his interviews with her, he had never had any discourse with her about the plot, nor did she ever in conversing with him, speak of his name being in the proclamation. His wife and daughter

bore similar testimony. As to the second count, her giving him money, this was established only by Burton's testimony.

Mrs. Gaunt was not allowed the benefit of counsel, which gave the crown an unfair advantage. She was indeed permitted to speak in her own defence; but how could a humble female, ignorant of law, unacquainted with judicial procedure, unaccustomed to sift judicial evidence, and placed in circumstances so unusual, so solemn, and so calculated to deprive her of self-possession, when her life was trembling in the balance, be expected to do anything like justice in pleading her own cause, should she even attempt to speak at all?

The evidence for the prosecution being closed, the lord chief-justice offered her an opportunity of defending herself. In the colloquy that now passed between him and her, he did not act towards her with that consideration and indulgence with which a humane judge would treat even the greatest criminal. Yet she answered him with an intelligence and a readiness that betokened a remarkably cool and collected mind.

The lord chief-justice then addressed the jury. In his address he went over the evidence of Burton, his wife, and daughter. He laid stress on Burton's testimony, "that this woman was very solicitous several times to help to send him beyond sea;" and on his assertion that he believed that her motive in her zealous endeavours to get him out of the country was her knowledge that he was able to make some discoveries concerning her husband, whom, he affirmed, she knew to have been also concerned in the plot. "It is true," he added, "there is no direct proof that there was any particular mention that Burton was in the proclamation for that treason [the Rychouse Plot]; but Burton himself, and his wife say, that they do verily believe that she did know he was in the proclamation, and she herself, being examined, says she might hear that his name was in the proclamation; and yet, notwithstanding all this, she endeavours to conceal him. What

can be the meaning of all this in this woman, but that she was very zealous to maintain the conspiracy, and was a great assistant to all persons that were concerned in it? She will not tell you any other cause wherefore she should be concerned to convey this man beyond sea, and therefore, in all reason, you ought to conceive it was for this; it was a known cause, made known to all people by the king's proclamation. If you believe she did know, or believe Burton to have been guilty of that treason, and that she did help to convey him away, as the witnesses have proved that she did, by giving him money and soliciting him several times to be gone, then you ought to find her guilty." From this address it is evident that nothing was further from his lordship's intention than that Mrs. Gaunt should be acquitted. He himself had no doubt of the completeness of the evidence, and he wished to impress on the jury a similar conviction of its completeness.

After an absence of some time—it is not said how long—the jury returned to the court with the fatal verdict of "Guilty." Her sentence, condemning her to be burned to death, was then pronounced. Burning alive was the death which the law had appointed for women convicted of treason.

During the whole trial Mrs. Gaunt had manifested much composure, and she heard her doom, which she probably had anticipated, with firmness and fortitude. Dark and horrifying as had been the tragedies already enacted in the course of that year, many could hardly believe that the sentence passed on this woman would be carried into execution. But the king's thirst for vengeance was still unslaked; and another reason why her case was hopeless is, with probability, supposed to have been, that she lived at Wapping. The inhabitants of that suburb of the metropolis being zealous Protestants, were hated by the government, and the name of "Wappingers" was applied to all who were hostile to Popery and arbitrary power. At the trial of Fernley, on the same day with that of Mrs. Gaunt, when Mr. Rich, a witness for

the prisoner, deponed, "I always looked upon him to be a good sober man," Justice Withins sarcastically rejoined, "A Wapping man! a sober Wapping man!"

Mrs. Gaunt appears to have entertained but slender, if any hope of a pardon; and the interval between the passing of the sentence and her death, she spent in exercises becoming her solemn and affecting position. She occupied herself in writing a paper intended as her dying speech or testimony. This paper, which is dated "Newgate, October 22, 1685," the day preceding her execution, is pervaded throughout with the most excellent Christian spirit.

She first of all looks above man to God. Believing that without His permission men could do nothing against her, however great their wickedness and cruelty, she yields herself up with reverent and entire submission to His disposal, whatever she might suffer; approving of His ways towards her, however beyond the reach of her comprehension, as wise, and righteous, and holy, and good.

Though she had met with such base requital from the man who had shared her beneficence and protection, she regrets not what she had done. Rather it was a delightful recollection that she had ministered to the diseased, the forlorn, the wretched, and that she was now suffering, not as an evil-doer, but for deeds of compassion, ministered in the spirit of Him who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

She had been engaged in no plot to dethrone or to murder the sovereign, or to raise war in the kingdom. She had yielded only to the impulse of charity and compassion. She therefore makes no acknowledgment of a crime; and if fault she had committed, it was not surely, she thought, of so black a dye as to place her beyond the pale of the royal clemency. She complains of the insolence of the judge, of the cruelty of the jailer, and of the tyranny of the sovereign, by whose implacable resentment so many lives had been sacrificed.

But the cry of injured innocence, in its agony, ascends to heaven, not for vengeance upon the instruments, but for forgiveness. Whatever injuries they had done to her she forgives them, even as she expects forgiveness from God. The spirit of inveterate hostility to Christ and his cause which prompted the cruelties of which she and others were the victims, it was not her province to forgive; but while as to this she leaves them to the righteous judgment of God, she beseeches them to be wise and instructed, and to make up their peace with Him, if they would escape impending retribution.[1]

The doom of being burned alive, Mrs. Gaunt underwent at Tyburn in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, on Friday, the 23d of October, four days after her condemnation, and the same day on which Henry Cornish, alderman, and a wealthy merchant, was executed with circumstances of great barbarity in Cheapside, for the imputed but unproved crime of high treason. At the stake she displayed a courage and even cheerfulness which deeply impressed the spectators. "She said charity was a part of her religion, as well as faith: this at worst was the feeding an enemy: so she hoped she had her reward with Him for whose sake she did this service, how unworthily soever the person was that made so ill a return for it: she rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love."[2] William Penn, the Quaker, was present at her death, and informed Bishop Burnet that when she calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to terminate the more speedily her sufferings, the spectators melted into tears. Her whole behaviour was such, so calm, so intrepid, that they compared and classed her with the martyrs, who, in the times of Henry VIII. and his daughter Mary, confronted torture and death with indomitable courage.

[1] The paper is given entire in *Western Martyrology*, p. 138–140.

[2] Burnet's *Hist. of his Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 315, 316.

At this tragedy and others of a similar kind, which drowned the nation in blood and tears, the indignation of the people was deep; but it was suppressed by the strong arm of power, else it had burst forth in a universal storm of execration, and in wide-spread tumult and resistance. It seemed as if the elements themselves had been let loose, and moved to exasperation and mutiny, when this bloody work was going on. "It was much noticed," says Macaulay, "that while the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrating, a tempest burst forth, such as had not been known since that great hurricane which had raged round the death-bed of Oliver. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, not without a gloomy satisfaction, the houses which had been blown down and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that Heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted the earth. Since that terrible day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence."[1]

[1] *History of England*, vol. i. p. 662–666.

HANNAH HEWLING,

WIFE OF MAJOR RICHARD CROMWELL.

HANNAH HEWLING was the eldest daughter of Benjamin Hewling, a citizen and rich merchant of London, by his wife Hannah, daughter of William Kiffin, also a London merchant of large fortune. The Hewling and Kiffin families were Protestant dissenters of the Baptist persuasion. From their excellent character and their great wealth, they were much respected, and very influential among the dissenting Protestants, who then formed a numerous body in the city of London.

Hannah's father died in 1684, leaving behind him several daughters, and two sons, Benjamin and William, young men highly accomplished for their years, and universally beloved for their amiable dispositions, their exemplary manners, and their unaffected piety.[1] Upon their father's death they went to Holland to complete their education; and when the Duke of Monmouth invaded England, they rashly joined his standard, impelled by their love of liberty and their zeal for the Protestant religion. Both of them were appointed officers in his army, Benjamin having the command of a troop of horse, and William being a lieutenant of foot; and they signalized themselves by their intrepid valour in several skirmishes. After Monmouth's defeat at the battle of Sedgemoor, and the dispersion of his army, they made an attempt

[1] Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 289-295; and vol. ii. p. 443-458.

to escape by sea, but were driven ashore, and with great difficulty saved their lives by climbing to land over dangerous rocks. Afraid of falling into the hands of the soldiers, who in great numbers were scouring the country in search of Monmouth's followers, they surrendered themselves prisoners to a gentleman who resided near the place where they landed. Thence they were sent, July 12, to Exeter prison; and on the 27th they were put on board a frigate, and conveyed to London, where they were thrown into Newgate. From Newgate they were removed to Salisbury; then to Dorchester. At this latter place, William Hewling, the youngest, who had not completed his twentieth year, was tried, and condemned to be hanged, and sent with eleven others to Lyme Regis, near the spot where Monmouth landed, about half a mile west of the town, where they underwent the fatal sentence, September 12, 1685. Benjamin, the eldest, who was twenty-one years of age, was tried and executed with many others at Taunton. His execution took place September 30.[1]

Hannah was now a young woman of admirable qualities. Trained up by her parents in the fear of God, she gave early proofs of sincere and enlightened piety. Her sisterly affection, evinced in her tenderness towards her two brothers whilst in prison and under the sentence of death, forms one of the lovely traits of her character.

By this time her father, as we have already said, having gone the way of all the earth, her widowed mother, overwhelmed with distress and feeble in health, was incapable of making active efforts in behalf of her sons. Some of the nearest relatives of the family were themselves so obnoxious to the government that it would have been hazardous for them to have interfered. Many were too much alarmed for their own safety to venture on performing such an act of

[1] Kiffin's *Memoirs*. *Western Martyrology*. A great part of the account in the latter work was composed by Kiffin, and agrees *verbatim* with his *Memoirs*.

friendship. Hannah's other sisters were little more than children. It therefore devolved on her alone to visit and comfort her brothers in their condemned cells, and to make what endeavours she could, with the court and others of influence, that their doom, if possible, might be averted. These duties she performed with great resolution and perseverance.

She personally interceded with Jeffreys for her brothers. Her reliance on the merciful disposition of this barbarous and ruthless judge was probably small. But in the last extremity men will have recourse to very desperate remedies, even as drowning men catch at straws.

In most of the published narratives of the trial and execution of her brothers, it is asserted that, according to his usual manner, Jeffreys treated her with great brutality. In one account it is said, that when she hung upon his coach, imploring his mercy for them, he barbarously ordered his coachman to cut her fingers with his whip to make her let go her hold; and that when with tears in her eyes she besought him to grant them a respite only for two days, for which she offered him a hundred pounds, he sternly refused the slender favour.[1]

Another authority,[2] in recording Hannah's history, denies that Jeffreys ever treated her with rudeness and cruelty, and affirms that in his demeanour towards her he was uniformly polite and respectful. By all means let not Jeffreys be made worse than he really was. He has enough to answer for without our doing that. We are willing to take the most favourable account as the true version of the matter. But the circumstances when explained do little to relieve his

[1] *Western Martyrology*, p. 164.

[2] Mr. Hewling Luson, whose mother was sister to Hannah Hewling. In his narrative printed in Hughes' *Correspondence* (2d edition, vol. ii. Appendix), he says:—"I give these several accounts as I have heard them in the family. I have no doubt of their authenticity, and I insert them in this letter, I hope not improperly, as they relate to public characters and events."

character from the infamy with which it is loaded. One of his relatives, we are told, whose fortune he expected to inherit, was an intimate acquaintance of the Hewlings, and this relative repeatedly urged and intreated him with great earnestness to interpose with the king for the lives of the two young men. Whether or not he appealed to Jeffreys' humanity, we are not informed, but he appealed to his self-interest. "The continuance of my friendship," said he, "together with the benefit you may hope to result from it, depends entirely upon your using your endeavours to save the Hewlings." Whether Jeffreys was thus moved to intercede with the king for their pardon is uncertain; but he protested that he strongly pleaded with his majesty to that effect—that he did all he could to save their lives, and to restore them to their mother and sisters, but that the king was unrelenting. This anecdote lets us see the impelling power which made Jeffreys' conduct towards Hannah Hewling so different from his ordinary. He had a sordid interest in behaving towards her with courtesy and respect. In his career of blood he might be moved to leniency or to good manners towards his victims and their friends by golden arguments addressed to his avarice, but never by appeals, even the most pathetic, addressed to his compassion.

Hannah also presented a petition to the king in behalf of her brothers; and many distinguished personages of the court wished her success. On this errand she went to Whitehall, and was introduced to his majesty by Lord Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough, who, whatever were his other sins, was not a man of a cruel disposition. While they were waiting in the ante-chamber for admittance, Churchill's discourse with her naturally turned on the subject of her application. He expressed his most sincere and cordial desires for the success of her suit; but he cautioned her against entertaining sanguine hopes, as she might be disappointed. "Madam," said he, "hearty as

my wishes are that you may obtain what you want, I dare not flatter you with any such hope, for that marble (laying his hand on the chimney-piece at which he was standing) is as capable of feeling compassion as the king's heart." The particulars of her interview with his majesty have not been recorded; but Churchill's prediction of the obduracy of the king was verified; her petition was heartlessly refused.[1] Job made a noble use of authority and wealth when, among other good deeds, he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. But this was a region of thought and action far above the heart and conceptions of James II. The flush of joy which would have mantled the countenances of the mother and the sisters of these youths, the throb of gratitude which would have beaten in their hearts, the delicious outburst of indescribable exultation, expressed by them more in manner than in words, upon receiving the tidings of the pardon of those so dear to them—this was a picture which, even had it presented itself to the stolid and merciless imagination of that monarch, would have had no effect in moving him to the exercise of clemency.

At the trial of her youngest brother William at Dorchester,[2] Jeffreys, who presided, behaved with his characteristic brutality, railing at him, not only as being himself a deep-dyed traitor, but as come from a nest of traitors. "You have a grandfather," he said, "who deserves to be hanged as richly as you."

At the scene of his execution, September 12, 1685, every heart was appalled at the cruelty of the government, while feelings of mingled admiration and sympathy were awakened by his pious resignation and undaunted fortitude. A military officer noted for his rudeness and severity, who attended, was so deeply affected that he exclaimed, "I do not believe

[1] Mr. Hewling Luson's *Narrative*, *ut supra*.

[2] At Dorchester not less than 292 received sentence, of whom 80 were executed.

that my lord-justice himself could be proof against this." Many burst into tears over the untimely fate of this comely and amiable youth. The whole town was full of his praise. He obtained remission from quartering, and was privileged with Christian burial; for which a large sum was probably paid. The sheriff having delivered his corpse for interment, which was to take place on the day following his execution, though no intimations or preparations had been made, 200 of the people and a number of young women, the daughters of the chief families in the place, accompanied in procession his remains to the churchyard of Lyme;—no small proof of resolution and courage, it must be allowed, especially on the part of the women, when it is recollected that much of the horrid butchery perpetrated by the western assize was on those whose only crime was their having afforded shelter and refreshment to such as had been in arms. This honour shown to a traitor the authorities connived at, for they certainly offered no interruption. "The horrors of the time had perhaps stupefied them, so much greater were they than anything they had anticipated."[1]

After these last offices of respect had been paid to her brother William, by friendly hands, Hannah wrote the following touching letter to her mother:—

"Although I have nothing to acquaint my dear mother withal, but what is most afflictive to sense, both as to the determination of God's will, and as to my present apprehension, concerning my brother Benjamin yet remaining; yet there is such abundant consolation mixed in both, that I only wanted an opportunity to pay this duty; God having wrought so glorious a work on both their souls, revealing Christ in them, that death is become their friend. My brother William hath already, with the greatest joy, declared to those that were with him to the last, that he would not change conditions with any that were to remain in this

[1] Roberts's *Life of James, Duke of Monmouth*, vol. ii. p. 288.

world; and he desired that his relations would comfort themselves [in the hope] that he is gone to Christ. My brother Benjamin expects not long to continue in this world, and is exceeding willing to leave it when God shall call, being fully satisfied that God will choose that which is best for him and us all. By these things God doth greatly support me, and I hope you also, my dear mother, which was and is my brother's great desire. There is still room for prayer for one; and God having so answered, though not in kind, we have encouragement still to wait on Him. Honoured mother, your dutiful daughter, HANNAH HEWLING."[1]

At Hannah's brother Benjamin's execution at Taunton, the sheriff, who was a man devoid of humanity, would hardly permit him and his fellow-sufferers to take leave of their friends. When requested to allow them on the scaffold to sing a psalm, he replied, "It must be with the ropes about their necks." Like his brother William, Benjamin died with unshrinking courage. Hannah gave a thousand pounds that his body might be spared the indignity of being quartered, and that leave might be given to inter it. Even this small favour, purchased at so great a price, was not obtained without the interest of one of the principal officers in the royal army. This officer, it is probable, was Lord Churchill. Most of the inhabitants of Taunton accompanied Benjamin's remains to their last resting-place, in St. Mary Magdalene's Church in that town.[2]

Some time after the execution of these youths a touching scene, connected with their fate, took place at the court between the sovereign and Hannah's maternal grandfather, Mr. Kiffin. After depriving the city of London of the old charter—a headstrong arbitrary measure which gave much offence, as striking a blow at liberty—James, with the view

[1] *Western Martyrology*, p. 111.
[2] Toulmin's *Hist. of Taunton*, Savage's edit. p. 518.

of conciliating the dissenters, that he might the more successfully prosecute his plans for establishing arbitrary power and restoring Popery, resolved to put many of their principal men into the magistracy. Kiffin, who stood among the foremost of the party in London, and who was known to him personally, was one of those whom the king purposed thus to honour. His majesty invited him to come on a certain day, at a certain hour, to the court. Kiffin went, and found many lords and gentlemen present. The king received him courteously, and entered into conversation with him, with all the affability which a man of his natural coldness and reserve could command. He talked of his favour to the dissenters, and told him that "he had put him down as an alderman in his new charter." Kiffin had never meddled with politics; he had never sought after civic honours; and he was not to do so now; besides, like some of the wisest of the dissenters, he perhaps saw through the sinister designs of James. "Sire," replied the old man, whose locks time had thinned and whitened, "I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your majesty or the city. Besides, sire," added the venerable patriarch, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the king, whilst the tears ran down his blanched and furrowed cheeks, and emotion almost choked his utterance, "the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and will never close but in the grave!" What were James's sensations at these affecting and significant, but unexpected and unpalatable words, the reader may try to conceive. His countenance at once betrayed how his galled conscience shrunk from the horrid remembrance. For a minute or two he made no reply; but recovering himself, he said, "Mr. Kiffin, I shall find a balsam for that sore." Thus their conversation abruptly ended. The king immediately after turned about to one of the lords in attendance.

After her brothers' untimely fate, the history of Hannah Hewling presents little remarkable in the way of adventure. The Revolution followed soon after; and in the tranquil times which succeeded there would be little to record in her history, save the every-day duties and occupations incident to the situation of a wife and mother.

Within a year after the death of her brothers, she was married to Richard Cromwell, second son of Henry Cromwell, Lord lieutenant of Ireland, the son of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector. Richard, who was born at Dublin Castle, March 3, 1658, and who was consequently at the time of his marriage about twenty-seven years of age, succeeded, upon the death of his eldest brother Henry, to the estate of Spinney Abbey, which he possessed for several years. At last however he was under the necessity of selling it, after which he went into the army. Through the interest of the Duke of Ormond, who always acknowledged the obligations his family was under to Henry Cromwell, while Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Richard was promoted to the rank of a major of foot, and he would probably have obtained higher promotion had he not been cut off by a fever in 1711, whilst serving under the command of Lord Galway in Spain.

Hannah had to Richard ten children, eight sons and two daughters. She died in 1731.

In describing her religious character, Noble says, "The misfortunes her family experienced from the severity of King James II., and the fanaticism of her religious tenets, set her mind against the established form, and led her into some unwarrantable warmths. Instead of copying the example of her husband's mother, she set herself openly against the establishment, turned out the clergyman that had been long resident in the family, and entertained, in his stead, a Baptist minister. Not content with this, she endeavoured to gain proselytes to her opinions. All this led Mr. Cromwell into such pecuniary inconveniences as obliged him, soon after

their marriage, to part with the abbey of Spinney. It does not appear however that she brought over her husband to desert the Established church." It is easy to translate into the language of sober truth these distorted statements of Noble, to whom the manifestations of fervid piety seemed enthusiastic excesses, and who could not conceive of dissenters as being otherwise than zealots or fanatics. The amount is this:—Brought up in the Baptist denomination, she remained true to her religious principles to the close of life. Having herself felt the influence of genuine piety, she evinced an earnest and active concern to bring others under its influence. To have a chaplain in her family of the same religious sentiments with herself, would in many respects be desirable; and she selected one like-minded in preference to another, who might differ from her on various points which she might deem important. How her devotion to the dissenting interest dissipated the estate of Spinney Abbey, it is not easy to see; nor is it easy to see how her brothers' cruel doom would prejudice her mind against the Established church, as James II. was not a member of that church, but a Papist.

BRIDGET IRETON,

WIFE OF THOMAS BENDISH[1]

BRIDGET IRETON was the third daughter of Henry Ireton, of Ireton, in the county of Derby, Esq., sometime Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, by his wife Bridget, eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector.

She was born about the year 1648, and was educated under the eye of her grandfather, Cromwell, to whom she was an object of much interest, and of affectionate tenderness. Among other lessons which he taught her, one was never to divulge a secret. Under his training she so completely acquired this lesson, that he could tell her anything in the full confidence that she would not reveal it. He would even admit her into his privy council, and let her hear and see all that was transacted. When only six years old, as she afterwards remembered, she sat between his knees at a privy council meeting, at which very important affairs were discussed, and one of the councillors objecting to her being present, he said, "There is not a secret I would trust to any of you, that I would not trust to this child." In his confidence he was not mistaken. To prove this he would make known to her something with a charge not to tell it to anybody, and then bid her mother and grandmother try to extract it from her by any art or means they could employ—by promises, caresses, bribes, threatenings, or punishment. Against all

[1] The materials for this life are mostly derived from Appendix to vol. ii. of Hughes' *Correspondence*, edited by Duncombe.

these appliances the trustworthy child stood out with inflexibility of purpose. She acknowledged the duty she owed to her mother, but she equally maintained the obligation she was under to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather.

These little incidents were never obliterated from her memory; and they contributed to mould her character. Often in after life, when her heart turned with yearning to her years of childhood, and to the recollection of the happy hours she had passed in the company of her grandfather, she would narrate them to her friends with great animation. This accounts for her devoted fidelity to his memory. She was accustomed to attribute to his early lessons whatever good qualities she possessed, especially the quality of keeping secrets, for which she was conspicuous. When applauded for any excellence or attainment, she would say, "I learned this from my grandfather."

She was married to Thomas Bendish of Gray's Inn, son of Sir Thomas Bendish, of Essex, Baronet, who was English ambassador at the court of the Ottoman Porte for fourteen years, having entered on the embassy in 1647, and been recalled in 1662 by Charles II. The father died at Bower Hall, the place of his nativity, about the year 1674, aged sixty-seven years. Thomas, the husband of Bridget, did not acquire the fame of his father.

Mrs. Bendish is described by Mr. Say, a dissenting minister, who knew her well,[1] and who drew her character in 1719, while she was yet living, as "a person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry, and with something in her countenance and manner that at once attracts and commands respect the moment she appears in

[1] Say, after having been some years pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, succeeded Dr. Calamy in Westminster, in the year 1633. He was married to a relative of Mr. Carter's, a wealthy merchant in Yarmouth, who was married to Mary Fleetwood, daughter of Mrs. Bendish's mother by her second husband Charles Fleetwood. He died April 12, 1743.—Duncombe in Hughes' *Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 19.

company." With these qualities were united many peculiarities and eccentricities. Of all the descendants of Cromwell, she most resembled him both in her personal appearance and character. The contour and expression of her countenance strikingly corresponded to the best portraits of him, only a little softened. "As she exactly resembles the best picture of Oliver which I have ever seen," says Say, "and which is now at Rose Hall, in the possession of Sir Robert Rich,[1] so she seems also exactly to resemble him in the cast of her mind." And after describing her character, he adds, "Such is this grand-daughter of Oliver, who inherits more of his constitution of body and complexion of mind than any of his descendants and relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted; and I have had some acquaintance with many others of his grandchildren, and have seen his son Richard, and Richard's son Oliver, who had something indeed of the spirit of his grandfather, but all his other distinguishing qualifications seemed vastly inferior to those of the lady whose character I have sincerely represented as it has long appeared to me." Hewling Luson, another of her memorialists, who well remembered her person, appearance, and manner, having seen her often at his father's house—though when he saw her she was far advanced in years, for she died when he was not more than sixteen years of age—similarly describes her. "She was certainly, both without and within, in her person and in her spirits, exactly like her grandfather, the Protector; her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance, all agreed very exactly to the excellent pictures I have seen of the Protector in the Cromwell family."[2]

Like her grandfather Cromwell, she was eminent for good-

[1] An engraving of her may be found in the *Life of Mr. Hollis.*

[2] He adds, "Whoever looks upon the print prefixed to the octavo *Life of Cromwell*, said to be published by the late Bishop Gibson, about the year 1725, which exactly agrees with these pictures, will have a clear idea of Mrs. Bendish's person, if their imagination can add a female dress, a

ness of heart, as well as for strength of understanding. She could not witness misery without feelings of strong sympathy; and the benevolence that seemed always at work in her breast was ever prompting her to acts of beneficence. When she had money, she bestowed it not only with liberality, but with profusion, to such as were in want; when she had none to give, which often happened, they were sure to receive from her pious counsel and heart-felt commiseration; and so effectually did she advocate their cause with the great and the rich, by all parties of whom she was much respected, that she demanded rather than solicited from them that aid in money, clothing, food, or fire, which she judged it to be their duty to give. If in the dwellings of the humble and poor she found a sick person without proper attendance, she herself became attendant, performed the meanest offices, and administered spiritual comfort by directing the sufferer to Him who is the only living and overflowing fountain of peace, and joy, and hope, in sickness and in death. In this noble ministry much of her time was employed; and, inspired simply with an honest desire to do her duty by removing misery wherever she found it, it was no obstruction to her performing these benevolent offices that the needy and the afflicted were her enemies, or persons of indifferent or profligate characters. It was enough for her to know that they were reduced to indigence, or smitten by disease, and sinking into the grave. "She is ready," says Say, "to do all the services that lie in her power to all mankind equally; and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the services their necessities and miseries demand from her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries

few years in age, and a very little softening of the features. I refer to that print, because the fine engraving of Cromwell in the Houbraken collection bears very little resemblance to the pictures in the Cromwell family, and no resemblance at all to Mrs. Bendish."

they may have done herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation."

In her character there were doubtless many inconsistencies and contradictions; but these have probably been somewhat exaggerated by Say in his lively portrait. After representing her as "the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor and miserable," without distinction, and as "regarded by those who knew her best as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity," he adds, "and yet possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary rate, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty (I am tempted to say), who never broke her promise in her life, and yet on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her. Of great and most fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians, and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety, of cruelty, of which she is not capable. Fawning, suspicious, mistrustful, and jealous without end of all her servants and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power. . . . . Such are the extravagancies which have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns for a course of many years' acquaintance and intimacy; and yet after all these blemishes and vices which I must freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greatest injury who should say she is a great wicked woman;[1] for all that is great and good in her seems to be owing to a true magnanimity of spirit, and a sincere desire to serve the interests of God and all mankind, and all that is otherwise, to wrong principles early and strongly imbibed by a temperament of body (shall I call it), or a turn of mind to the last degree enthusiastic and visionary."

[1] The allusion is to Clarendon's representation of her grandfather Cromwell, as "a great wicked man."

While admitting that her peculiarities and eccentricities may have afforded ground for some of these imputations, we yet doubt whether the picture is not too darkly coloured. The writer has at least condescended to attempt the proof of only two of the darker parts of the picture, namely, that "on her word no man can prudently depend," and that she had "no justice or common honesty;" and the proofs adduced strengthen the suspicion that he somewhat exaggerates. In evidence of the first, he says: "It is owing to this [her extreme enthusiastic and visionary turn of mind] that she never hears of any action of any person, but she immediately mingles with it her own sentiments and judgment of the person and the action, in so lively a manner, that it is almost impossible for her to separate them afterwards; which sentiments, therefore, and judgment she will relate thenceforward, with the same assurance that she relates the action itself." His attempted proof of the other amounts to the charge, that she relieved the needy at the expense of defrauding her creditors, even when they were in great want of their money. "Upon her receiving a considerable legacy at the death of a noble relation [probably her aunt, Lady Fauconberg], I urged her to suspend her usual acts of piety, generosity, and charity upon such occasions, till she had been just to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for 'how,' said I, 'if you should die and leave such a debt undischarged, will it be paid?' . . . She answered, 'She would trust a Friend that never deceived her,' and assured me she would never die in any one's debt. 'But how is it possible you should be assured of that, who are for ever in debt to so many persons, and have so many other occasions for your money than discharging of your debts, and are resolved to have so many as long as you live?'" Now, it is no doubt true that to paraphrase what is reported, so as to make it convey a different meaning—a vice to which certain minds are peculiarly liable

—and to lavish in charity what is due to creditors, whose claims ought to take precedence of those of charity, are grave faults, and will cast a shade on any character, however otherwise excellent; but these blemishes hardly afford sufficient ground for the sweeping assertions that Mrs. Bendish was "a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty," and that "there was scarcely an instance of impiety and cruelty of which she was not capable." It is further to be noticed that it turned out, as she always confidently and constantly affirmed it would, that she died in no one's debt; and however we may censure her conduct in deferring the payment of her debts to the claims of charity, ought we not to take this as a proof that she did not altogether disregard the claims of equity?

It was an undoubted article of her creed that anything may be accomplished by the union of prayer, and faith, and energetic action; but she did not duly estimate the importance of wise and prudent deliberation. Before entering upon any undertaking, as to the lawfulness of which she was in doubt, she adopted the method which she said her grandfather always employed with success, namely, shutting herself up in her closet for fasting, prayer, and searching the Scriptures, until she had come to a determination, the result of some deep impression or of some passage of Scripture brought into her mind, which she regarded as an intimation of the will of God. She then took her course, however apparently insurmountable the obstacles to the attainment of her object, overlooking or slightly estimating the difficulties in the way. Henceforth she was deaf and inflexible to every suggestion or argument offered by her friends in opposition to her resolves. That from her peculiarly ardent and enthusiastic temperament she attached undue importance to these impressions, will be generally admitted; and it is certain, that in trusting to them and disregarding the counsels of prudence, she often became involved in perplexities and

embarrassments from the failure of her schemes. At other times, this intensity of confidence, communicating a powerful impulse to her exertions, produced an unabated activity which often gained its end; and this induced her to say, on future emergencies, "I will trust a Friend that never deceived me."

In the reigns of Charles II. and James II. she was a steadfast friend of the nonconformists. She was professedly an Independent, and was a member of the celebrated Dr. John Owen's congregation, London. This congregation was distinguished more for the rank and worth of its members than for its numbers. Among these were Charles Fleetwood, her mother's second husband; Sir John Hartopp; Colonel Desborough, brother-in-law to her grandfather Oliver Cromwell; James Berry, a famed officer of the Commonwealth army; Lady Abney; Lady Hartopp, who was a daughter of Charles Fleetwood, and thus allied to Mrs. Bendish; Lady Vere Wilkinson; and Lady Haversham, who was a daughter of the Earl of Anglesia, and the wife of John Thompson, Lord Haversham. With all these eminent persons Mrs. Bendish was on intimate terms. She was a great admirer of Owen, and his works were the favourite books she read.[1]

In those times, when the government were hunting down the nonconformists as fanatics and demagogues, she fearlessly exposed herself to the penal laws against them, which were executed with great rigour. She attended the sermons of her ministers in meetings held in private houses, and in other concealed places. She made every effort to preserve the ministers from the constant danger of being pounced upon by spies and informers, and dragged before venal, unprincipled, and intolerant magistrates, who amerced them in heavy fines or sent them to prison. With that bold, cunning, and heartless class—spies and informers, she maintained an incessant war. This sort of action was quite congenial to

[1] Orme's *Life of Owen*, p. 363.

her taste. She watched their various machinations; and when they thought that by violence or trick they had got their victims fairly into their toils, and completely at their disposal, she, after all, by her superior adroitness, often outmanœuvred them, defrauding them of their prey, and of the rewards they hoped to reap from their nefarious occupation. "I have heard," says Hewling Luson, "many stories of her dealings with these ungracious people; sometimes she circumvented and outwitted them, and sometimes she bullied them, and the event generally was that she got the poor parson out of their clutches." He does not condescend to relate any of these stories, which doubtless would have been curious.

Thus taking the side of the oppressed, she was made a confidant of many of the measures they planned or adopted for their relief or deliverance; and possessing the secretive faculty in perfection, any secret however important might be safely intrusted to her keeping. She is said to have been privy to the Ryehouse Plot when it was hatching—a plot which never went further; and she succeeded in delivering one of her relatives from imprisonment for high treason, on account of that plot, by a well-concerted stratagem, the nature of which has unfortunately not been recorded. By doing this she well knew that she was exposing herself to the resentment of the king and the Duke of York, who were remorseless and vindictive adversaries, and that her own life would have been the forfeit she would have paid, had she been detected, which however she never was.

By these effective services to the oppressed, and by her overflowing charity, Mrs. Bendish became singularly endeared to the common people. No person indeed could be acquainted with her without loving and respecting her, though he might smile at her oddities.

She is also said to have been in the secret of the Revolution. To promote that great event she would visit the shops in different parts of London under the pretence of cheapen-

ing silks and other articles, and, on going out to her coach, would drop bundles of papers, the drift of which was to impregnate the minds of the people with the doctrines that they had a right to call their rulers to account, and that even the monarch could not, at his own arbitrary pleasure, dispense with the laws. It was perhaps for this service that Archbishop Tillotson introduced her to Queen Mary, in order that a pension might be settled upon her, by which she might be supported in some degree of dignity corresponding to her condition in her earlier days; but the death both of that excellent prelate and of the queen following soon after, that matter was never accomplished.

It was indeed believed by those who knew her that there was no situation however exalted to which her spirit would have been unequal, and that had she been born to sway a sceptre, she would have ranked in history with the most renowned of female sovereigns. "This very extraordinary woman," says Dr. Brookes, "wanted only to have acted in a superior sphere to be ranked by historians among the most admirable heroines. Had she been in the situation of a Zenobia, she would have supported her empire, and defended her capital with equal skill and resolution; but she would never have lived to decorate the triumph of an Aurelian, or have given up a secretary, of the fidelity and ability of a Longinus, to save herself. If she had been in the situation of Elizabeth, she would, without scruple, have cut off the heads of twenty Marys, who by surviving her, would have overturned the happy constitution she had formed, and would as gloriously have defended her kingdom against a Spanish Armada or any hostile force whatever, and have rather inwardly triumphed than been intimidated at the most formidable preparations against her."

Her admiration of her grandfather, Oliver Cromwell, was unbounded. He was, as we have seen, amongst the earliest objects of her love and veneration. All the tokens he had

given of his tender affection for her in her childhood, were associated with her fondly cherished recollections of that period of her life, and they conjured up soft and bright images of innocence, happiness, and domestic affections, such as are but feebly reproduced in after years.

She revered him for his achievements in arms, and for his abilities as a legislator and statesman; but these, in her judgment, occupied a subordinate and secondary interest and place in his character, compared with his piety. He who guided the counsels and led the battalions of England, was the "anointed of the Lord." The era in which he flourished was a golden age for piety, virtue, patriotism; and of this age he was the presiding spirit. She as fully believed that he was a saint of the first magnitude, as she believed in any article of the creed. His military and political fame were in her estimation vain and worthless in comparison with the greater glory of his saintship. On these topics she dilated with great delight and animation. He was "a chosen vessel," "a regenerated child of God," "divinely inspired;" "next to the twelve apostles he was the first saint in heaven, and he was placed next to them." Such was the strain of eulogy in which she was constantly magnifying and exalting her great ancestor. But this was, unfortunately, the precise point in his character as to which her auditors were not prepared to give the echo to her eulogiums; for ready access could not be had in those days to those sources of information now accessible to all, which, by enabling us to form a clear conception of his individual character and conduct, have produced a general conviction that, whatever were his faults or blemishes, the sincerity of his piety ought no longer to be contested. That he was a great general and a great statesman was generally conceded; but there were comparatively few who would allow him to be the chief among the saints, or who would pronounce him anything else than a hypocrite in religion. Mrs. Bendish therefore maintained a somewhat singular position,

when she held him up as pre-eminently entitled to celebrity on account of his piety.

Inspired with this enthusiastic devotion to the memory of her grandfather, and inheriting no small portion of his courage, she valiantly defended his reputation, especially his saintship, against whoever should assail it. Her friends, giving way to her foibles, or laughing at them, did not choose to enter into disputation with her. But she frequently met with strangers who were loud in casting aspersions on his memory. In such cases she was not the woman to sit in timid silence, and hear her grandfather calumniated. Her wrath was excited, and she resented every such attack as a personal injury.

On one occasion, when she was travelling in a London stage-coach, in company with two gentlemen to whom she was an entire stranger, the conversation turned upon Cromwell, whose character and conduct were criticized with much acrimony by the two gentlemen. Impatient at hearing the indignities done to the honoured name of her grandfather, she, after her usual manner, took up with great spirit the argument in his defence, and extolled him with all the rapture to which she was prompted by her enthusiastic admiration of his virtues and graces. She tried to make it clear to her opponents that he was a man of consummate patriotism and piety. But by all her rhetoric she failed to carry conviction to their minds. One of them in particular became extremely hot and violent against Cromwell, whom he branded with every term of opprobrium, deriding his pretensions to patriotism and sanctity, and stigmatizing him as a cold-blooded traitor and tyrant. This virulence she thought was very insolent, and to her it was very provoking. She pronounced the imputations to be false and calumnious. But the more she defended her grandfather, the more outrageous was her opponent in his abuse. She became in a corresponding degree excited, and the controversy increased in vehemence. If towards the end of the stage, the violence of the

dispute was abated, this arose rather from exhaustion of breath than from the want of wrath or of words to prolong it. After they had alighted from the coach, and had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Bendish advanced to the gentleman who had been her principal opponent in the controversy, and politely requested that she might be permitted to speak with him apart. "Surely, madam," he replied, and they withdrew to another apartment; upon which she told him with great composure, "that he had in the grossest manner belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood that flowed in her veins would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but that she could fire a pistol as well as he, and she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honour of her family, insisting that if he would not incur the charge of cowardice, he should not make her sex the pretence for declining to accept her challenge." The gentleman, as might be supposed, was amazed at the remarkable strain of this address, but on discovering her relationship to the man he had reviled, of which before he was ignorant, and perceiving that the controversy had now assumed a somewhat serious aspect, he had good sense enough to soften down. "Notwithstanding," he immediately replied, "all that I have said in disparagement of the character of Oliver Cromwell, who I now understand to have been your grandfather, he unquestionably possessed many great qualities which I honour as much as you or any one, and had I known or suspected your relation to him, I would certainly not have said one word on the subject to give you offence. I regret having wounded your feelings by the asperity with which in the heat of contradiction I may have treated his memory, and I sincerely ask your pardon for my rudeness." By this apology he succeeded in appeasing her resentment; and they prosecuted the remainder of their journey together with a degree of friendly feeling and good humour, if not of mutual confidence. But

in the course of the conversations that followed, Cromwell's character was not again brought under discussion.

Another anecdote illustrative of Mrs. Bendish's never-failing readiness to do battle in vindication of her grandfather has been recorded. "In a violent fever," says Dr. Brookes, "when she was thought past recovery, and insensible to anything that might be said, her aunt Lady Fauconberg and other company being in the room, and her ladyship, though Oliver's daughter, giving too much way to things said in dishonour of his memory by some present, to the astonishment of all Mrs. Bendish raised herself up, and with great spirit said, 'If I did not believe my grandmother to have been one of the most virtuous women in the world, I should conclude your ladyship to be a bastard, wondering how it could be possible that the daughter of the greatest and best man that ever lived could be so degenerate as not only to sit with patience to hear his memory so ill treated, but to seem herself to assent to it.'" Mrs. Bendish's profound veneration for the character of her grandfather is here very manifest. As to the justice of the rebuke she administered to Lady Fauconberg, that is another question. On this point we have animadverted elsewhere.[1] The precise nature of the strictures made upon Cromwell, whether they related to his political character and conduct, or to his religious, is not related. In this uncertainty we are without the means of judging as to the justice of the censure passed upon Lady Fauconberg by Mrs. Bendish, who, being a firm believer in the immaculate excellence of her grandfather, as a saint, and in the infallibility of his political conduct as a ruler, would have accounted it perfectly scandalous for her aunt to have admitted that he had ever committed a single fault.

Under all circumstances Mrs. Bendish possessed the uncommon power of maintaining great mental equanimity. Gloomy and distressful impressions seldom dwelt long upon

[1] See p. 27.

her mind. "Serve the Lord with gladness," "Rejoice evermore," were her mottoes. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of her lot, whether afflictions and calamities befell her, or whether her affairs were prosperous, she made all equally matter for rejoicing. The former, not less than the latter, had been sent by God, in wisdom, mercy, and love. If prosperity smiled upon her, it awakened her gratitude. If adversity spread its dark cloud around her—and her lot was more generally adverse than prosperous—this awakened even a profounder gratitude in her mind, because she believed that disappointments, vexations, and afflictions were necessary parts of the merciful discipline of Providence; and such were the effects of her religious sentiments on her uncommonly elastic mind, that her spiritual joy, like the thermometer, usually rose the higher the greater the heat of the furnace of affliction into which she was cast. Her religious sentiments were rigidly Calvinistic; and being little troubled with doubts about her election to the kingdom of heaven, of which indeed she was usually as certain as of her own existence, this became to her a fountain of never-failing joy, under all the sufferings of life.

But great as was the courage with which she braved difficulties and dangers, and strong as her confidence in the love and goodness of God usually was, there were, it would appear, times when she was subject to distressing apprehensions. Isaac Watts' poem "Against Tears," addressed to her in 1699, was probably written for her encouragement on one of these occasions. What would he not give sometimes to be able to shed a tear! "But," he adds—

"But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief,

For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

hen let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage in your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd."

Mrs. Bendish became a widow in 1707, her husband having died April 27th, that year, aged sixty-one years. He was buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Yarmouth, on the west side, in the north aisle, sometimes called the old chancel, in which a monument was erected to his memory, with a simple inscription, describing his parentage, his marriage to Bridget, the date of his death, and his age.[1]

Mrs. Bendish remained a widow during the remainder of her life. Her residence was near Yarmouth, at a place, the proper name of which was South Town, but which, so long as the salt works, in which she was engaged there, were carried on, was called the Salt Pans. Left with an income of two or three hundred pounds a year, she laboured with

[1] Blomefield's *Hist. of the County of Norfolk*, vol. v. p. 1688. Mrs. Bendish had to Mr. Bendish, besides the children who died young, one daughter and two sons:—1. Bridget, who died unmarried several years after her mother. 2. Thomas, who married Catharine Smith of Colkirk, near Fakenham, in the county of Norfolk. On the occasion of his marriage Isaac Watts addressed to him a lyric poem, September 3, 1701, entitled "The Indian Philosopher." Thomas is said to have been an expensive and loose liver. He died in one of the West Indian islands, where there was a family estate, leaving a son, Ireton, an amiable young man, who held some place under government, and died unmarried, greatly lamented, about the year 1730. 3. Henry, who married Martha Shute, sister to Lord Barrington. He died about the year 1740, leaving a son, Henry, who died unmarried, and two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, who were both married. Hughes' *Correspondence*, edited by Duncombe, vol. ii. App. p. i.—ix.; xxxii.—xlv.

indefatigable effort to increase it, that she might be able to exercise a more abundant liberality, or that she might better the circumstances of her family. With this view she embarked in projects of business of different kinds. Naturally fearless, she did not sufficiently estimate the hazards of some of these schemes; and entering further into them than a prudent consideration of her limited means would have dictated, she found herself more frequently a loser than a gainer in the end. Her affairs were therefore far from always assuming a flourishing aspect. She was often involved in pecuniary embarrassment from the losses she sustained; and the profusion of her charity added not a little to her frequently recurring straits for money.

One of her schemes was the grazing of cattle. She attended the neighbouring fairs to sell and buy her cattle, travelling in a single horse chaise. In these journeys scope was afforded for the display of some of the peculiar traits of her character—her courage and her fervent, undoubting trust in the protection of Providence. She travelled by night as readily as by day, and was never deterred by bad roads or bad weather, or by her unacquaintance with the road. In encountering the perils of these journeys it would be to state only a part of the truth to say that she was perfectly fearless —to encounter them afforded her positive enjoyment. She has been heard to say that in the darkest night, in a wild open heath with the roads of which she was totally unacquainted, while overtaken by the most dreadful thunderstorm, she has not only maintained her calmness and presence of mind, but been perfectly happy, singing some one or other of the psalms, and believing beyond a doubt that her chaise was surrounded by guardian angels. This strong apprehension of a protecting Providence rising into an invincible courage, while springing originally from faith in God, was doubtless nourished and invigorated by the peculiar ardour of a singularly enthusiastic temperament.

In the salt works carried on at South Town she mingled with her workmen, sharing in their toils, and stooping to the meanest drudgery from an early hour in the morning till the close of day. Her friends thought that this drudgery on her part was unnecessary, and that it suited neither her sex, nor her condition, nor her character; but she chose thus to occupy herself. Her naturally vigorous constitution enabled her to undergo these arduous labours without injury, probably with positive advantage to her physical frame. She was not too proud to be ashamed to be so engaged, or to be seen so engaged, and scope was thus afforded to her energy of purpose, her strong force of will, and her activity and persistency of character.

At home, when occupied in household duties or in other manual labours, she was less scrupulous as to her dress and personal appearance than her friends, had they presumed to dictate to her, would have recommended. But even when habited in the most indifferent garments loosely put on, she never lost her sense of personal dignity, nor her politeness of manner. The following description by Hewling Luson, if somewhat exaggerated, may be regarded as in the main correct:—"At her residence, which was quite open to the road, I have very often seen her in the morning, stumping about with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and when it was cold an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand, in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth; yet, if, at such a time, she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of manner and politeness of her style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement which concealed her native grandeur, and a stranger to her customs might be astonished to find himself addressed by a princess, while he was looking at a mumper."

After having ended the labours of the day, she would eat

and drink very heartily whatever happened to be set before her, and then she would throw herself down upon the nearest couch or bed that offered. Having slept profoundly for some time she would rise refreshed and invigorated, as if for a new day's work, and having dressed herself she set out to make her visits of ceremony, business, or charity.

These visits she paid at nine, or ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and she generally stayed till about one o'clock in the morning. Yet late as were these hours, and unseasonable as they were accounted in those sober days, such was the respect and deference which she universally commanded, that she always received a kind and friendly welcome. None of her friends ever presumed to disturb her in her habits by complaining of this, or of other similar irregularities, as to which she had a license conceded to her which would not have been conceded to any other person. On her paying these visits, her dress, though in a fashion of her own and always plain, was yet becoming and graceful. "Splendid indeed she never was," says Dr. Brookes; "her highest dress being a plain silk; but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a Quaker's colour; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood or scarf, that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time, and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing I suppose could have induced her to wear one. Yet there was something in her person, when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any stranger that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance." When in the society of her friends she would drink wine freely; but her memorialists record, what we are happy to learn, that she never partook to excess. The aid of wine was not necessary to impart a charm to her conversation, which without any such exciting cause was sprightly,

animated, emphatic, and racy, pervaded by strong masculine sense, great dignity of manner, and a most engaging address. She especially delighted to expatiate on the olden times of her grandfather; and to hear her speak about them was extremely interesting, from the much curious information illustrative of them which she had always at command, and from the many memories connected with them, that were awakened, as her friends witnessed her manner, and looked upon her countenance, which so strikingly resembled that of her revered ancestor. Religion was also a theme on which she delighted to converse, and when this became the topic of conversation she was observed to kindle into rapture. After mutual interchange of thought and feeling with her friends, especially if religion had been the subject of their discourse, she was generally so elated, that seldom would she depart, though it were twelve o'clock at night or later, without joining with them in singing a psalm. She then would take her leave, and proceed with great hilarity to her home, which was often at a considerable distance.

In making these visits she was mounted on an old mare, which had been, for many years, the trusty companion of her peregrinations and adventures. The mare, it would appear, was distinguished, like her mistress, by sundry peculiarities and freaks, which were as well known at Yarmouth as the vagaries of the old lady. On this mare she generally rode, till towards the close of life, when, feeling the increasing infirmities of age, she got her persuaded, though with some difficulty, to draw a chaise, in which she seated herself with genuine dignity. She would never allow a servant to accompany her in these nightly excursions. Her loneliness afforded her scope to indulge in her musings and eccentricities, upon which the presence of an attendant would have been a disagreeable intrusion. And she had no fear of danger. God, she said, was her guard, and she would have no other. About one o'clock in the morning, the hour to which

her visits were usually protracted, she mounted on the mare, or placed herself in the chaise, and started for home. No sooner had she taken her seat and all was right, than the faithful animal, obedient to the word of command, began to move, while Mrs. Bendish began to sing in merry mood a psalm of David, or one of Watts' hymns, in notes rather loud than melodious, thus bidding defiance to the imaginary spectres of the night, a greater proof of heroism than may at first sight be supposed, for our worthy forefathers were far from being free from a superstitious dread of danger from this imaginary source. "This," says Hewling Luson in describing her journeys homeward from his father's house, "I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, the one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home."

Mrs. Bendish died in 1729, having lived to the advanced age of eighty.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—(p. 2).

Notice of Elizabeth Russell, wife of Henry Cromwell.

Elizabeth Russell, born about the year 1635, was a daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire, by his wife Catharine, daughter and heir of John Wheatley, Esq., of Catesfield. She was married to Henry Cromwell, May 10, 1653.[1] After their marriage they resided chiefly at Whitehall, till in 1655, Henry, who had been in Ireland before, was again sent over to that country with the commission of major-general of the army in Ireland.

In her letters to her mother from Ireland, she spoke with rapture in praise of Henry's conjugal affection. Her father, writing to Henry from Chippenham, June 23, 1656, says:—"My wife is so much taken up with her daughter's last letter, wherein she tells her such tales of your love and kindness to her, that my wife cried for joy, while I laughed." And in a postscript he adds, "My wife's thanks for loving her daughter so well."[2]

The following is a hurried note which she wrote to Henry, during his absence from her on affairs connected with the government of Ireland:—

"My Dearest,—Just now Mr. Harrison[3] came home. He gives me little hope of seeing you while [until] the latter end of the week; which, indeed, I did a little fear myself that it would be so long by your writing; but I desire to be contented, and to submit to the will of God in all things, knowing it is that work He has called you to, and rejoice to hear you enjoy your health, which is a great mercy. My dear, the messenger is in such haste to be gone, that I have not time to say that as I would, but the substance of all that I am able to say is, that

[1] Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 208.
[2] Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 420. [3] Thomas Harrison, Henry's chaplain.

you shall ever find me a loving, constant wife. My dear, believe this that comes from thy affectionate wife, E. Cromwell.

"September 28th [probably 1657].

"The baby is well."[1]

Mrs. Henry Cromwell was a lady of very elegant manners, and of very amiable dispositions; by which she gained the hearts of her friends and of all who knew her. Colonel Jones, who was married to Catharine Cromwell, Henry's paternal aunt, in a letter to Henry, dated Chelsey, June 23, 1657, writes:—"My wife humbly desires that her service may be acceptable to your lordship, and your most honoured lady, whom she loves and honours (I think, indeed) above any, in respect of that incomparable sweetness and inward beauty she observed in her, and which she makes very frequently the subject of her discourse."[2]

Previously to her marriage, Henry's wife had an unfavourable opinion of the Protector; but upon her coming into the family, and knowing her father-in-law personally, "all her prejudice was removed, and changed into a most affectionate esteem for him, as the most amiable of parents."[3] This, by the way, is not the only instance in which personal intercourse with Cromwell dissipated prejudices entertained against him, and produced the impression that he was a good as well as a great man.

After the death of the Protector, Mrs. Henry Cromwell's father, a shrewd observer, fearing that the tide might turn against the Cromwell family, and mindful of the maxim, "Forewarned, forearmed," endeavoured to prepare her and his son-in-law for whatever vicissitudes might happen. In a letter to Henry, dated Whitehall, November 1, 1658, he thus writes:—"While you look upwards you shall be safe, but if downwards, you will find men to be but as they are, neither so friendly, loving, and faithful as our good God and Father is, whose only nature is love and pity, full of kindness, gentle, and easy to be intreated. . . . My dear lord, if the cross be at present offered you as your portion, kiss it. . . . My experience of men is as great as yours, and being an old beaten soldier, I can say so. My love to your wife. I hope your love, wisdom, and strength, will support her as the weaker vessel." And in a postscript, this old experienced hand sagely adds:—"Trust not too much your wise friends, for they, like swallows, when your summer's done, will fly and seek some warmer sun. *Experto crede Francisco.*"[4]

His daughter Elizabeth bore the change of fortune as contentedly as

[1] Lansdowne MSS. 821, no. 56. [2] Ibid. 822, no. 261.

[3] Dr. Gibbon's Appendix to his Funeral Sermon on the death of William Cromwell, great-grandson of Oliver, p. 46.

[4] Lansdowne MSS. 823, no. 409.

did Henry,[1] regarding it indeed rather as a relief than as a calamity. After the downfall of the Cromwell family, she resided in England, mostly at Henry's estate at Spinney Abbey, well nigh twenty-seven years. During that long period, by the goodness of her heart and the other virtues she exemplified, she secured the esteem and love of all around her; and long after her death, she was remembered in the place by the appellation of "The good Lady Cromwell."

She died April 7, 1687, aged fifty-two years, having survived her husband several years. Her remains were deposited beside his, within the communion rails of the church of Wicken; and over her grave was placed a plain stone, with this simple inscription:—

"Elizabetha Uxor Henrici Cromwell
Obiit 7° die Aprilis Anno 1687.
Annoque Ætatis suæ 52."

She had to Henry five sons and two daughters.[2]

No. II.—(p. 181).

Mrs. Baxter's pecuniary resources.

Reference is made in the text to reports which had got into circulation, that Mrs. Baxter and Baxter were under pecuniary embarrassments. Her great liberality no doubt gave rise to these reports. But, as we learn from her correspondence, they had no foundation in truth. The following document throws light upon her pecuniary circumstances:—

"Mrs. Baxter's instructions to trustees of [her] marriage settlement.

[1] After the Restoration Henry presented a petition to Charles II., expressing hearty acquiescence in the Restoration. All his late actings were not out of malice to his majesty, but from natural love to his late father; begs that a consideration of his temptations and necessities may extenuate his majesty's displeasure, and that he and his family may be allowed to live to expiate what he has done amiss; in order to which he prays, that having lost £2000 a year in land in England, his estates in Ireland, for which he gave £6000, may be confirmed to him, and that no distinction between him and other good subjects may be branded on him to posterity. Annexed is a certificate by Viscount Massareen and Sir Au. Mervyn, that the lands possessed by Colonel Cromwell in Ireland, May 7th, 1659, were in satisfaction of £12,000 debentures, which were usually sold for 5*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, and therefore the lands worth £3000, or £4000, which sum, with the improvements made by him, is what the land is worth, and is all the subsistence he has for himself and family. 23d Feb. 1661. State Paper Office, Domestic Series, Charles II. vol. xxxi. no. 72.; *Calendar of State Papers*, p. 519. Henry's petition was favourably considered.

[2] Noble's *Memoirs*, &c., vol. i. p. 285, 286.

"To my worthy and beloved friends, Richard Hampden, Esq., John Swinfen, Esq., Thomas Holey, Esq., and the rest of my trustees:

"Whereas I have before my marriage chosen you, as my trustees, for the securing and disposal of my estate, desiring you to lay out £800 on an annuity for my life, and the rest after my death to lay out for charitable uses, except I signified under my hand and seal that it should be otherwise disposed of; I do hereby, under my hand and seal, accordingly notify to you that it is my desire and will, that the remainder of my moneys, being £850, shall be disposed of otherwise than is appointed in the deed of trust, in such manner, and to such uses, as I have signified, to my dear husband, Richard Baxter, to whom, for the said uses, I would have it all delivered. Given under my hand and seal, this tenth day of February, 1670. MARGARET BAXTER.

"In presence of WILLIAM BAXTER, ROBERT PRICHART, LYDAIE WOODS."[1]

Besides what she derived from her life annuity and from interest, Mrs. Baxter possessed the life-rent of some lands (see p. 407), the amount of which is not stated; but it does not appear to have been large. Her entire income probably did not exceed £150 or £160 per annum. This sum was however in those days equal to a much larger sum in the present day.

No. III.—(p. 188).

Correspondence between Mrs. Baxter and Mr. William Baxter.

IN reference to Mr. William Baxter's choice of a profession, Mrs. Baxter wrote to him the following letter:—

"COUSIN,—We have spent some time in considering what to advise in reference to your future studies and employment, but find no probability of your being a minister; for conformity you are against it, so are we; therefore, let us look no more that way. For nonconformity, were you a minister we should encourage you in it; but being free we [would] advise [you] to choose [something else] rather, unless we could give or procure you 300 or 400 pounds a year, that you might do good to bodies and souls both, and live and preach where there were need of you, and not where your needs must be considered, as is the case of too many already. Nonconformity has many difficulties, dangers, and strong

[1] Baxter's MS. Treatises, in Dr. Williams's library, vol. v. no. 2.

temptations attending it. And what we say of a minister may be said of a schoolmaster; besides that it's a laborious and a low employment. Therefore, as we found you inclined, when here, to set yourself to some other study, we resolve to give [you] all the encouragement we can in that way, and hope to make your new abode so commodious and pleasant as will give you no cause to repent your choice. It's convenient you come as soon as Sir John will dismiss you; and we will have you in a lawyer's house, without being obliged to any but your own business. But I must tell you, if you be wholly indifferent as to law or physic, Mr. Baxter and I could wish it were physic, because the learning you have has made you fitter for it; and Mr. Baxter's name and fame for skill in physic will help you something. Besides, Dr. Ridgely greatly desires your being with him; and his melancholy illness makes him care so little to go abroad, that he would quickly encourage you to visit patients; but if you are not so freely willing to this as the other, you need make no scruple to say so, and resolve on the other, for either will content us well; and because you have lost all this time at Sir John's already, you shall have the better encouragement for the future; and, as soon as you can prove yourself lawyer or physician, you shall have all my share of the lands at Geaton, which, otherwise are mine, as long as I live; and we can thence (whilst my mother[1] lives) have considerably towards your maintenance, without lessening our own; which I tell you of, lest the improbability of such supplies should discourage you, remembering what you have heard of our affairs, &c. We desire to hear when you will come, and to which employment. I have no more to add, but, with my service to Sir John and his lady, remain your truly affectionate cousin,

M[ARGARET] B[AXTER]."[2]

To this letter William writes to Mrs. Baxter a grateful answer, dated Bramton, March 14 [1676–7]. "Your letter," says he, "hath given me such full and particular satisfaction in everything, beyond all I could have wished, that it hath left me nothing to reply, but that I very thankfully, and without any scruple, shall accept of so good an offer, as soon as I may."[3]

Again writing to her, March 30 [1677], he says, "I greatly esteem Dr. Ridgely, and had rather be with him than any other I know; only

[1] This was Mary, the daughter of Sir Thomas Hunks, Baxter's mother in-law, and his father's second wife and relict; a woman of eminent piety. She lived with Baxter, during her widowhood, to her death, which took place in 1681.

[2] Baxter's Letters, MSS. in Dr. Williams's library, vol. v. no. 276.

[3] Ibid. vol. iv. no. 94. The letter is addressed on the back,—"To the Honoured Mrs. Baxter, at her house in Vernon Row, in Bloomsbury Square, London."

it would be some satisfaction to me to be informed upon what terms you think it fit for me to be with him, and upon what considerations you conceive him willing of me."[1]

To this letter Mrs. Baxter replies as follows:—

"Cousin,—I went to Dr. Ridgely [and] read the three or four lines in your letter, and put him to answer the question, which he did to this effect:—That he needed, and desired, a companion and assistant in looking after his chemistry, and doing that which was not fit to be trusted with servants; such work as was his own, but that business and illness made him need help; for that which was servile he had a servant to do it. He should expect from you nothing that should be injurious to your studies; but, to use his own phrase, gratitude he expected, and then [he] bade me advise you from him to read Hippocrates's oath. He also expects you stay with him four or five years; for it's not fit, he saith, for him to communicate his secrets to one that will presently be gone, before he know how to use them. Four years it's necessary to be a student in physic; and so long he would have you stay with him. You shall have lodging in his house, and such diet as himself, and such kindness and assistance as you will deserve, which he concludes will be considerable, having entertained a very good opinion of you. These are the doctor's terms, which we like well, if you do; and, during the time of your stay with him, we will allow you £20 a year for clothes and other expenses (books you have besides); and also we will endeavour to make such acknowledgments of the doctor's kindness, as may make you acceptable. If his death, or any other accident, should occasion your remove, before you are fit, and settled in business, we will take care, whether we live or die, that you shall not want due encouragement; nor shall we upbraid you with being many years chargeable, but take kindly your compliance with us in such an age, when many, under as great obligations as yours, do not stick at fighting against those that gave them the weapons. I shall only add, as before, if your inclinations are more to law than physic, we will give you the best assistance we can in that way. The Lord direct you! I remain your loving cousin,

M[argaret] B[axter].[2]

[1] Baxter's Letters, MSS. vol. vi. no. 338.

[2] Ibid. vol. v. no. 314.

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